




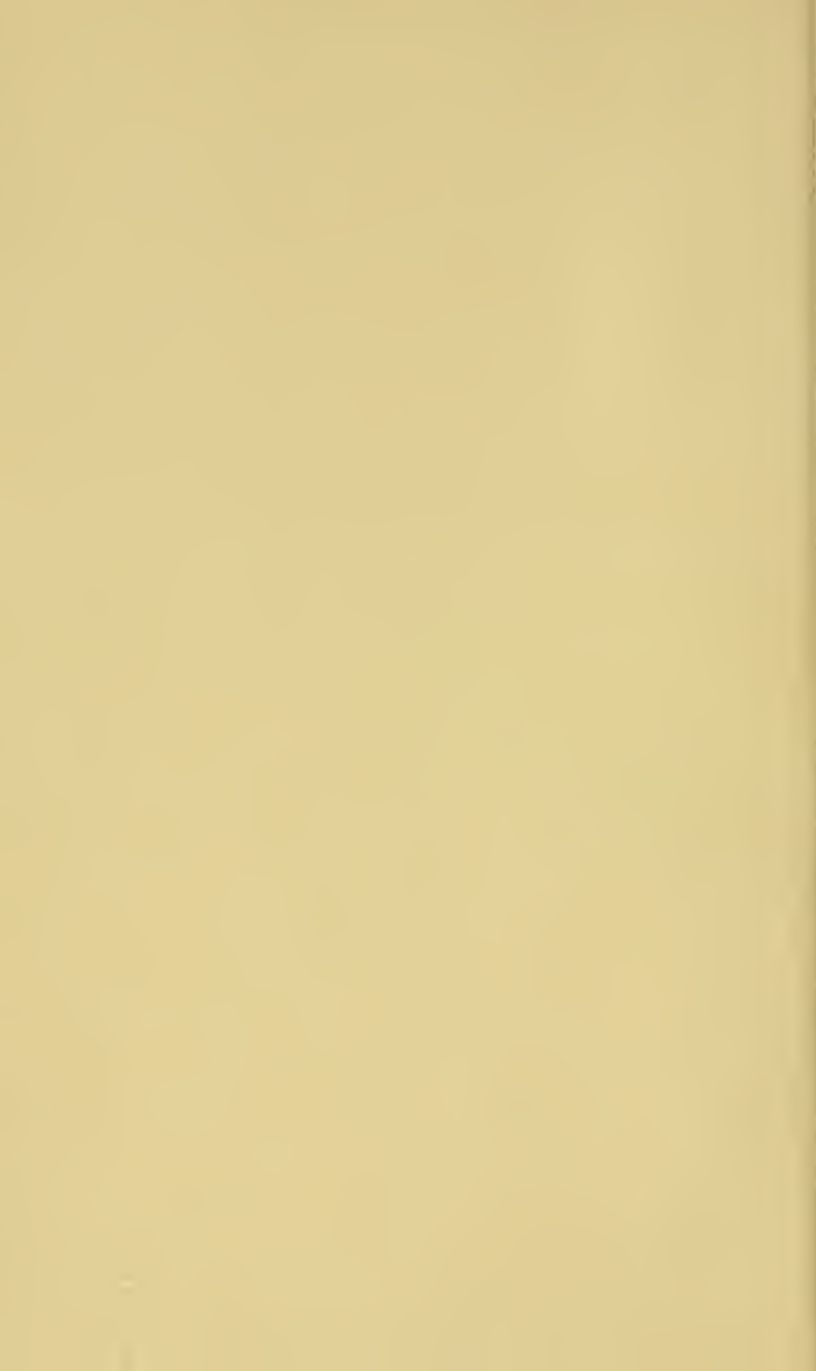
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HOW TO GROW RICH: ~~7-8~~

A

C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY

FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pavè	-	-	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Smalltrade	-	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Sir Thomas Roundhead	-	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Latitat	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Hippy	-	-	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
Warford	-	-	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Sir Charles Dazzle	-	-	<i>Mr. Farren.</i>
Plainly	-	-	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
Nab	-	-	<i>Mr. Cubit.</i>
Formal	-	-	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Sir Charles's Servant	-	-	<i>M. Ledger.</i>
Sir Thomas's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
Smalltrade's Servant	-	-	<i>Mr. Blurton.</i>
Lady Henrietta	-	-	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
Rosa	-	-	<i>Mrs. Esten.</i>
Miss Dazzle	-	-	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
Betty	-	-	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>

SCENE—A SEA-PORT TOWN IN ENGLAND.

P R O L O G U E.

(Written by R. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.)

WHILE jarring discord flies this happy land,
And Whig and Tory shake each other's hand,
Proud to display the flag of Briton's pride,
And hoist The Union on their country's side :
That noble banner of our nation's fame
Unstain'd by cruelty, unknown to shame !
Still may it ride triumphant o'er the wave
The signal both to conquer and to save !
While England's sons in gallant bands advance,
To hurl just vengeance on perfidious France ;
And adverse parties zealously unite,
For freedom's cause, and freedom's King to fight :
Our Author, loyal, though not bred to arms,
Has for his own concerns, some slight alarms—
He shakes his head, and owns he sometimes fears
The muse of smiles may join the muse of tears ?
Together read the sweet pathetic page,
And banish joke and laughter from the stage ;
'Till comedy, quite sentimental grown
Doffs her light robe, to wear the tragic gown.
Draws from the virgin's breast hysteric sighs,
And thinks to weep—is all the use of eyes !
Still may each rival muse her pow'r maintain,—
With smiles Thalia best supports her reign :
To start the tear and palpitate the heart
Justly demands her *Sister's nobler art* !
Each has her charms, and while to nature true,
Each finds impartial advocates in you.
If these fair rivals, jealousy forgot,
Should once embrace, and tie the friendly knot ;

P R O L O G U E.

Mirth must retire and hide her dimpled face
Convuls'd with laughter, at the strange embrace;
Our Bard discarded, must his jokes forego,
And Vapid's frolics, yield to Werter's woe!
The Author's prospects bear a brighter hue,
Should his light scenes be now approv'd by you;
'Twas *You* who taught his earliest hopes to soar
Be still his patrons, as you've been before!
Acquitted often by this gen'rous court
He dares, once more, rely on your support.

HOW TO GROW RICH:

A

C O M E D Y.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in SMALLTRADE'S Banking House—Doors open in the Hall, and Clerks seen writing.*

Enter WARFORD and PLAINLY.

PLAINLY.

NAY, do not think me curious or impertinent, Mr. Warford—I have lived so long with you and your uncle, that I cannot see you unhappy without enquiring the cause.

Warford. My uncle is himself the cause—his weakness and credulity will undo us all.

Plainly. Excuse me, sir; but I'm afraid the young lady now on a visit at our banking house—the charming Lady Henrietta!—has she not made a very deep impression?

B

Warford.

Warford. To confess the truth, she has; and though from my inferior situation in life, I can never aspire to the gaining of her affections, she may still have to thank me for saving her from ruin.

Plainly. From ruin, sir!

Warford. Ay; she is now on the very brink of it—When her father, Lord Orville, went abroad for his health, he gave her a fortune of eight thousand pounds, and left her to the care of her uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—At his country seat, Mr. Smalltrade met with her, and being banker to her father, he thought it his duty to invite her to his house.

Plainly. And she had no sooner enter'd it, than she became acquainted with Sir Charles and Miss Dazzle—I suspect their infamous designs.

Warford. Yes, Plainly;—when Miss Dazzle has robb'd her of her fortune at the gaming table, Sir Charles is to attempt to deprive her of her honor—but if I don't shame and expose them! Oh! think of the heartfelt satisfaction in saving such a woman as Lady Henrietta! 'Tis true, most of her fortune is already lost, and Sir Thomas is so offended at her conduct, that (wanting an heir to his estate) he has adopted his god-daughter, Rosa.

Plainly. 'Sdeath! I wish Sir Charles and his sister were driven back to London—They are a disgrace to this, our fashionable sea-bathing town.

Warford. What most I fear, is lest my uncle shou'd join their confederacy—I know it is their plan to lure him into partnership, and he is so anxious to encrease his fortune, that under the
idea

idea of growing rich, he may be deluded into any scheme.

[SMALLTRADE appears at the doors, reading a ledger.

Here he is—Be secret and discreet, Plainly, and perhaps the next time we converse, I may be proud to tell you, I have saved an innocent lady from treachery and ruin! [Exit.

Smalltrade. (coming forward.) “Smalltrade debtor to Sir Harry Hockley two thousand pounds in specie—Creditor two hundred in paper.”—Ah! that’s very well! I don’t know how it is—My little nice bank is not the thing it was—People of real property have become country bankers now, and play’d the devil with us petty, dashing traders. (*Knocking at door.*) Plainly, see who’s there.

Plainly. Give me leave, sir. (*Taking ledger, &c.*) [Exit.

Smalltrade. There’s nothing like a snug country bank—ready money received—paper notes paid—and though I make fifteen per cent. and pay their drafts in my own bills, what of that? A five guinea note is so convenient for carriage or posting—lays so close in a letter, or slips so neatly in the sleeve of a coat—Oh! its of great use to the country, and a vast benefit to myself.

Re-enter PLAINLY, follow’d by a Servant.

Serv. Is this your country bank, as you call it?

Plainly. It is.

Serv. I want change for this draft of Sir Harry Hockley’s.

Plainly. Very well—How much is it for?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. What?

Serv. A hundred pounds.

Smalltrade. Mercy on me! You've set me all in a tremble! Draw on a country bank for a hundred pounds—Why, does your master suppose himself drawing on the bank of Amsterdam?

Plainly. True, sir; and if you recollect, we had a large run upon us yesterday.

Smalltrade. So we had—a very large run! Sir Thomas Roundhead drew in one draft for the enormous sum of twenty-five pounds; and here's your master draws for a hundred—Talk of a country bank! The bank of England cou'dn't stand this.

Serv. I can't tell, sir—Sir Harry said he had ten times the money in your hands.

Smalltrade. So he has, and what then? Doesn't he place money in my hands that it may be safe? and if he is to draw it out in large sums, that is, if he is to get it when he wants it, where wou'd be the use of a banker? Plainly, pay the draft in my own notes; and d'ye mind, let them be all at thirty and forty days sight—Young man, go with my clerk.

[*Exeunt PLAINLY and Servant.*]

'Tis near the time my accomplished cousin, Miss Dazzle, is to wait upon me—She writes me word she has to communicate a new mode of growing rich—Dear! how I long to hear it? It's my way always to catch at every thing—Here she is.

Enter

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. Good morning, Mr. Smalltrade—I'm sorry we hadn't the pleasure of seeing you at our gala last night.

Smalltrade. Pray be seated, cousin. (*They sit.*) Ah! I'm told it was the most grand, expensive entertainment.

Miss Dazzle. Expensive! your pardon, sir—It didn't cost me and my brother a shilling.

Smalltrade. No!

Miss Dazzle. No—and what will surprize you more, it is our sumptuous house, our brilliant rooms, and extravagant entertainments that pay all our expences—In short, Mr. Smalltrade, we've found out a new mode of growing rich.

Smalltrade. Have you? (*rubbing his hands*) That's what I want to hear about.

Miss Dazzle. And that's what I came to impart to you—In a word, sir, we keep a bank.

Smalltrade. Do you? Well, that's one way.

Miss Dazzle. Yes, such a bank! so opposite to yours! We know nothing of notes, checks, clerks, or currency—We don't rise early in the morning to settle our accounts, or shut up before evening to prevent our customers from settling theirs—No all our business is done in the dark, my dear cousin.

Smalltrade. In the dark! so is mine too, my dear cousin.

Miss Dazzle. Then, while you are satisfied with a hundred pounds profit in a week, we are not content with a thousand in a night, and if ever we stop payment, which fortune avert! we have nothing to surrender but mahogany tables, wax-lights, cards, and dice-boxes.

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. (*rising*) I understand—you keep a Faro-table—Oh! take me!—Take me as Groom-porter and I'll make my fortune, if its only by picking up the droppings.

Miss Dazzle. There's the point—if you would but consent to become a partner with myself and my brother, our profits wou'd be trebled.

Smalltrade. Wou'd they? That's nice!

Miss Dazzle. The case is this—Occasionally, though it seldom happens, we want ready money to carry on the campaign.

Smalltrade. Ready money! Ah! there's the devil—I've nothing but paper.

Miss Dazzle. Nonsense! Your notes can be changed into cash, and Sir Charles and I will pay the discount.

Smalltrade. What! pay the discount out of your own pockets, and give me a third of the profits besides?

Miss Dazzle. Certainly.

Smalltrade. Then I'll be a partner, and—Yet, hold, hold—I'd better not determine too hastily (*aside.*) Miss Dazzle, here's my visitor, Lady Henrieta, so, as we're disturb'd you see, I'll wait on you in an hour and talk further.

Miss Dazzle. By that time Sir Charles will arrive from London—Good day.

Smalltrade. Adieu! Zounds! I always had a turn for gaiety, and I don't think I need fear being imposed upon; for I've so long managed a trading bank, that I must understand a gambling one!—I say, cousin, not a word to her about the new mode of growing rich—Good day! [Exit.

Miss Dazzle. So, the old gentleman is caught in the snare; and aided by his bank, what will
not

not ours atchieve? Lady Henrietta, who has refused my brother's hand and title, will now be his on other terms, and Warford, who is our enemy, will be involved in his uncle's ruin.

Enter WARFORD and LADY HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. Why so grave, Mr. Warford? You really can be very pleasant if you please; but those gloomy looks! I declare you are quite an alter'd man; isn't he, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Every thing changes, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Why, that's very true;—now to look at the alterations in this town since last summer—Friends have become enemies, and enemies, friends—You shall hear.—The other night, I went to Lady Changewell's, where I used to meet all my old acquaintance—To my astonishment, I didn't see a soul I knew.

Miss Dazzle. Really!

Lady Henrietta. No—an entire new set of faces—So, I asked her ladyship after her friend, the little Colonel—She said, “they didn't speak now.” “Where is your companion and favorite, Lady Brilliant”—said I.—“Oh! the creature is in debt, said she, and wants me to lend her money.”—“And where is your dear, darling, loving husband,” said I.—“My dear, darling, loving husband lives with an Italian Countess,” says she—“We're divorced, and I am to be married to-morrow, to my old bitter enemy, Sir Francis Fickle—I now think him a most delightful, charming fellow, and believe he's the only real friend I ever had, ha! ha, ha!”

Miss Dazzle. Excellent!

Lady Henrietta. Yes—its seldom a friendship lasts above a year—Is it, Mr. Warford?

Warford. I hope there are instances, Madam.

Lady Henrietta. So do I, Sir—but I am afraid they are so rare—Heigho! if I don't mind, I shall catch your spleen, and be as grave and sentimental as yourself.

Warford. And why not, madam? Why be ashamed of sentiment? 'Tis true it is the mode to ridicule and laugh at it; but I doubt if fashion and all its fopperies, can find a pleasure to supply its loss.

Lady Henrietta. Vastly well! Didn't I tell you, Miss Dazzle, he could be very pleasant? You really have talents, Mr. Warford; but the worst of them is, they go more to instruction than amusement.

Warford. Then I am satisfied, Lady Henrietta, and if I could convince you that happiness is not to be found, either in the fever of dissipation, or the delusions of a gaming table.

Lady Henrietta. Fie! don't abuse gaming,—the thing I doat on—

Warford. Excuse me, madam;—but if I might advise, you had better never play again.

Lady Henrietta. Oh! monstrous! Why, you tyrant, would you shut me from the world and cloister me in an old castle? If you did, I'd still game—I would, if I betted on the ivy, and took odds on the ravens and rooks—Wou'dn't you, Miss Dazzle?

Miss Dazzle. Me! I'd keep a rookery on purpose.

Lady Henrietta. Ay, that you would—but come—I'm going to meet my uncle, Sir Thomas, at the library—would you believe it? He,
too,

too, is so offended at my turning gamester, that he has forbid me his house, and adopted his little God-daughter for his heiress;—but—let's walk.

Miss Dazzle. With pleasure—we shall see you at Faro in the evening.

Lady Henrietta. Oh certainly—Nay, how you frown now, Mr. Warford? Come, I'll make a bargain with you—if I lose a thousand pounds to-night, I'll promise never to game again—never! because, having nothing left to lose, I must e'en make a virtue of necessity, and reform in spite of myself—Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Outside of Sir CHARLES DAZZLE'S house.—View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir CHARLES, (followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau.)

Sir Charles. So, once more I'm escaped from the fever of London and got safe back to my favorite sea-port—Take the things in.

[Exit Servant into house.

I suppose my sister has so plucked the pigeons in my absence, that there's scarcely a feather left in the town.

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. Welcome from London, brother—I have just left the idol of your heart, the charming Henrietta!—As usual, the banker's nephew was attending her.

Sir Charles. Ay, ay; its all pretty plain—but I won't be scandalous.

C

Miss

Miss Dazzle. Well, if she's his to-day, she'll be yours to-morrow—I have seen Mr. Smalltrade—he talks of becoming a partner, and if you play your cards well, Lady Henrietta will be completely in your power.

Sir Charles. Yes; for when I've won all her money—I can be generous enough to become her protector! [*aside.*] Well, sister, we shall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater service.

Miss Dazzle. What! than to ruin him!

Sir Charles. To be sure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't spend twice the income of the richest citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their house in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into servants, and don't they still stake five thousand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

Miss Dazzle. Do you? Who?

Sir Charles. Myself!—I never had a shilling and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hospitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteelly picking their pockets at another.

Miss Dazzle. Very true; and when we've ruined the banker, his nephew and his visitor, they'll think themselves much obliged to us—But mind and humour Smalltrade, for, without ready money, we can't go on—Who's here?

Sir Charles. (*looking out.*) Where?—Oh! it's a hanger-on of mine—a mere Jackall, who dangles after me in hopes of preferment—I brought him

him from London, thinking he might be useful.

Miss Dazzle. What, is it Pavè?

Sir Charles. The same—The dog has a good heart;—great good humour, and is descended from a respectable family; but in running after people of rank, and high company, he has so reduced his fortune, that he now depends on me to get him promoted.

Miss Dazzle. Ay; I've heard of him—introduce him to a lord, or promise him an appointment, and he'll do any thing to serve you.

Sir Charles. Aye; so great is his furor, that an interview with a Prince, or an audience of a Minister, wou'd turn his brain—but I believe, were he once provided for, he wou'd neither betray his benefactor, nor disgrace his Country.

Enter Pavè, (a long roll of Paper sticking out of his Pocket.)

Pavè, (running up to Sir Charles.) Sir Charles!—hark ye. (*Whispers.*)

Sir Charles. Lord Orville coming home! What then?

Pavè. Then, Lord Orville is your acquaintance, and I am your friend, and—you understand—I'm always ready.

Sir Charles. Pray, sister, have you any interest? If you have, this gentleman, Mr. Pavè—

Miss Dazzle. I shou'd be very happy; but I fancy there is nothing more difficult than to get a place.

Pavè. Yes there is, Ma'am,—to deserve it! And that I deserve it, is evident from my long

list of promises—(*takes out roll of paper*) here it is Ma'am—My four first promises depend on Lord Orville, you see—my next is from you, Baronet.

Miss Dazzle. Pray, Mr. Pavè, do you find that when these great people make you promises, they always keep their words?

Pavè. Oh! Sir Charles will answer you that question, Ma'am—Heh!—Mum! Baronet!

Sir Charles. Nay, Pavè, you know the other day I refrerr'd you to a man in power.

Pavè. You did;—and he refrerr'd me to another, who kindly sent me to a third, that politely hurried me to a fourth, till at last I got kicked down stairs by a person who said he knew none of us—You see the scheme is this, Ma'am—Nobody will speak first in your favor, but all promise to second any body who will, because, judging by themselves, they know nobody'll speak at all.

Miss Dazzle. Well, if I was you, Mr. Pavè, I'd try some more public mode of getting preferr'd—For instance now, suppose you advertized.

Pavè. Don't mention it—I did advertize once, and what do you think happened? A gentleman waited upon me, calling himself Lord Sulwin—superb equipage—elegant appearance,—free in his promises—secure in his interest—I bowed, smiled,—gave his lordship a thousand guineas, and he proved to be an attorney! A money lending rascal! And I've never seen or heard of him since!

Sir Charles. An attorney! Ha, ha, ha! Should you know him again?

Pavè. Know him! I shall never forget him, because he did the thing so genteelly as he expressed it—Oh! if I catch him!

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. How d'ye do, Sir Charles? Cousin a word—(*taking Miss Dazzle aside.*) Well, I've made up my mind—I'll enter into your scheme—I'm determined to grow rich.

Miss Dazzle. Ay, I thought you'd see your interest, Mr. Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I see we shall make fools of them all—At night I'll come and be a looker-on; and now, if you'll step into the house, we'll arrange articles of partnership.

Miss Dazzle. With all my heart—Come, sir.

Smalltrade. A third of the profits remember; and hark ye, as your visitors are so fashionable, I suppose I must make an appearance—look like a gentleman! I can do it, I assure you—but then, how to understand the technicals? to talk like the rest of you? Oh! evil communication will corrupt my good manners—So, come along.

Miss Dazzle. Brother, will you follow? Mr. Pavè, we shall see you in the evening.

[*Exit into house with SMALLTRADE.*

Pavè. (*Stopping Sir Charles, who is following*) Gad! this must be some great man—Baronet, who is that little fellow.

Sir Charles. A man of very great power—If you'll remind me, I'll introduce you at night.

Pavè. Introduce me! Oh! don't trouble yourself—I can do that myself.

Sir Charles. I believe it—Mind you are useful
now

now—recollect I brought you down to assist in all our schemes—Speak highly of your patron.

Pavè. Ay, and of myself too, Sir Charles: For in this unthinking age, say you're a clever fellow, and every body believes it—They remember they heard you prais'd, and forget where—I know my duty—Success to you, my ever dear, kind patron! [*Exit Sir CHARLES.* Dirty, shuffling rascal! I've been his dangler these five years, and never got any thing but promises—Oh! if Lord Orville, or even that great little man would befriend me!—I'll get a new patron,—I will! Sir Charles's contemptible tricks are beneath a man of my consequence—I'll about it instantly; and though necessity may make me dependent, it shall never make me mean; for if I can't be promoted, so as to be of service to my country, hang me if I'll be promoted at all. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Saloon at Sir CHARLES'S—
One door leading to Faro-Room—the other to
Supper-Room.*

Flourish of Clarinets.

Enter WARFORD and Servant.

Warford. Tell Mr. Smalltrade I desire to speak with him.

Servant. Mr. Smalltrade is engaged, sir—
Looking on at the gaming table.

Warford. Tell him his nephew is come according to his orders.

[Exit Servant in Faro-Room.

'Sdeath! 'tis as I suspected—he has sent for me to bring articles of partnership between himself and these impostors—What is to be done? He is convinced he shall make his fortune by the undertaking, and so great is his credulity, that 'till he is completely ruined, he will not detect the imposition—Can I believe it? Yonder he comes. *(Stands aside)*

Flourish of Clarinets.

*Enter from Faro-Room, SMALLTRADE full-dress'd,
banding in Miss DAZZLE.*

Miss Dazzle. Well, Mr. Smalltrade, how do you like Faro? Don't you see it's the way to get money?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. I do—I see my fortune's made.
(*Turns about.*) Heh! What do you think?
Sha'n't I do? Don't I look like one of us?
(*Struts about.*)

Miss Dazzle. You do indeed.

Smalltrade. I've learnt all your cant words too—I'm not a greenhorn or a flat—I'm an old rook and a black legs!—Just like you and your brother.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but Mr. Smalltrade!—the music—gaming—the company—Altogether, isn't it a most enchanting amusement?

Smalltrade. It is indeed—and Faro's a monstrous pretty game. Cousin, do you know I'd a great mind to have had a touch myself.

Miss Dazzle. How! you play, sir!

Smalltrade. I don't know how it was—I felt an odd, ticklish sensation—a sort of itching at the end of my fingers, and presently I caught myself putting a guinea on a card.

Miss Dazzle. Well, but you took it up again.

Smalltrade. No, I didn't—I let it lay, and somebody else took it up for me.

Miss Dazzle. What, you lost it?

Smalltrade. I did—I lost my guinea! Oh! it's a sweet game! I don't wonder at the money rolling in—But where's the supper?

Miss Dazzle. Yonder.

Smalltrade. So it is—What a feast for the senses! Eyes, ears, taste, feeling, all gratified!—But hold, hold—By the law of the land don't we come under the vagrant act? Mayn't a justice of the peace send you, I, and all the noble host of Faro to be whipt at the cart's tail?

Miss

Miss Dazzle. You forget—Gold makes justice blind.

Smalltrade. True—that's another way of growing rich—But where's Warford? I wish Warford would bring the articles.

Miss Dazzle. There he is, sir—I'll leave you to talk to him—for in the next room, they can do no more without me, than I can without them. Adieu! Call me when you want me.

[*Exit.*

WARFORD *advances.*

Smalltrade. Well, sir, what do you stare at? Does the splendor of my dress surprize you, or are you angry because I want to grow rich? Where are the articles, sir?

Warford. They are not yet finished, sir.

Smalltrade. Look ye, sir; you think this bank isn't so good as mine; but I'd have you know they have ten times our customers. People will game, sir.

Warford. Will they, sir?

Smalltrade. Yes; there's a curst, ticklish sensation makes a man game whether he will or not; then, when I give turtle and venison at home, I'm obliged to pay for it myself; but here egad! they make other people pay for it: and a couple of lemons squeez'd into a quart of water, will fetch twenty guineas a tumbler!—But, George, now, isn't this a most delicious scene? The supper! Look at the supper, you dog! Doesn't the very smell make you happy?

Warford. Sir, I am sorry to see you so imposed upon.

Smalltrade. Imposed upon!

Warford. Yes, sir—If you have any feeling for yourself, regard for me, or affection for

D

Lady

Lady Henrietta, who is plac'd under your protection, you will refuse to countenance such infamous designs—They will draw you into the partnership, rob you of your fortune, and laugh at you for your folly.

Smalltrade. Indeed!

Warford. Yes, sir; and without your assistance they must fall to the ground; for though they make large sums every night—they contrive to spend 'em every day.

Smalltrade. Oh! then they do make large sums, do they?

Warford. Certainly—But how is it done? By perverting the laws of hospitality—by annihilating the bonds of society, and under the specious mask of rank and character, perpetrating crimes that common sharpers are excluded from.

Smalltrade. What's that to you or me? If the money's made, it's quite enough to satisfy my conscience! So, go, sir—finish the articles of partnership, and bring them instantly.

Warford. Oh, sir! consider—Even now perhaps Lady Henrietta is falling a victim to their artifices, and if you join the confederacy, all—all will be undone!

Smalltrade. Go, sir—no reply—I must and will be obeyed.

[Exit WARFORD.]

Senseless flat! While I can fill my stomach in one room, and my pockets in the other, what do I care for him or Henrietta? But now to take a peep, just to see who's losing. (*Looks in Faro-Room.*)

Enter

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. Really, this is a most shocking business—I'm told they've drawn in their relation, a silly country banker—Sir Charles brought me down to be useful, but no prospect of advantage to myself, shall ever induce me to take part in a bad administration.—Ha! yonder's that little great man—Now, if I can but coax him into my list of promises! Sir, your most obedient.

Smalltrade. Sir, your most devoted.

Pavè. I see, sir, you're a friend of my patron, Sir Charles—And, next to being a man of rank one's self, I know nothing like living amongst them—Where does your interest lay, sir?

Smalltrade. My interest! Who the deuce is this?

Pavè. I wish I knew his title. (*aside.*) Pray be seated, sir. (*They sit.*) Now, sir. (*Taking out his roll of promises.*) Look at that list of promises! Many of your noble friends, you see, sir—but nothing done! Nothing!

Smalltrade. Many of my noble friends! Oh! what, you want promotion, do you?—My dear sir, I've no influence.

Pavè. Excuse me, sir—I know better—Do you think I can't tell a great man when I see him? (*SMALLTRADE looks pleas'd.*) Besides, when was it that such manners, such an appearance, and such a style of dress couldn't command every thing. (*SMALLTRADE looks more pleas'd.*) My dear sir, you remind me of the old court, you do indeed—Of an old bedchamber lord.

Smalltrade. (*greatly pleas'd*) Bedchamber lord! Av; I'm very upright. (*Holds up his head.*)

Pavè. Perhaps you are diffident, fir—never applied.

Smalltrade. Why, that's very true—I never did ask a man in power a favour, never—I've a great mind to try.

Pavè. Do—make the experiment, and by way of founding, get a small snug appointment for me, before you ask a grand one for yourself.

Smalltrade. I will—I'll get a little one for you, and a great one for myself—Was there ever such a delicious scene? How riches do pour in upon me!

Pavè. Riches! Why, did the scheme never strike you before?

Smalltrade. Never—And I'm amazed I cou'd be such a greenhorn. (*rises.*) Oh! I'll go and ask Sir Charles directly.

Pavè. Ask Sir Charles! Pooh! he's only one hope himself.

Smalltrade. One hope! What's that?

Pavè. Why, don't you know? As we're alone I'll tell you—There's a country banker—They've drawn in the old greenhorn to be a partner!

Smalltrade. What!

Pavè. He'll stop payment of course, and as he's not a man of character—only a little sneaking, shuffling shopman.—For my part I'm glad on't, an't you, fir?

Smalltrade. Indeed I am not, fir.—So, he's to be a bankrupt, is he?

Pavè. Certainly—I shall, perhaps, be one of his

his creditors—But between you and I, I sha'n't sign his certificate.

Smalltrade. You won't sign his certificate!

Pavè. No—what business has a tradesman to turn black legs? To be sure he won't sneak into the Gazette like a tailor or a tallow-chandler for a paltry hundred or so! No—he'll preserve his dignity! Fail like a gentleman for thirty or forty thousand pounds—You take the joke, don't you?

Smalltrade. No, dam' me if I do? And they mean to ruin him do they?

Pavè. Ruin him! Oh! it's all settled! Sir Charles told me he saw him lose a guinea just now—"Poor devil," says he, "he little thinks how near it is his last." Ha, ha, ha! (*Walks up the stage.*)

Re-enter WARFORD (with the Articles).

Warford. According to your commands, sir, I have brought you the articles.

Smalltrade. Have you? Then thus I tear them. (*Taking and tearing them.*) George, I ask your pardon—I'm so ashamed, yet so gratified, that though that impudent dog has insulted me, I can't help liking him for having open'd my eyes.

Pavè. (coming down stage) Well!—have you thought—Oh, mum—applying to a friend!—That's right—stick close to every body.

Smalltrade. Did you ever hear such a fellow? But come, let's return home, and instead of this new-fangled mode of getting money, we'll grow rich the old way—By honesty and industry, my boy.

Warford.

Warford. Stay, sir—think that Lady Henrietta is still in danger, and sure you will not leave the house till she is released.

Smalltrade. What can I do, George? Neither you nor I can persuade her, and unless her father, Lord Orville, were here——

Pavè. Lord Orville! That's the man! He can settle us all—Oh! I wish I knew how to oblige him.

Warford. Do you, sir? Then, his daughter, Lady Henrietta, is now at the gaming table, and if you will but save her as you have this gentleman, I'll answer for it, her father will reward you.

Pavè. Reward me! my dear sir, when a lady's in distress, do you think I care who or what her father is? Lord Orville's daughter! Whugh! Here's an opportunity! Oh! I'll go find her out directly.

Warford. Be cautious, sir—for if Sir Charles discovers your intentions——

Pavè. What then, sir? Do you suppose I'm influenced by any but people of merit and distinction? Such as Lord Orville, and your elegant friend, my graceful bedchamber lord, who, I know, will not forget the snug appointment—Where shall I conduct the lady?

Smalltrade. We'll wait below—And, d'ye hear—Tell Miss Dazzle not to forget to fleece the country banker.

Pavè. I will—And shew Sir Charles I'm a man of real consequence. Adieu! wait here a moment, and you'll see the little tradesman come out howling! But it won't do—I sha'n't sign his certificate! Ha, ha, ha!

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. By this time he's lost his last guinea, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Pavè.*

Come, George, let's go wait below, and depend on't, that fellow will extricate Henrietta—What an odd dog! He seems so anxious for preferment, that I've a great mind to turn away my under clerk on purpose to give him a place.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment at Sir Charles's.*

Sir CHARLES and Lady HENRIETTA, discovered at Cards.

Sir Charles. Point—Sixty.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Sixieme major.

Lady Henrietta. Good.

Sir Charles. Quatorze.

Lady Henrietta. Good—(*rises*) I'll play no more—Never was such a series of ill luck—Well, Sir Charles, what have I lost?

Sir Charles. Oh, a trifle! Never think of it, Lady Henrietta.

Lady Henrietta. Nay, you may as well seal my doom at once—Come!

Sir Charles. Well, if you insist—Here are your notes for money lent at Faro, one thousand pounds, and what I have now won is five hundred, making in the whole fifteen hundred pounds.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. A very pleasant trifle! But don't imagine I can't pay you, sir, don't—

Sir Charles. Nay, allow me to relieve you at once—Take back the notes, forget the debt, and think me amply paid, if but a smile the return.

Lady Henrietta. No, Sir Charles—I cannot consent to be so obliged—'Tis true, my imprudence has involved me beyond all hope of being extricated, and my father is abroad, and my uncle won't protect me!—Yet, sir!—

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, I know your situation, and feel for you—therefore let me intreat you to accept the notes, and when you want a protector, you know where to find one.

Lady Henrietta. A protector, sir!

Sir Charles. Be not alarm'd—You know my intentions are honourable, and since you have no other friend to protect you—

Lady Henrietta. Sir, I deserve this, amply deserve it—I might have known, when a woman turns gamester, her fortune is the least she loses. The society vilifies her feelings—the fatigue ruins her health and understanding, and when she has nothing left to stake, her pride is insulted, and even her honor made a sport of!

Sir Charles. How you mistake me! Because I profess to be your friend, you suppose me your enemy—My sister is in the next room waiting to receive you—You will not leave my house?

Lady Henrietta. Am I made a prisoner then? Heavens! how have I sunk myself!

Sir Charles. Pray be composed—I will place you under my sister's care—She shall decide whether I deserve your affections—Come, come, be calm—(taking her hand) Consider, where wou'd you go?

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Any where, so I leave your house—Don't imagine I have no friends, Sir.

Sir Charles. I am your friend, and feel your interest too much to part with you—Nay, you must—You shall be persuaded—(*holds and detains her.*)

Enter Pavè.

Pavè. So, heaven be prais'd, I have found you at last, phugh! (*puffing himself.*)

Sir Charles. What brings you here?

Pavè. To be useful—Ma'am, your most obedient—What! at your old tricks, my boy? (*Smacks Sir Charles on the back and points to cards.*)

Sir Charles. Hush! don't you see I'm busy!

Pavè. Mum! don't expose yourself—*Lady Henrietta,* I rejoice—Oh! what a likeness of her father!

Sir Charles. 'Sdeath! What do you mean, sir?

Pavè. Mean! that we were born to protect women, not insult them, and while I wear a sword, they shall never want a champion! I tell you what, sir—Your behaviour has been lately very offensive, and if the lady will give me leave, I'll conduct her to a little great man who is waiting to receive her.

Lady Henrietta. As I live its Mr. Smalltrade! Yonder I see him.

Sir Charles. Come here, sir—Answer me, is this your gratitude?

Pavè. Gratitude! Now, observe, Ma'am—I have been his dangler these five years—I've waited whole hours in the streets, only to catch a smile from him—dined at his side-table, and got nothing to eat but scraps and offals—talk'd of his gallantries, confirm'd his gasconades, and

E

laugh'd

laugh'd at his jokes, though he knows he never cut one in his life—But now,—come, my sweet lady.

Sir Charles. Lady Henrietta, will you trust yourself with that reptile?

Lady Henrietta. With any body rather than Sir Charles Dazzle.

Pavè. You hear, Baronet, you hear! The reptile's not so contemptible—And to shew my condescension—Hark ye—I'll speak to Lord Orville for you—Make out a list of promises—put his lordship at the head, and in the course of five years, if he don't provide for you, I will! I will, if it's only to shew you, that one man of rank can be more useful than another, you see—Come, Madam.

Sir Charles. Confusion! Am I outwitted? Made a laughing stock of?

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. So, Sir Charles, have you seen that blockhead, Pavè?

Sir Charles. Blockhead! villain!

Miss Dazzle. He has undone all my schemes on the banker.

Sir Charles. And mine on Lady Henrietta.

Miss Dazzle. You brought him to be useful, didn't you?

Sir Charles. I did; and he has completely answered my expectations! Well, sister, if ruin is the road to happiness, we are the merriest couple—Lady Henrietta shall not escape however—William!

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Go to Mr. Latitat's—Tell him to come to me directly.

Miss Dazzle. To your attorney's, brother.

Sir Charles. Yes ; I'll leave her to the law now—In the mean time, let's to Mr. Smalltrade—There's a vacancy in the borough, and if I can secure his interest, and gain the election, I'll sell my tables, leave off hospitality, reform and live like a gentleman !

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at SMALLTRADE'S.*

Lady HENRIETTA discovered sitting at a Toilette.

Lady Henrietta. So, the day of reckoning is at last arrived; and here I sit forgotten by my father, neglected by my uncle Sir Thomas, and unpitied by every body—Even Mr. Pavè has avoided me—finding Lord Orville was offended with me, he retired, saying he wou'd give me no further trouble—Alas! how, how have I involved myself?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Lord, Ma'am, I'm frighten'd out of my senses—What do you think Sir Charles has done?

Lady Henrietta. What, Betty?

Betty. He has employ'd a gentleman, who, he says, will get the money from you directly—An attorney, Ma'am.

Lady Henrietta. An attorney!

Betty. Yes, your ladyship—Sir Charles insists he lent you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. So he did, Betty—He lent it first and won it afterwards—Have you seen Mr. Warford?

Betty. I have, Ma'am, and—(*hesitating.*)

Lady Henrietta. And what, Betty?

Betty. When I told him your distress, my lady, and said you wou'd thank him to lend you
6 a hundred

a hundred pounds to convey you abroad, he made no reply.

Lady Henrietta. No !

Betty. No, Ma'am—but left the room instantly.

Lady Henrietta. This wounds me more than all ! That Warford shou'd desert me ! Yet why do I upbraid him ! He warn'd me of my danger, and now, too justly shuns me for my folly.

Betty. Lord, don't fret about it, my lady—Who knows but this lawyer may prove a very gentlemanlike man—Talk of old friends—Give me a new acquaintance, I say ! (*Loud knocking.*) Here he is, Ma'am ! Here's the attorney—(*looks out*) Upon my word ! What an elegant equipage ! See, Ma'am ! A handsome phaeton and two Servants on horseback.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Ma'am, here's a gentleman in a phaeton, who says his name is Latitat.

Lady Henrietta. Shew him in.

[*Exeunt Betty, and Servant.*]

Really this must be a strange kind of an attorney ; but in these days, nothing surprizes !

Enter LATITAT in an elegant Morning Dress.

Latitat. Let my carriage wait—Ma'am, your most obedient.

Lady Henrietta. Pray be seated, sir—(*they sit*) I'm told, sir, you have some law-business.

Latitat. I have, Ma'am—but no hurry about that—I always do the thing genteelly—Pray, Ma'am, were you at the last grand meeting of archers ?

Lady Henrietta. No, sir, I was not.

Latitat.

Latitat. That's unlucky—I got the verdict—That is, I won the prize—hit the bull's eye—carried off the beugle-horn—Here it is—(*puts his hand in wrong pocket and takes out papers*) No—that's a bill in Chancery—Here, Ma'am—(*pulls out beugle-horn*) received it from the lady patroness—kiss'd her hand—proclaim'd victor—march'd in procession—colours flying—music playing—clients huzzaing! Did the thing genteelly, Ma'am!

Lady Henrietta. Indeed, sir, you were very fortunate.

Latitat. Oh, I'm a nice fellow, Ma'am!—Then at cricket—last grand match—got sixty notches—the Peer run out—the Baron stumpr, and the General knock'd down his own wicket—I was long-stop—famous at a long-stop, Ma'am—cricket or law! ball or debtor! Let neither slip through my fingers! heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. So it seems—But, pray, sir, how can you follow the law amidst such a confusion of professions?

Latitat. Law and confusion are the same thing, Ma'am—Then I write my own songs, draw my own pleadings, ride my own races—To be sure I never won one in my life—but then I always rode like a gentleman! Heh, Ma'am! do the thing genteelly.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly—But now, may we talk about my business?

Latitat. Don't alarm yourself—that's all settled—My friend will be here presently—he'll shew you every accommodation.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. A gentleman in a curricie, Ma'am.

Latitat. In a curricie! Oh! that's my friend
—Shew him in. *[Exit Servant.*

Now here! here's another proof of my talents!
When I came to this town, Ma'am, little Nab
hadn't a shilling! I learnt him the practice—
Now he lives in style, drives his carriage, and
will lend you a thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. Will he, sir? I'm very much
oblig'd to him.

Enter NAB, (Smartly dress'd).

Nab. (Speaks as he enters) Put clothes on the
horses, and raise the top of the curricie that the
lady mayn't catch cold.

Latitat. Mr. Nab, Lady Henrietta—Lady
Henrietta, Mr. Nab—There! make your bow—
(*Nab bows affectedly*) And now shake hands.

Lady Henrietta. Shake hands, sir!

Latitat. Yes—Let him do the thing genteelly
—(*Nab gently touches her hand*) There! the
business is settled! You're arrested at the suit of
Sir Charles Dazzle, and little Nab will drive you
away in his curricie.

Lady Henrietta. Arrested!

Latitat. Lord, don't be uneasy—his house is
a palace—full of the best furniture, the best
wines; and I give you my honor, the best com-
pany! You'll find some very fashionable people
there—Some of your intimate friends—heh,
Nab!

Nab. Yes, Ma'am, and I entertain my com-
pany so superbly, that when they leave my house,
it's always in good humour, I assure you—Be-
sides

sides we can make up a Faro bank—every thing in style.

Lady Henrietta. This it is to be deluded into the vortex of dissipation—May it be a lesson to my sex, and prove how short the distance is, from the gay associates of high life to the low companions of my present hour—But since it must be so—Since I have no friend to succour or protect me, I must, perforce, submit—Come, sirs, conduct me.

Enter WARFORD.

Warford. Where are you going, gentlemen?

Latitat. To take the lady an airing, sir—Will you join the party?

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Warford, I little expected to see you here—The gentleman who reproved me in prosperity is at least consistent in shunning me in adversity.

Warford. What is your demand, sir? (*To LATITAT.*)

Latitat. Nab, shew the writ.

Nab. The debt and costs are one thousand and twenty pounds.

Warford. Here is the money then. (*Gives LATITAT bank notes.*)

Latitat. The what!

Warford. There are bank notes for the sum.

Latitat. (*counting them*) So there are—Why, this is doing the thing genteelly—Nab!

Nab. Amazing!

Warford. What do you stare at, sir?

Latitat. Excuse us, sir, we are a little surpriz'd to be sure; for when my friend and I do shake hands with people of Fashion, we generally pass some time with them.

Warford.

Warford. No matter, sir, the debt is discharged, so begone.

Latitat. Begone!

Warford. Yes; leave the room instantly.

Latitat. Leave the room! Is this language to a gentleman?

Warford. Gentleman! Away! 'Tis such pettifoggers as you that disgrace the profession—That live on the miseries of the unfortunate, and, in a land of freedom, mutilate laws that are the guardians of liberty—Harkye, sir, were I a barrister or judge——

Latitat. Barrister or judge! Pooh! they can't do the thing so genteelly as we can.

Nab. No! I'll give a dinner with any judge in England.

Latitat. I'd rather be an attorney than Chief Justice.

Nab. And I a bailiff than High Chancellor.

Warford. Very likely: but I insist——

Latitat. Certainly—we're going, fir—Good day, ma'am—We live in hopes! Here! where's my phaeton and servants?

Nab. Call up my curriclc and followers!
Good day, ma'am!

Latitat. If any future accident shou'd happen either to you or that gentleman, we shall be always happy to give you an airing. Come along, Nab—Barrister or judge! Pooh!—*(looks at notes)* Oh what a pleasure it is to do the thing genteelly! [Exit with NAB.]

Warford. Now, Lady Henrietta, I hope your fears are at an end.

Lady Henrietta. No, Mr. Warford, they are rather increas'd; for if I am to be reliev'd at anothers'

another's expence—to whom, sir, am I thus indebted?

Warford. You'll know hereafter—At present be satisfied with being told that the instant I heard of your distress, I flew to your uncle, Sir Thomas Roundhead—He forgave you all that had pass'd, found a friend that advanced the money, and now waits with open arms to receive you.

Lady Henrietta. Is he my benefactor? Does the old lord of the manor for once forget his game to relieve a gamester?

Warford. I found him in close conversation with his god-daughter Rosa, whose father is parson of the parish.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Medium!

Warford. The same—The late minister being dead, Sir Thomas had just got the living for Mr. Medium, and was in such high joy, that he begg'd I'd bring you instantly—He said he was just going to sit as magistrate, but by the time we got there, the justice business wou'd be over.

Lady Henrietta. And if he has no poacher to try for snaring his game, we shall find him in the same good humour you left him—Come, Mr. Warford—Oh! you are indeed a friend; and had I earlier listened to your kind advice—but it's all over—The recollection of those two genteel men so terrifies me, that if I game again, I hope I shall be compell'd to take an airing with the one, and shake hands with the other.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*An old Hall, hung with Stags' Horns, Family Pictures, &c.*

Clerk discovered sitting at a Table—A Chair above it.

Two Constables ;—a young Woman, a young Man, and HIPPY discovered.

Clerk. Stand back—Stand back—his worship the justice approaches.

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. Od, I'm so happy ! Old Medium has got the living, and I've given Rosa a holiday—I know she can't kill a bird, so I've put a gun in her hand, and sent her out with the gamekeeper, to beat the outskirts, and drive the game in—Well, Formal, (*To Clerk*) what complaints ? (*ascends his chair*) Any thing about the manor ?

Clerk. Please your worship (*woman advances*) This poor woman is deserted by her husband and left on the parish—The man is a footman, and has been detected in open nem. con. with an old widow.

Sir Thomas. Don't talk to me about Nem. Con.—Havn't I told you not to let my delicacy be shocked with any improper charges ? Take her away—Any body else ?

Clerk. Please your worship, (*man advances*) this poor man is a labourer, and has five children to maintain—But he has been so beaten and bruised by 'Squire Sturdy, that he can't work for his family.

Sir Thomas. Serve him right—Why didn't he get out of his way, when he knew the 'Squire was so fond of boxing that he must have practice to keep his hand in—Dismiss him—Any thing more?

Clerk. Nothing of any consequence, your worship—Only young Hippy, the miller's son, here—an honest, industrious young man, was found by the gamekeeper with a hare under his arm.

Sir Thomas. With what?

Clerk. With a hare on your manor.

Sir Thomas. On my manor! (*comes from his seat*) Oh you assassin! Nothing of any consequence indeed! Why, what's nem. con.—crim. con.—or pro. and con. to the shedding innocent blood? You dog! speak—answer me—What have you to say for yourself?

Clerk. (*to HIPPY*) Speak to the magistrate.

Hippy. Please your majesty—

Sir Thomas. Please my what!

Hippy. Please your majesty, I'll tell you all about it—The other morning, as I was crossing the whoat stubble, along with old Nicholas—You know old Nick, your honour—

Sir Thomas. Curse old Nick—go on.

Hippy. Na—don't you hurry me—I seed something in the corn going a tittup, a tittup, a tittup—So, says I—"Say nothing, Nicky, and we'll see what it is."—And presently there came within my legs, as fine a large banging hare as ever you clapt your two most gracious eyes upon.

Sir Thomas. Well, firrah!

Hippy. So, knowing as how such great beasts only devour'd the corn and barley off your majesty's

jesty's manor—I kept him tight between my legs, and squeezing him in this way—Look'ee! (*puts his bat between his legs*) I pinch'd him by little and little, 'till at last a got the staggers, and then says I, “ Now, old Nick, knock his brains out.”

Sir Thomas. You did, did you?

Hippy. Yes, that I did; and Nicky kept his word—For there a lay as dead and lifeless—I'cod it wou'd have done your heart good to see Nicky and I laughing, he, he, he!

Sir Thomas. And it will do my heart good to see Nicky and you hanging, he, he, he! (*mimicking*)—Seize him—take him to jail.

[*Constables seize him.*]

Hippy. To jail!

Sir Thomas. Ay; I'll learn you to poach on my manor.

Hippy. Oh Lord! why, your honour was just now pleas'd to pardon 'Squire Sturdy for almost killing a man; and here I'm to be tuck'd up for only squeezing a hare!—Odraten! this can't be justice.

Rosa sings without “ Hark away,” &c.

Sir Thomas. Ah! here's my little god-daughter!—She never kill'd any game; and if she had been out that day, she'd have scar'd the hare away.

Enter Rosa singing, and followed by two Game-keepers, with quantities of Hares, Pheasants, and Partridges.

Rosa. Come along, William—Shew my god-papa what sport we've had!—There! (*Game-keepers*

keepers throw down game) An't I a nice little sportsman?

Hippy. Icod, if my neck's to be twisted, what's to become of hers?

Rosa. Why, you don't look pleas'd, Sir Thomas—Perhaps you don't think I've kill'd half enough?

Sir Thomas. Yes I do—Oh! h! h! (*looking at the game.*)

Rosa. Nay, consider, Sir Thomas, it's very well for a young beginner; but I tell you what, I'll soon make you happy—let me go out again to-morrow, and I won't leave a single hare, pheasant, or partridge, on the manor.

Hippy. Doey—doey, your majesty, and let me go wi' her.

Sir Thomas. Come—I'll soon settle this business—Constable, take that poacher to the county jail—No words—take him directly.

Hippy. Dang it, if ever I squeeze a hare again—Good day, Miss—Odraten! I suppose you and old Nick will soon come after me.

[*Constables force him off.*]

Sir Thomas. And, now, William, do you take the other poacher to the parsonage-house.

Rosa. To the parsonage-house, sir!

Sir Thomas. Ay, to your father's—You jade, I'm tir'd of your follies—You know I took you from the parson's, that you might get well married—but you cou'dn't hit the mark.

Rosa. No: but I hit the birds; ay, and mark'd 'em too—However, I know why you're angry with me—You've made it up with your niece, Lady Henrietta, and because I could'n't marry some great man, who might have got

you new manors, and all that—You mean to try what she can do.

Sir Thomas. Yes, she shall be my heiress now—
So go home, Miss.

Rosa. Well, I don't care—I know where the game lies, and while there's a feather on the manor I won't want a day's sport, depend on't.

S O N G.

Al, cruel Sir Thomas ! to abandon your promise,

*And leave Rosa, poor girl, to lament ;
But take honor and gold, and your favour with-
hold,*

You cannot take health and content.

While my dogs at the dawn

Brush the dew from the lawn,

Sniff the scent of the game,

And our spirits inflame,

Through thickets or stubbles

Their courage redoubles ;

*Then checking their speed—"Heb, Basts, take
heed !"*

*Ob ! Sir Thomas Roundhead ! Pop, your game
it is dead !*

I can hit well my man, and a lover trepan,

Yet Amazon like I will be,

As sure as a gun, from each suitor I'll run,

But the hero who overcomes me.

While my dogs, &c.

[Exit with Gamekeepers.]

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. My dear uncle !

Sir

Sir Thomas. My dear niece ! I rejoice to see you—Mr. Warford told you, I suppose.

Lady Henrietta. He did indeed, Sir Thomas, and the thousand pounds you sent me was the most critical, fortunate——

Sir Thomas. The thousand pounds !

Lady Henrietta. Yes—but for that I had been living in a palace, viewing the best furniture, tasting the best wines, and keeping the best company in the world.

Sir Thomas. My dear girl, I sent you no thousand pounds.

Lady Henrietta. No !

Sir Thomas. No—The young gentleman, indeed, told me you wanted money, but I had none by me—Mine's all in the country bank—all lock'd up—Smalltrade never pays in specie—And as to his five pound notes, they're like French assignats ! Dam'me, a good old English guinea's worth a thousand of 'em ! This I told Mr. Warford, and he said he himself could find a friend to advance it.

Lady Henrietta. Generous, disinterested man ! But how, how am I to repay him ?

Sir Thomas. I'll tell you—I have quarrell'd with that hussy, Rosa, and as I wish to have a senator for my heir, I mean to get you well married—Nay, I have a husband already in my eye.

Lady Henrietta. Have you, sir ?

Sir Thomas. Yes ; there is a vacancy in the borough, and the new member shall have your hand and my estate.

Lady Henrietta. And pray, sir, who is likely to be my representative ?

Sir

Sir Thomas. There is only one candidate at present, and he is an old admirer of your's, and an old friend of mine,—Sir Charles Dazzle.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles Dazzle!

Sir Thomas. Yes; he's a man of rank and talents; and if we may judge by his style of living, he's the richest Baronet in England—But now, let's in to dinner and talk further—Oh! when Sir Charles has married you, he shall do me three such favors—All relating to my own estate.

Lady Henrietta. And what are they, sir?

Sir Thomas. You shall hear—The first is, to turn the road, and send my neighbours half a mile round—The second is to enclose the common, and keep it all to myself—The third, is to cut a canal right through the town, and build powder-mills on the banks! This, my dear girl, will double my rentall, and this is my way of growing rich!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT III.

G

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*Sir THOMAS's Park.—View of his House, Garden, Ponds, &c.*

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE, and two Servants.

Sir Charles. Knock at the gate and announce my arrival. [*Exit* Servant.]

So, Lady Henrietta has not escaped me yet—Hearing Sir Thomas meant to provide for her, I instantly wrote to him and offer'd her marriage—this he agreed to, supposing my fortune will ensure the election.—As to that wretch Pavè—I just now met the mad rascal running full speed after a nobleman's carriage.

2. *Servant.* Yonder is Mr. Pavè, sir.

Sir Charles. Ay, meditating on the drawing-rooms of princes, and the levees of ministers.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. Sir Thomas is waiting to receive you, sir.

Sir Charles. Shew me the way—Now here, here's another proof that ruin is the road to riches; for without having an acre of my own, I am going to take possession of the largest estate in the county—Poor Sir Thomas! poor Henrietta! I'll soon convince them, that now-a-days people live better without money than with it.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter WARFORD and Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. How can I thank you, sir? Nay, don't deny your generosity—I have learnt all from Sir Thomas—And tell me honestly, Mr. Warford, have you not by extricating me involved yourself?

Warford. No, Lady Henrietta; I gain'd this money by easy, honorable means; out of an annuity of two hundred pounds, allowed me these ten years past by my uncle, I have by frugality and prudence annually saved a moiety—saved it to befriend me in the hour of danger! And if it has assisted you, how great and ample is my recompence! But think not of that—think of Sir Charles Dazzle—What brings him to Sir Thomas's?

Lady Henrietta. The worst of purposes—he comes to be my husband! Sir Thomas has accepted his proposals, and in my father's absence I have no friend to protect me but you—Oh, Mr. Warford! little did I think, when I entered my uncle's house, I shou'd again be in the power of such an enemy.

Warford. Nor shall you be—I'll see Sir Thomas instantly—expose Sir Charles's villainies.

Lady Henrietta. That wou'd be useless—Alas! there is but one way—and that is so difficult—so uncertain! You know in consequence of my imprudence, Sir Thomas had adopted Rosa for his heiress.

Warford. He had.

Lady Henrietta. Previous to my arrival, he quarrel'd with her, and sent her back to the parsonage-house—Now, as I know the old gentleman only wants a man of rank to inherit his

estate, the way to save me, wou'd be to restore Rosa to his favour.

Warford. I understand—But how—how is that to be accomplished?

Lady Henrietta. By seeing her father, the minister of the parish, by persuading him to interfere for his daughter—if he succeeds—

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Your uncle and Sir Charles Dazzle request your ladyship's company.

Lady Henrietta. Is it possible? Am I forced to meet the man who has so insulted me? To be under the same roof with him, and at last be doom'd to marry him?

Warford. Talk not of it—I'll endeavour to restore Rosa to your uncle's favor. Tell me, sir, (*to Servant.*) where does the clergyman live?

Servant. What, the new minister, Mr. Medium, sir?

Warford. Yes.

Servant. He lives across the field at the White House, sir.

Warford. Then I'll wait on him, and return to you instantly.

Lady Henrietta. Adieu, Mr. Warford! Oh, now more than ever, I feel the effect of my follies! Had I like him, grown rich by prudence and œconomy, I might ere this have fixed my own choice, and instead of being united to a man I detest, I might have found one who would have loved and honored me! But as it is,—farewell, sir—We shall soon meet again. [*Exit.*]

Warford. Farewell, Lady Henrietta. Distraction! Must that villain triumph over her!

No, I'll not lose a moment—I'll see this minister. (*Going.*)

Enter Pavè, (who stops him).

Pavè. See the minister! What, in that dress? Pooh! you can't get an audience.

Warford. Excuse me, sir—I've the most important business—

Pavè. Why, he's in town I tell you.

Warford. He's in the neighbourhood I tell you, and where I must and will see him. So, stand back and don't detain me from an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever.

[*Pushes Pavè aside, and exit.*]

Pavè. In the neighbourhood! The minister in the neighbourhood! Impossible! This is not his county—And yet—he's on a visit perhaps, or on a secret expedition! If he should, and I can catch his eye! Get a squeeze, a nod, or a smile, and at last wheedle him into my list of promises! whugh!

Enter HIPPY.

Hippy. Odraten! I've made my escape—Miss Rosa spoke to her father, who spoke to Sir Thomas, and now if I can find Mr. Medium, and thank him—Pray, sir, have you seen the minister?

Pavè. There! Have I seen the minister? They're all after him.

Hippy. He has saved me and Nicky—But here's his daughter, Miss Rosa.

Pavè. His daughter! The minister's daughter! My dear fellow, take this—(*gives him money.*) and d'ye hear? Speak to her in my favor—

Speak

Speak highly of me—hint I'm of the old Norman blood.

Hippy. What blood?

Pavè. The old Norman blood!—You understand, mum! You understand——

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Its a shame! to turn me out of the house and adopt Lady Henrietta, and all because I cou'dn't marry a great man! Faith, I've a great mind to run away with churchwarden—I have, and—Bless me! What pretty looking gentleman's this?

Hippy. Miss, he wishes to say a word to you—*(whispers her.)* he's an old Norman blood. [*Exit.*

Pavè. *(aside.)* To use her father's language I wish the budget was open'd, Ma'am! *(bowing.)*

Rosa. *(curtsying.)* Lord what a charming man!

Pavè. She smiles upon me—now then for the ways and means.—Oh you paragon! 'Till I throw myself at your father's feet, allow me to fall at yours! *(kneeling.)* And thus, and thus—*(kissing her hand)* to swear allegiance to you, your fire and your whole august family.

Rosa. Was there ever such an elegant creature!

Pavè. Here let me swear to ratify the treaty of alliance, to cement the family-compact, and preserve the balance of power as long as I live.

Rosa. Dear, how he must adore me! I can't stand it much longer.

Pavè. Never will I rise till you sign preliminary articles, 'till you swear you believe me
your

your faithful ally, your leagued confederate, and ever loyal vassal.

Rosa. (kneeling by him.) I do! I do! And moreover I swear that I honor the Norman race more than my own! And sooner than such a sweet looking gentleman should break his heart for me, faith!—I'll run away with him directly.

Pavè. What! Let me taste that treasury of charms?

Rosa. Yes.

Pavè. And carry off that exchequer of excellence?

Rosa. I would! I would! this very hour I would!

Pavè. Huzza! huzza! I'm the Prime Minister's son.

Rosa. What! (*rising.*)

Pavè. I'm the Minister's son! Now let Lord Orville bow to the ground—Let Sir Charles Dazzle wipe my shoes—Let those that kept me dangling in their halls stand shivering in mine! And they who spurn'd me, pitied me, and call'd me "poor Pavè"—Let 'em now pull off their hats and cry "Room for the Minister's son," dam'me, while its lasts I'll make the most of it!

Rosa. Lord, I knew he was a great man by his talking so unintelligibly. Let's to Sir Thomas Roundhead's directly.

Pavè. To a Baronet's! pooh!

Rosa. Nay; he's a great friend of my father's, and will rejoice at our marriage.

Pavè. Well then—But your father, my angel! How I long to see him, to help him in his orations!

Rosa.

Rosa. Oh! he wants no help in them—His discourses are excellent, only rather too short: for my mother always confines him to twenty minutes.

Pavè. Does she? Then your mother is a true lover of her country.—Come.

Re-enter WARFORD.

Warford. Miss Rosa, a word if you please—I want to see your father.

Pavè. I dare say you do—But excuse us!—We have important business. (*Mimicks WARFORD'S manner.*)

Warford. Nay, I won't detain you a moment.

Pavè. Stand back, sir, and don't detain me—I've the most important business—an interview that makes or mars my peace for ever. I say, my little clerk, he is in the neighbourhood, and if you want an audience—I have it—Snug—all under my thumb—mum! You understand—Come, my sweet angel! Ask for the minister's son!

Rosa. Aye; ask for the minister's son!

[*Exeunt.*

Warford. Was there ever such an extraordinary fellow! But as I cannot find Mr. Medium, I must to Sir Thomas's and see Lady Henrietta instantly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS'S.—The Room hung with Pictures—In the Centre a large Picture with a Curtain before it.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD and Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, you have made me the happiest of men !

Sir Thomas. No thanks—She shall be yours—Read that agreement. (*Gives him a paper.*)

Sir Charles. (*reads*) “ On condition that Sir Charles Dazzle marries Lady Henrietta, Sir Thomas Roundhead agrees to settle on her one thousand a year during his life, and the whole of his estate at his death.”—Shall we sign directly ?

Sir Thomas. No, we can't 'till we've got her consent—And I assure you, it will require all my eloquence to persuade her—here she comes—leave us together.

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Sir Charles. When you are ready, Sir Thomas, I'll wait upon you—Lady Henrietta, your most obedient. [*Bows, and Exit.*]

Lady Henrietta. Impudent sycophant ! How his looks betray his triumph ! Well, uncle, do you really persist in marrying me to that gentleman ?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—I will have a man of rank for my heir ; for the road must be turn'd,—the common enclosed,—and the canal and powder-mills accomplished.

H

Lady

Lady Henrietta. And I would rather work on the road, graze on the common, or be drown'd in the canal, than marry Sir Charles Dazzle—Besides, I am inheriting another's right—Rosa ought to be your heiress.

Sir Thomas. Ay, that is, if I could have married her to a great man—But now, read that agreement.

Lady Henrietta. (reading) “ Sir Charles marries Lady Henrietta—Sir Thomas settles one thousand a year—And the whole of his estate at his death.”

Sir Thomas. Well! will you sign it? Look ye, no demurring; for if you refuse, neither I nor your father will give you a shilling.

Lady Henrietta. Ungenerous!

Sir Thomas. Consider too—how are you to repay Mr. Warford?

Lady Henrietta. How indeed! And sooner than he shou'd suffer for his liberality—Yet, to be the wife of my avow'd enemy—I cannot—will not, be so wretched!

Sir Thomas. Won't you? We'll see—Sir Charles Dazzle! (*calling him in.*)

Lady Henrietta. Hold, sir—give me but a moment—Wait 'till my father arrives.

Sir Thomas. No—You shall sign instantly—Sir Charles!

As he is going—Enter ROSA hastily, and runs against him.

Rosa. Oh, Sir Thomas!—Oh, my lady!—I'm——out of breath.

Sir Thomas. What's the matter, Jezabel?

I

Rosa.

Rosa. I've done it! I've hit the mark! Such a gentleman has run away with me! No less than the Prime Minister's son!

Sir Thomas. The minister's son!

Rosa. Yes; he's of the Norman race, the second person in the world; I'm the third, and you shall be the fourth—Here he is!

Lady Henrietta. (*looking out*) As I live it's my old friend, Pavè—If I humour this, I may restore Rosa to favour, and save myself—Lucky, lucky thought!

Sir Thomas. Pooh! this can't be the minister's son—And yet, by his appearance—He has certainly a very important, formidable air.

Lady Henrietta. Sir Thomas, I can affirm it as a fact—This is the very person—I know him intimately.

Sir Thomas. Do you? 'Sdeath! what an awful sight! My respect's so great, I don't know where to stand or how to look.

Enter Pavè.

Lady Henrietta. How d'ye do? (*nods to him.*)

Pavè. How d'ye do? (*nods to her.*)

Sir Thomas. He knows her—it is him! Lord, I wish I had paid my obedience.

Lady Henrietta. Mr. Pavè, this is Sir Thomas Roundhead. (*Sir Thomas draws back.*) Nay, don't be frighten'd, uncle—The gentleman is very condescending.

Pavè. Condescending! Lord! I'm the most familiar creature—Your hand, Tommy, give me your hand.

Sir Thomas. Tommy! why, he's familiar indeed!

deed! Gad, I feel bold enough to talk to him
—Pray, sir—Hem!—is there any news?

Pavè. What! (*staring at him.*)

Sir Thomas. (*alarm'd*) I only ask'd, sir, if there was any news.

Pavè. Fie, Tommy, fie! Never pump a minister—Mum! or any of his family—fie!

Lady Henrietta. (*aside to Sir THOMAS.*) Now's your opportunity—fix him at once—Offer him Rosa with your estate.

Sir Thomas. I will—For this is indeed a man of rank! Sir! dread sir! if I don't presume too much—I have a small estate—not indeed adequate to your situation—But if you will accept it with this young lady——

Pavè. How much is it?

Sir Thomas. Scarce worth mentioning—Only a thousand a year at present, but at my death, it will be five thousand—Will you have the condescension?——

Pavè. Well, I'll indulge you, Tommy, I'll indulge you—Five thousand a year, no bad certainty in case of accident. (*aside*) In return—if there are any favours, I or my father——

Sir Thomas. Oh, sir! (*bows very low*) There are to be sure, sir, one or two trifles—First, you see (*counts with his finger on his left hand*) I want to turn a road—secondly, to enclose a common—thirdly, to cut a canal—fourthly, to build powder-mills—fifthly——(*beginning to count on his right hand.*)

Pavè. Stick to one hand, my dear Tommy! Stick to one hand, and don't agitate yourself—The trifles shall be accomplish'd, so draw up an agreement.

Lady

Lady Henrietta. I believe this will do, fir—It's only to scratch out my name and Sir Charles's, and insert Miss Rosa's and Mr. Pavè's.—I'll do it, and you may sign directly. (*Goes to table and writes.*)

Rosa. (*to Pavè*) I say, while they're settling the agreement, I'll shew you my father's picture.

Pavè. Your father's picture! Ha! where is it?

Rosa. There—behind the curtain! He's in his gown.

Pavè. Gown!—Robes you mean——Let's see.—

Lady Henrietta. Stop——sign the contract first.

Sir Thomas. Ay; sign first—There—there's my signature. (*signing.*)

Pavè. And mine! (*signing.*)

Rosa. And now, there's my dear father in his gown and cassock.

[*Undraws curtains of pictures, and discovers a painting of Mr. Medium, the clergyman, in his gown and cassock—Pavè sees it, and stands stupified.*]

Sir Thomas. Yes; there's old Medium—What surprizes you, fir?

Lady Henrietta. Ay; there's another minister—What makes you so dumb, Mr. Pavè?

Pavè. Respect and reverence at that awful sight—Oh, Sir Thomas! that parson's picture has so deeply affected me, that only this contract can console me. (*taking it*) Nothing like a
a certainty

a certainty in case of accidents—Come, Miss Medium!

Sir Thomas. Why, where are you going?

Pavè. To my father's, Tommy, to my father's—To take care of the road,—the common—the canal—the—In short, to secure your whole property.

Enter Sir CHARLES DAZZLE.

Pavè. Ah, Sir Charles, have you made out a list of promises? In the course of five years—that is, when I come to my estate, I'll think of you—Farewell, old What's-his-Name—Tommy, adieu! I retire with a handsome provision however. (*Looks at contract, &c.*)

[*Exit with ROSA.*

Sir Charles. Sir Thomas, what does that impudent fellow do here?

Sir Thomas. Impudent! why, do you know who he is?

Sir Charles. Yes; I know him to be an impostor—a rascal—And if he has got any thing from you——

Sir Thomas. Got any thing! he's got my whole estate—Oh Lord!

Sir Charles. Pursue him directly—I'll go with you.

Sir Thomas. Oh dear! Come along—As for you, madam, depend on't, you shall still be Sir Charles's, and for that fellow—Oh the villain! I believe he's a poacher, and because he cou'dn't snare the game, he has stole the whole manor! Come!

[*Exit with Sir CHARLES.*

Lady

Lady Henrietta. Ha! ha! he's a delightful man, and as he has twice saved me from Sir Charles, I hope he'll do me the favour a third time—But now to Warford, and make his generous heart partake my joy.

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A modern Apartment at Sir THOMAS'S, a Window open and Balcony behind.*

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. How unfortunate! To be retaken and separated from my dear Mr. Pavè.—(*Goes to window and looks out.*) Surely Hippy can't have forgot me—I dropt him a letter out of this window to carry to Mr. Pavè, in which I told him I was locked up, that he mightn't get the estate, but that I was ready to elope with him this very night—Dear! where can Hippy be?

Enter HIPPY at the Window.

Hippy. Hush! is nobody here?

Rosa. Nobody.

Hippy. Odraten! this is poaching with a vengeance—Well! I've seen Mr. Pavè and he'll carry you off—he will! here's his answer.

[Gives her a letter.]

Rosa. (reads.) “My dear girl—that the contract may be fulfilled, I'll be near the ladder in an hour, and the signal shall be a noise at the window—Your's ever—Pavè.”

Oh charming! charming! What, you came in at the balcony by a ladder?

Hippy. To be sure I did—Leave old Nick and I alone for fixing one—But I must return to the gentleman—So, do you go and get ready, and when you hear the noise at the window, trip down

down the ladder a tittup, a tittup, a tittup, as we said of the hare you know.

Rosa. I will! I will! But pray let the noise be loud enough.

Hippy. Loud! Odraten! I'll smash every pane sooner than you shan't hear us—Depend on Nicky and I's doing our best—Good bye, Miss, and remember the noise.

Rosa. Ay, I won't forget—Good bye.

[*Exit HIPPY at window.*]

And now I'll go and get my hat and cloak—Sir Thomas is below with Mr. Latitat, and the electors of the borough—In the hurry of business, nobody'll think of our elopement—Oh! how I long for the noise at the window. [*Exit.*]

Enter LATITAT.

Latitat. So—stole off unobserved—A fine quarreling below—The old justice wants Sir Charles to be the new member—The electors want a better man, and I, as returning officer, insist upon the same—But all depends upon Smalltrade, he's at the head of the corporation, and as Sir Thomas has sent for him, I must overhear their conversation—The fact is, the justice wants to outshoot the banker—the banker wants to outrun the justice—And the attorney wants to out-bowl them both! Here they come!—That I may be evidence of all that passes—I'll e'en let down this curtain—(*lets down window-curtain and gets behind it.*) So! this is doing the thing genteelly!

Enter SMALLTRADE and Sir THOMAS.

Sir Thomas. Don't—don't talk of that impossibility—I have secured Rosa as a hostage, and if he don't marry her, the contract's void—So, as we're alone—(*fast'ning door.*) Sit down—Sit down, and let's talk about the election. (*They sit.*)

Smalltrade. I shou'd like to have seen you counting your fingers, securing the common, the canal, and the powder mills—And then to have seen the blow up! Oh! you've a fine round head! And what wou'd you do with the canal?

Sir Thomas. What! I'd secure the borough by it: for if the electors didn't do as I wish'd, I'd open the sluices and inundate the whole town—You can only lay them under contribution, but, dam'me, I can lay them under water.—You see, old friend, if Sir Charles is the new member I have promised to marry him to Lady Henrietta—Now, the first thing he wants, is to get your interest.

Smalltrade. And the next thing is to take my principal, I suppose—Oh, I know him of old—The fellow hasn't a guinea—unless indeed, he's kept the one I lost at Faro—No, no; I want some good citizen, and I told Latitat our returning officer, to find one.

Sir Thomas. Yes; but Sir Charles is the only candidate, and therefore—

[*Loud rattling at the window, LATITAT pops his head out from behind curtain, and on SMALLTRADE'S looking round puts it back.*]

Smalltrade. What's that noise?

Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Nothing but the wind shaking the windows—Therefore I say, as Sir Charles and the electors are below, let's go and talk to them. (*rising.*)

Smalltrade. Softly—mind you're not tricked again—For that Latitat is such a dirty shuffling rascal.

[*Loud rattling again, LATITAT pops his head out, on SMALLTRADE'S looking round, puts it back again.*]

Smalltrade. Now, what the devil's that noise?

Sir Thomas. 'Tis the wind I tell you—It's always so when its easterly—Do, let's go directly to the electors.

Smalltrade. Ay, there's no talking business in this room—So, leave me to manage Latitat—I'm a match for a lawyer.

Sir Thomas. Are you? Then you're a match for any thing—I hate 'em all.

Smalltrade. So do I—And I'll tell you what, Sir Thomas—instead of giving me a day's sport on your manor, only get me a day's shooting in Westminster-Hall, and if I don't wing and pepper the whole breed, say I'm no marksman, and Latitat's no rascal. [*Exeunt.*]

Latitat. (*puts his head out.*) Upon my soul I'm very much obliged to you—(*comes from behind.*) A very pleasant situation! Abused before my face, and pelted behind my back!

Enter ROSA in her Hat and Cloak.

Rosa. I've just heard the noise at the window, and now—ha!

Latitat. Oho! the mystery's out—an intrigue, heh? This is the best part of the election, and

as they can't make the return without me, I may as well be a party in this cause—Here I am, my dear.

Rosa. Sir! Heavens! who are you?

Latitat. Me! the prettiest fellow living! I'm a member of ten clubs, and wear twenty different uniforms—Initials on one button, arrows on another—brushes on a third—feathers on a fourth—Then I won the beugle-horn, got sixty notches, rode five races, ow'd ten thousand pounds—liv'd within the rules—did the thing genteelly!

Rosa. And has Mr. Pavè sent you, sir?

Latitat. Pavè.

[*Here Pavè puts his head out from behind curtain.*]

Rosa. I think its very hard he didn't come himself.

Latitat. Pavè! That's the man I pass'd on as Lord Sulwin! Zounds! if it shou'd be him—However, I won't lose the girl.—Come, my angel! (*Taking her hand.*)

Rosa. Lord, sir, how am I to know Mr. Pavè is your friend?

Latitat. How? I'll tell you—Every body knows my way of growing rich, is by never paying what I borrow, and notwithstanding this, Pavè lent me a thousand pounds! Now, wasn't that friendly? So, I'll peep at this door to see if any body's watching, and then——(*goes to stage door.*)

Pavè comes forward.

Pavè. (*to Rosa.*) My dear girl, descend the ladder—Your friends will protect you 'till I come.

[*Exit ROSA at window.*]

I

Latitat.

Latitat. (*looking round.*) Nobody's near us, my sweet angel!—

Pavè. Isn't there, my dear lord? So, still doing the thing genteelly, my boy.

Latitat. Ah, Mr. Pavè, I assure you, I am most happy to pay my respects to you. (*bows.*)

Pavè. (*bowing.*) And I assure you I shall be more happy, if you'll pay me my thousand pounds—(*collaring him.*) Give me my money, or get me preferr'd.

Latitat. Now don't—pray don't expose me—here in the country I havn't pass'd for a lord.

Pavè. For what then, sir? (*shaking him.*)

Latitat. For a gentleman. (*Pavè shakes him more.*) I'm Returning Officer of the borough.

Pavè. What! (*Letting him go.*)

Latitat. I'm Returning Officer I say, and as the election takes place in a few hours.

Pavè. My dear fellow, I ask you a thousand pardons—In the first place, I didn't know there was an election, and in the next, I little thought you cou'd so essentially assist—Excuse me, Mr. Latitat—Lord Sulwin I mean.

Latitat. Oh, sir, you are too kind.

Pavè. Not at all—How has your health been since I saw you? I recollect you had a superb equipage—four fine bays—I hope they're all well—And so, there's an election, my lord.

Latitat. There is, sir; and if any friend of your's is a candidate.

Pavè. There's the point, my lord—I do know a gentleman, a very clever gentleman!—Don't think of that little debt you owe me! And as we're alone—harkye—(*whispers him.*)

Latitat. You a candidate!

Pavè.

Pavè. Why not? I'm heir to an estate of six thousand a year, was near being son to Mr. What's-his-name, and have a list of promises as long as the borough.—So do, pray do the thing genteelly.

Latitat. I've a great mind—it would be serving those two old blockheads as they deserve—Gad I will! Give me your hand.

Pavè. Will you?

Latitat. Hush! here's Smalltrade.

Pavè. What, old certificate?

Latitat. Stand aside—For as his interest turns the scale, we must dupe him into our scheme—Mum! Not a word.

[Pavè being in a travelling great coat, muffles himself, and draws his hat over his face, he stands aside, and SMALLTRADE enters.]

Latitat. So, Mr. Smalltrade—Sir Charles is to be our new member.

Smalltrade. Yes, Lati—; for want of a better—Ah! I wish we cou'd have found another candidate!

Latitat. Another candidate, sir!

[Looks round at Pavè, who bows to him.]

Smalltrade. Ay; some good citizen—That you'd have given us grand corporation dinners, built a new town-hall—thrown a bridge over the river, and put all his money in my bank.

Latitat. Come here—Look behind you.

Smalltrade. Look behind me!

Latitat. You see that gentleman—He's the son of ——— Alderman Double.

Smalltrade. Alderman Double! What, the great London brewer?

Latitat.

Latitat. The same—He wishes to become a candidate.

Smalltrade. Does he? That's the very thing—I'll go and talk to him.

Latitat. Softly—He has been travelling all night, and has got a violent pain in his face—I tell you what—I'll settle terms with him, and if you've a mind, we'll chouce Sir Thomas.

Smalltrade. Chouce Sir Thomas! Ay do, you've my consent.

Latitat. Have I? Then I'll take him and return him at once—Come, Mr. Double—Mr. Smalltrade will excuse you're not speaking.

Smalltrade. You'll settle it with Mr. Latitat. Ay, I wish the pain in your face better with all my soul—(*Pavè nods and makes signs of paying handsomely with his hands.*) Sensible foul! How well he understands the business—Take him, Lati, and I'll go and detain the two Baronets 'till the return's over—Good day, Mr. Double.

Latitat. If this isn't doing the thing genteelly, the devil's in't. [*Exit with Pavè.*]

Smalltrade. There goes the young Alderman—Poor Sir Charles! poor old Roundhead! Oh! if I was such a stupid blockhead! But I don't know how it is—we country bankers are never imposed upon. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Inside of Sir THOMAS'S Garden.—
Garden Gate in the back Scene.*

Enter Lady HENRIETTA.

Lady Henrietta. (reading.)

- “ The tender pair, whom mutual favours
bind,
“ Love keeps united, though by Alps
disjoin'd;
“ To passion ill return'd short bounds are
set,
“ The lover that's forgotten will forget.”

And what have I to do with that? As I was never in love, I can never forget—And yet it's very odd I shou'd just hit on that passage——Heigho! I wonder where Mr. Warford is.

Enter WARFORD.

Bless me, sir! you take one so by surprize—I thought I shou'd never see you again.

Warford. And now, madam, you see me for the last time.

Lady Henrietta. The last time!

Warford. Yes; Sir Charles has crush'd all my hopes of happiness, and I have prevail'd on my uncle to let me leave England for ever.

Lady Henrietta. Leave England! Oh, I beg your pardon, sir—You can't do that.

Warford. No, madam!

Lady Henrietta. No, sir—you recollect you and I must settle accounts first, for you don't
suppose

suppose I'll let you be out of my sight while I owe you an obligation! A pretty thing indeed! To lend a lady a thousand pounds, and then go abroad and compel her to come after you to repay you.

Warford. Lady Henrietta, I am miserable—I have lived under the same roof with a treasure I now see given to another! But I alone am to blame—It was presumption, in my humble situation, to aspire to such excellence, and I now meet the reward my arrogance deserves. (*going.*)

Lady Henrietta. Stay, Mr. Warford—Just let me set you right about one thing. There are people, sir, that can distinguish merit in obscurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for instance now, can perceive, that while I possess nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

Warford. This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied——

Lady Henrietta. Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who shunn'd me in the hours of dissipation, and returned to me in the day of distress, deserve something more than pity?—Yes;—and as this is the last time we shall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my esteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I wou'd give my hand where my heart has been long dispos'd of.

Warford. Is it possible? Can the humble, deserted Warford be so blest?

Lady Henrietta. You deserve every thing, sir—But, go, go, and be happy—Find out some fair who may return your love, nor ever think of one so lost, so wretched as myself!

K

Warford.

Warford. I cannot leave you thus! I'll see your uncle, appeal to his humanity! Nay, you are not Sir Charles Dazzle's yet.

Enter Miss DAZZLE.

Miss Dazzle. No—but she will be presently—This is your last *tête à tête* I assure you.

Lady Henrietta. Is Sir Charles elected then?

Miss Dazzle. He is—What, you thought if he lost the election, you wou'd lose him.

Lady Henrietta. Certainly, madam—I knew Sir Thomas design'd me for the successful candidate, and you'll pardon me—if I could have chosen a dearer representative than your brother.

[*Huzza without and Music.*

Miss Dazzle. There! do you hear those acclamations? Now, Mr. Warford, you may take leave of the charming Henrietta, and make your bow to my sister, Lady Dazzle.

Warford. Ungenerous woman! Is it not enough to triumph.

[*More buzzaing without.*

Enter Sir THOMAS ROUNDHEAD.

Sir Thomas. There! It's all over—Sir Charles is elected, and I've at last got a senator for my heir! Miss Dazzle, I give you joy.

Miss Dazzle. And I give you joy, Sir Thomas,—and you, Lady Henrietta—and you Mr. Warford—Come, shall we go and see the procession?

Sir Thomas. Certainly—[*Exit Miss DAZZLE.*] Niece, do you wait here to receive your husband, Sir Charles Dazzle.

Warford. This is beyond bearing—Sir Thomas, hear me.

Sir Thomas. I'll hear nothing—Henrietta, wait to receive the new member.

Enter SMALLTRADE.

Smalltrade. Now, where are you going?

Sir Thomas. To congratulate Sir Charles on his election, to be sure.

Smalltrade. Are you? then you may as well stay where you are.

Sir Thomas. Why so, old Smalltrade?

Smalltrade. I'll tell you, old Roundhead—he has lost the election.

Omnes. Lost the election!

Smalltrade. Yes; the young alderman has it—Double's the man!

Sir Thomas. Double's the man!

Smalltrade. Yes; it's all my doing—Now how foolish you look—I say, your worship, doesn't this remind you of counting your fingers? Oh, you old flat!

Sir Thomas. Why, what is all this? And who the devil's Double?

Smalltrade. A great brewer and the son of an alderman! Latitat found him out, and has managed the whole business himself? Now, an't you prettily outwitted? And won't you allow that a banker's head is twice as deep as a justice's?

Sir Thomas. Hold your tongue, or——

Smalltrade. Curse me, but if I thought I shou'd ever be such an old flat as you, if I wou'dn't build powder mills on purpose to blow myself up in!—(*Music without.*)—Here he is!

K 2

here's

here's the new member ! I ordered Latitat to bring him here, that you might see with your own eyes, what a stupid fool we have made of you.

Sir Thomas. Did you ? I'm very much obliged to you—But no brewer or alderman enters my garden—Here, William ! Thomas ! (*Going.*)

Smalltrade. (*holding him*) Now do—Stay and see how much you've exposed yourself.

Sir Thomas. I won't—Let me go.

Smalltrade. You sha'n't—here they come.

[*Long flourish of Clarinets, Trumpets, &c.*

Enter Pavè chair'a, with Electors, ROSA, and LATITAT.

Pavè. (*as he enters*) Gentlemen, you have return'd me as your representative, for which I return you my most hearty thanks, and to shew my gratitude, I invite all the country,—men, women, and children, to dine with Sir Thomas to-day, and to sup with little Certificate in the evening. (*turning round*) Huzza ! I've done it at last !

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade, who's an old flat now ?

Smalltrade. I am doubled, by all that's ridiculous.

Sir Thomas. Doesn't this give you a ticklish sensation ? Isn't a banker's head twice as deep as a justice's ?—And won't you build powder mills to blow yourself up in ?

Smalltrade. So, Mr. Pain-in-the-face, (*to LATITAT*) You and the young alderman here have done it.

Latitat. Yes ; we've done the thing genteelly ! But don't be angry—the new member means to be liberal.

Pavè.

Pavè. Certainly—if either of the honourable gentlemen in my eye want franks.

Sir Thomas. Franks!—Sirrah——

Pavè. Order, Tommy—Order—Harkye, old Certificate! (*Whispers* SMALLTRADE.)

Smalltrade. How! You'll move to abolish country banks!

Sir Thomas. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion.

Pavè. Come here, Tommy. (*whispers him.*)

Sir Thomas. How! Move to stop canal cutting?

Smalltrade. Ay, do:—I'll second that motion!

Latitat. And encourage attornies, for they do the thing genteelly.

Pavè. Now I'm promoted, I can be a better patron than Sir Charles—I'll prefer you all.

Rosa. Will you?—that's charming.

Pavè. To you, Latitat, I give up your debt—To you, Tommy, I restore your contract, to you, old Certificate, I give my list of promises, to you Lady Henrietta, I give the man you love—And lastly, to you, Rosa, I give the best present of all, for I give you myself, my dear girl, and next to Mr. What's-his-name, dam'me, if I know a finer fellow.

Lady Henrietta. Nor I—Will you consent, Mr. Smalltrade.

Rosa. Will you, Sir Thomas?

Lady Henrietta. We'll put all our money in the country bank.

Rosa. And I'll never poach on the manor as long as I live.

Sir Thomas. Smalltrade!

Smalltrade. Roundhead!

Sir Thomas. Shall we?

Smalltrade.

Smalltrade. Aye, we have shewn ourselves such a couple of old flats, that we can't expose ourselves any further—Here, Warford, take Lady Henrietta, and depend on't, my settlement shall be equal to the justice's:

Sir Thomas. And you, fir, (*to Pavè.*) since you are become a senator, take old Medium's daughter—One half of my estate goes to Henrietta—the other to you—that is, on condition you secure me the road—the common—the—
(*counting again.*)

Pavè. Softly, fir, softly—Counting may be ominous——

Lady Henrietta. And now, as most of us have tried different ways of growing rich, let us acknowledge, that while Sir Charles's plan has been the worst, Warford's has prov'd the best—for had the time the former wasted in dissipation and deception been employed like the latter, in honesty and industry, Sir Charles had now, like Warford, been rich and happy.

Smalltrade. Aye, application and œconomy is the surest road to riches.

Pavè. No—I'll shew you a better way—by gaining patronage and promotion here!

Here let our friends around support our cause,

And we'll grow rich indeed—by their applause.

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

(Written by MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.)

And Spoken by Mr. LEWIS, in the Character of Pavè.

BEHOLD the hero, who with motives sinister,
Thought he had got the daughter of the minister,
Thought too of getting from the nuptial feast,
Twenty young Privy-Counsellors at least;
Now wife must be content if we can dish up
A little Alderman, or tiny Bishop—
Dad is a Minister, but of a sort
That look for better places than at court;
Our new relations now will flock by dozens,
I shall be teiz'd to death by cassock'd cousins—
Dear coz, accept my pray'r, and my thanksgiving—
You live but to do good—Give me that living—
A motley groupe we are, of saints and sinners—
No birth-day suits, no ministerial dinners!
Dinners indeed we have, with classick gig,
Backgammon—fine October, and a pig;
But where's the levee troop, who sag and drudge it,
The scrip, the loan, the omnium and the budget?

All wou'd grow great like me, yet all despise
The humble path which led them first to rise—
The purse-proud tradesman, bred at Norton Falgate,
Grows tir'd of city feasts and clubs at Aldgate;
Madam, his lady too, is sick at heart,
With gaping daily at a Thames-street cart,—
My spouse, she cries, let's move to Grov'nor-square,
You'll soon be better duck, in better air,
Then we shall see fine folks, and have fine routs,
One can't get nothing tasty hereabouts,
Vittels are coarse, and company quite coarserer,
And your poor cough grows worserer and worserer.

Pert Miss and Master—Scions of the stock,
With equal rhet'ric urge the parent block.
Father, cries Dicky, let's live near St. James's—
Pall-Mall and Piccadilly! There the game is!

We

EPILOGUE.

We get no money here, there's none to lend,
 'The city now's as bare as t'other end !
 Nothing but paper—that indeed is plenty !
 But not a guinea cash—I'll hold you twenty—
 Suppose this charming party fix'd and settled,
 Staring at belles high plum'd, and bucks high mettled ;
 Miss undertakes to school her boisterous brother,
 Aided by hints from her sagacious mother—
 Now, Dicky, since the guards abroad are gone,
 Copy the smarts, and you may pass for one—
 Have at your knees long strings and little buckles,
 With scarlet waistcoat-sleeves below your knuckles ;
 Have a great coat, scarce half way down your back,
 Your chin quite buried in a muslin sack !
 Have—though for shirt, there's no great need of any,
 Have—A fig's end, cries Dick, go teach your granny.
 Mind your own dress, your gaufes, and your gingums,
 Your two-inch waist, and all your bunch of thingums !
 A man may marry now without much fear,
 His wife's shape won't be spoil'd within the year !
 You sail like smugglers for illicit trading,
 Under false colours, with false bills of lading !
 What lading, brother ? Why, the Pad, Miss Sophy !
 I've made a seizure, and see here's the trophy.

[Takes out a Pad.]

One word our Bard—ourselves to recommend—
 We wish to laugh, but never to offend.

X

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A L O N Z O.

A

T R A G E D Y.

IN FIVE ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Et mentem strinxit patriæ pietatis imago. VIRGIL.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence.)



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author of the following Tragedy, has, in his former attempts of the same kind, avoided to trouble the reader with either dedication or preface. His chief reason for declining this common mode of appearing before the public, was the necessity, which it would lay him under, of speaking concerning himself and his works. The success of *Alonzo* calls upon him to depart from his former plan; and to break that silence, which might now be reckoned arrogant, and even ungrateful, to those, from whom he in a great measure derives his success.

He embraces with pleasure, this occasion, to acknowledge his obligations to THE MANAGERS of the theatre, whose friendly, anxious, and active zeal he hath so often experienced: To THE PERFORMERS, who have so strenuously contended with each other, in their very generous endeavours to embellish the representation of the piece: To MRS. BARRY—but the public voice has exalted HER above his praise: Yet he claims the merit of

A 2

having,

ADVERTISEMENT.

having, before others, observed her now allowed and unrivalled excellence. From the colour of the dawn, he foretold the brightness of the day.

For MRS. BARRY he wrote the part of Orminda, and the most flattering circumstance to him, in the success of his play, is the universal opinion, (vouched, not only by the loudest applause that ever shook the stage, but by the greatest effusion of tears) that the ACTRESS so much exalted THE CHARACTER, that she exceeded all imagination, and reached the summit of perfection.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILST ardent Zeal for India's Reformation,
Hath fired the Spirit of a generous Nation ;
Whilst Patriots of presented Lacks complain,
And Courtiers Bribery to Excess arraign ;
The Maxims of Bengal still rule the Stage,
The Poets are your Slaves from Age to Age.
Like Eastern Princes in this House you sit,
The Soubabs, and Nabobs of suppliant Wit ;
Each Bard his Present brings, when he draws near,
With Prologue first, he soothes your gracious Ear ;
We hope your Clemency will shine to Day,
For tho' despotic, gentle is your Sway.
These conscious Walls if they cou'd speak wou'd tell,
How seldom by your Doom, a Poet fell :
Your Mercy oft suspends the Critics Laws,
Your Hearts are partial, to an Author's Cause.
Pleas'd with such Lords, content with our Condition,
Against your Charter we will ne'er petition.
If certain Folks, should send us a Committee,
(Like that which lately visited the City)
Who without special Leave of our Directors,
At the Stage Door shou'd enter as Inspectors ;
Altho' their Hearts were arm'd with triple Brass,
Thro' our resisting Scenes, they could not pass.
Lions and Dragons too keep watch and ward,
Witches and Ghosts the awful entrance guard ;
[The curtain rises,
Heroes who mock the pointed Sword are here,
And desperate Heroines who know no Fear ;

P R O L O G U E.

*If as Rinaldo stout each Man should prove,
To brave the Terrors of the enchanted Grove,
Here on this Spot, the Center of our State,
Here on this very Spot they'd meet their Fate.
The Prompter gives the Sign, and down they go;*

[The curtain falls,

*Alive descending to the Shades below.
To you whose Empire still may Heav'n maintain,
Who here by antient Right and Custom reign,
Our Lions couch, our Dragons prostrate fall,
Witches and Ghosts obey your potent Call.
Our Heroines smile on you with all their Might,
Our boldest Heroes tremble in your Sight,
Even now with anxious Hearts they watch your Eyes,
Should you but frown, even brave ALONZO flies.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

KING,	Mr. AICKIN.
ALONZO,	Mr. REDDISH.
ALBERTO (<i>his Son</i>)	Mr. CLINCH.
COSTOLLO,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
SEBASTIAN,	Mr. PALMER.
HAMET,	Mr. WRIGHT.
VELASCO,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
MESSANGER,	Mr. J. BANNISTER.

W O M E N.

ORMISINDA,	Mrs. BARRY.
TERESA,	Miss MANSELL.

Officers and Attendants, &c.



A L O N Z O.

A

T R A G E D Y.




A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A ball in the palace of the kings of Spain.

ORMISINDA. TERESA..

ORMISINDA.

 HIS roll contains the secret of my life,
And of the state: My marriage with
Alonzo,
The story of my son, my injured child,
Bred in a desert, tho' the heir of Spain.
To thee, my faithful friend, my lov'd Teresa!
This precious record I commit. Oh! keep it
From sight of human eye, till better times:

B

For

For still I hope that better times may come,
 Tho' not to me, to this afflicted land.
 My hand hath signed it, and my act to day
 Shall give it faith and credence with mankind.
 This will explain the mystery of my fate,
 And tell the world why Ormisinda died.

[*Gives the writing.*]

T E R E S A.

Do not too soon despair.

O R M I S I N D A.

I wait the last
 Decisive moment. But to guard my soul
 Against the sallies of a rash despair,
 Against the weakness which attends surprise,
 I have forecast whatever may befall,
 And fram'd to the event my firm resolve.
 This is the day appointed for the combat,
 Between a Moorish and a Christian knight,
 To end the wars of Spain, and fix the fate
 Of the contending nations.

T E R E S A.

Antient times,
 If tales of ancient times may be believ'd,
 Have known such combats. In her infant state,
 Against her rival Alba, Rome was pledg'd
 As now Asturia is: But later times
 Afford no parallel.

ORMISINDA.

There never was,
 Nor will there ever, while the world endures,
 Be found a parallel to my distress—
 I am the victor's prize---whoe'er prevails
 He gains the princess, and the crown of Spain.
 Such is the solemn treaty, sworn, confirm'd,
 By every rite, which either nation owns.
 Mean while I am Alonzo's wedded wife----
 I am a mother---by the false Alonzo,
 Who from his hate to me abandons Spain,
 Which he alone can save. No other arm
 Can match Mirmallon's force. Proud of his strength
 Already in the lists the Moor exults,
 Secure of victory. The setting sun
 Concludes the dreadful period of suspense,
 And death alone from infamy can save me.

TERESA.

He yet may come. Far in the Nubian wilds,
 That guard the secret sources of the Nile,
 Velasco found the chief. The wind of spring,
 The constant East, this year forgot its season,
 And only since this moon her light renew'd,
 Began to blow upon the western shore.
 On that I build a hope.

ORMISINDA.

I have no hope!
 Review the story of my life, Teresa,

And by the past conjecture of the future.
 First my lamented brother, blindly led
 By proud Ramirez, quarrell'd with Alonzo,
 Then by Alonzo's sword Ramirez fell.
 For that offence to banishment condemn'd,
 Alonzo won me to accept his hand
 Before he left this kingdom. Since that time,
 What I have suffer'd, Heav'n, and you can tell.
 It was the fifth, a memorable day,
 After our marriage, when he fail'd to come,
 At the appointed place to meet his bride.
 Then 'midst my fear, anxiety, and sorrow,
 For only death I thought, or dangerous harm,
 Could keep him from my arms, amaz'd I heard
 That he was gone for Asia. To this hour,
 Ev'n to this present hour, no cause assign'd
 But these distracted lines long after sent :
 " Thou never shalt behold Alonzo more ;
 " The foul, foul cause thy guilty conscience knows."
 My conscience knows no cause, so help me Heav'n !
 Now, in my utmost need, this dreadful day,
 When I must struggle with despair and Death,
 To keep myself a chaste, a blameless wife,
 And to my silent grave the secret bear,
 That my dear son and his may live to wield
 The sceptre of his fathers !

TERESA.

To this hour,
 Thy husband knows not that he is a father.

O R M I S I N D A.

His ears, his eyes are shut. Oft' have I sent
Letters that would have pierc'd an heart of stone;
Pleading for pity, begging but to know,
Wherein I had unwittingly offended:
But every letter, with unbroken seal,
To me return'd. He will not read one word
From my detested hand.

T E R E S A.

'Tis very strange,
And much unlike the way of other men.
For tho' they are inconstant in their love,
There is a course and process in the change.
Ardent at first, their ardor lasts not long.
With easy, full, secure possession cloy'd,
Their passion palls, and cold indifference comes,
As chilly autumn steals on summer's prime,
Making the green leaf yellow. Then it is
That some new beauty takes their roving eyes,
And fires their fancy with untasted charms.
But in a moment, from excess of love,
To the extreme of hate Alonzo pass'd
Without a cause. Nor did another come
Between thee and the current of his love.
'Tis moon-struck madness, or the dire effect
Of incantation, charm, compulsive spell,
By magic fasten'd on his wretched soul.
It can be nothing else.

ORMISINDA.

Whate'er it is,
 He shuns all woman-kind. His life is spent
 In war and in devotion. When the field
 Is won, the warrior lays aside his spear,
 Takes up the pilgrim's staff, and all alone,
 Obscur'd in homely weeds, he bends his course
 To some remote, religious, holy place,
 Where he exceeds the strictest penitent,
 In penances severe and sad austerity.
 Sometimes in deeper melancholy wrapt
 He loaths the sight of man, and to the cliffs
 Of hoary Caucasus or Atlas flies,
 Where all the dreary winter he remains,
 And, desolate, delights in desolation.
 My faithful servant Juan saw him once
 Upon the ledge of Atlas; on a rock
 Beside the empty channel of a brook,
 He stood and gaz'd intent a cataract
 Which, as it tumbled from a cliff, the blast
 Had caught mid-way, and froze before it fell.
 Juan drew near and call'd. He turn'd about,
 Look'd at him for a space, then wav'd him back,
 And mounting swiftly sunk behind the hill.
 Wan was his face, and like a statue pale!
 His eye was wild and haggard! Oh! Terefa,
 Amidst my woes, my miseries, my wrongs!
 My bosom bleeds for him!

T E R E S A.

Something there is
Mysterious and unfathomable here,
Which passes human wisdom to divine.
The hand of fate is on the curtain now.
Within my breast a firm persuasion dwells,
That in the lists Alonzo will appear.
Behold in haste the king your father comes,
And seems the messenger of welcome tidings.

Enter the K I N G.

K I N G.

I come in this alarming hour, my child,
To pour a ray of comfort on thy heart.
A valiant Moor, once captive of my sword,
And ever since, my firm but secret friend,
Acquaints me that a champion is at hand,
Shunning those honors which the Moors would pay :
Dark and reserv'd he travels thro' their towns
Without a name. I judge it is Alonzo,
For the description best accords with him.
Scorning his foes, offended with his friends,
Shrouded in anger and in deep disdain,
Like some prime planet in eclipse he moves,
Gaz'd at and fear'd.

O R M I S I N D A:

It is! It is Alonzo!

Welcome, most welcome, in whatever shape.
The hero comes to save his native land,
To save the honour of the Christian name,

And

And o'er the fading crescent of the Moor
Exalt the holy cross.

KING.

And, ev'n as thine
Is the consenting voice of all the land.
The hope of Spain on brave Alonzo rests.
In this I see the ruling hand of heav'n,
Which to its own eternal purpose leads,
By winding paths, the steps of erring man !
Painful it were to speak of those events
Sad and disastrous which have laid us low.
Unjustly was Alonzo banish'd hence,
And happily the hero now returns.
For since my son, your valiant brother, fell,
With an impartial mind I have enquir'd
And trac'd the story of Alonzo's birth.
He is the offspring of our ancient kings,
The rightful heir of Riccaredo's line,
Called the Catholic, who reign'd in Spain
Before the first invasion of the Moors.
Lost in the gen'ral wreck, buried and hid
Beneath the ruins of a fallen state,
Obscure, unknown, the royal infant lay,
When I, indignant of a foreign yoke,
In wild Asturia rose against the Moors.
The righteous cause prevail'd ; the baffled foe
Retir'd, and left us and our mountains free.
The grateful people chose their leader king.

I knew

I knew not then, nor did my people know,
Ought of Alonzo.

ORMISINDA.

I have heard him own
The justice of thy title to command
And rule the state thy valor had restor'd.
Enough, he said, remain'd for him to conquer:
The fertile provinces of ample Spain,
Which still the Moor usurps.

KING.

Of all mankind,
He is the champion whom my soul desires
This day to fight for Spain and for my daughter;
Not only for his great renown in arms,
But for his birth, his lineage, and his blood.
If his unconquer'd arm in fight prevails,
The antient monarchy shall rise again,
In all its splendor and extent of empire.
The streams of royal blood divided now,
Shall roll a tide united thro' the land.

ORMISINDA.

Thy heart dilates with pleasing hopes, my father!
And fond anticipates its own desire.
But who can tell the purpose of Alonzo?
His strange approach no friendly aspect bears:
He comes the foe determin'd of the Moors,
But not to us a friend.

KING.

Of that no fear,
 I know him proud, impetuous, and fierce,
 Haughty of heart, and high of hand: Too prompt
 On all occasions to appeal to arms,
 But he was ever gentle to my daughter:
 The proud Alonzo bow'd the knee to thee.
 At his departure I observ'd thy grief,
 And in my mind-----

(A trumpet sounds.)

ORMISINDA.

What means that shout of war?

KING.

The trumpet sounds to arms.

(Enter a messenger.)

MESSENGER.

Thy presence, Sir,
 Is at the camp requir'd. Both nations arm,
 And rush to battle: Loud the Moors complain
 Of violated faith. A Spanish knight
 They say has broke the treaty, and attack'd
 Their bands, of peace secure.

KING.

'Tis basely done!
 Command my guards to meet me at the gate.
 Farewel.

[Exit the King.]

TERESA.

Who can this headlong warrior be ?
Too well Alonzo knows the laws of war,
Too much reveres the treaty seal'd and sworn,
To make a rash attempt upon the Moors.

ORMISINDA.

If it is he, 'tis no deliberate act,
No treacherous intention to assail
The Moors unguarded. Yet it may be he !
My mind misgives me, that it is Alonzo.
Ill would his swelling spirit brook the sight
Of Moorish tents and arms on yonder plain.
If as he pass'd, one slighting word was dropt,
With tenfold scorn to that he would reply,
Nor hesitate alone to draw his sword
Amidst an host of Moors.

TERESA.

The clamour sinks.
Whate'er it was, the tumult is appeas'd.
And now what does my Ormisinda think
Of my predictions ?

ORMISINDA:

Oh ! my dear Teresa !
Thy fond desire to cheer my hopeless heart
Makes thee for ever to my mind present
The fairest side of things.

TERESA.

Ha! dost thou doubt
Still of his coming?

ORMISINDA.

No, I think 'tis he;
But hope and fear alternate sway my mind:
Like light and shade upon a waving field
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide and now reveal the sun of heav'n.
I tremble for the issue of the combat;
And if my Lord should, as I hope, prevail,
I tremble for myself: Afraid to see,
Tho' sick with strong impatience to behold him,
And learn why he forsook his Ormisinda.
He says I know the cause. Oh! most unjust!
Was it because I lov'd him to excess,
Altho' his title shook my father's throne?
Was it because I join'd my fate to his,
And fondly chose to wed a banish'd man?
For such are my demerits.

TERESA.

'Tis but vain
Thus to torment thyself, and rack thy mind
With sad conjectures, at a time like this,
When the reality will soon be known.

ORMISINDA.

I know one thing that's real, 'tis a fault,
An imperfection which I cannot cure;

Eighteen long years are past since I beheld him,
And grief and care, those tenants that deface
The sad and dreary mansion they inhabit,
Have dwelt with me. Am I not alter'd much?
The ghost and shadow of what once I was?

T E R E S A.

No, Ormisinda, I perceive no change;
That in the least impairs thy lovely form.
The beam that gilds the early morn of youth
Yields to the splendor of a riper hour:
The rose that was so fair in bud, is blown;
And grief and care, tho' they have dwelt with thee,
Have left no traces of their visitation,
But an impression sweet of melancholy
Which captivates the soul. Unskilful they
Who dress the queen of love in wanton smiles:
Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears;
The graces that adorn her beauty most,
Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

O R M I S I N D A.

Oh! how ingenious thou art, Teresa,
How subtle to elude my simple fears!
Still they advance and gather round my heart.
If nothing can recal Alonzo's love,
Let him but own his son, and I'll renounce
The title of his wife, and of a queen;
Then in a convent hide me and my sorrows.
The saddest sister of the holy train,

Whose

Whose watchful zeal prevents the midnight bell,
Shall find me kneeling on the marble floor.
Oh! it will be the luxury of grief,
To weep incessant in the vaulted cell,
To lift my hands, and send my vows to heav'n,
Invoking every power that dwells above,
To guard and bless my husband and my son!
Perhaps some friend, most likely my Teresa,
When I am quite forsaken and forgot
By all the world, will still remember me;
Will come and tell me of Alonzo's wars;
Tell how my boy in his first battle fought,
At once the rival of his father's fame.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Enter the KING and a Moorish officer, with
Moors and Spaniards.*

KING.

HAMET, impartial justice shall be done,
And thou I know as justly wilt report it:
Thou art the friend of peace.

HAMET.

Therefore I fought
This office; for in yonder camp, O! King,
Some counsellors there are who urg'd the Caliph
To take advantage of this fair occasion
And hold the treaty void.

KING.

That I believe,
But with your aid I hope to disappoint them;
My guards are gone to bring th' offender hither.

HAMET.

Yonder they come, and thro' their files I see
A prisoner.

[Enter guards with a young man armed.]

KING.

Ha! by Heaven, he's but a youth,
A beardless boy, and like a woman fair.
He moves my pity much. Unhappy youth!

[*To the prisoner.*]

Art thou the chief of that unruly band,
Who broke the treaty and assail'd the Moors?

YOUTH.

No chief, no leader of a band am I.
The leader of a band insulted me,
And those he led basely assail'd my life;
With bad success indeed. If self-defence
Be criminal, O King! I have offended.

KING. [*To Hamet.*]

With what a noble confidence he speaks!
See what a spirit through his blushes breaks!
Observe him, Hamet.

HAMET.

I am fix'd upon him.

KING.

Didst thou alone engage a band of Moors
And make such havoc? Sure it cannot be.
Recall thy scattered thoughts. Nothing advance
Which proof may overthrow.

YOUTH.

What I have said
No proof can overthrow. Where is the man,
Who speaking from himself, not from reports
And rumours idle, will stand forth and say
I was not single when the Moors attack'd me?

H A M E T.

I will not be that man, tho' I confess,
That I came hither to accuse thee, Youth!
And to demand thy punishment.—I brought
The tale our soldiers told.

YOUTH.

The tale was false.

H A M E T.

I thought it true; but thou hast shook my faith.
The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie.

KING.

Thy story tell,
With every circumstance which may explain
The seeming wonder; how a single man
In such a strife could stand?

YOUTH.

'Twill cease to be
A wonder, when thou hear'st the story told.
This morning on my road to Oviedo

D

A while

A while I halted near a Moorish post.
 Of the commander I enquir'd my way,
 And told my purpose, that I came to see
 The famous combat. With a scornful smile,
 With taunting words and gestures he replied,
 Mocking my youth. Advis'd me to return
 Back to my father's house, and in the ring
 To dance with boys and girls. He added too
 That I should see no combat. That no knight
 Of Spain durst meet the champion of the Moors.
 Incens'd I did indeed retort his scorn.
 The quarrel grew apace, and I defied him,
 To a green hill, which rose amidst the plain,
 An arrow's flight or farther from his post.
 Alone we sped: at once we drew, we fought.
 The Moorish captain fell. Enrag'd his men
 Flew to revenge his death. Secure they came
 Each with his utmost speed. Those who came first
 Single I met and slew. More wary grown
 The rest together join'd, and all at once
 Assail'd me. Then I had no hopes of life.
 But suddenly a troop of Spaniards came
 And charg'd my foes, who did not long sustain
 The shock, but fled, and carried to their camp
 That false report which thou, O King! hast heard.

K I N G.

Now by my sceptre, and my sword, I swear,
 Thou art a noble youth. An angel's voice

Could not command a more implicit faith
 Than thou from me hast gain'd. What think'st
 thou, Hamet?

Is he not greatly wrong'd?

H A M E T.

By Allah! yes.

The voice of truth and innocence is bold,
 And never yet could guilt that tone assume.
 I take my leave impatient to return,
 And satisfy my friends that this brave youth
 Was not th' aggressor.

K I N G.

I expect no less

From gen'rous Hamet.

[*Exit Hamet and Moors.*]

K I N G.

Tell me, wondrous Youth!

For much I long to know; what is thy name?
 Who are thy parents? Since the Moor prevail'd,
 The cottage and the cave have oft' conceal'd
 From hostile hate the noblest blood of Spain;
 Thy spirit speaks for thee. Thou art a shoot
 Of some illustrious stock, some noble house
 Whose fortunes with their falling country fell.

Y O U T H.

Alberto is my name. I draw my birth
 From Catalonia; in the mountains there

My father dwells, and for his own domains
 Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier :
 Oft' I have heard him of your battles speak,
 Of Cavadonga's and Olalles' field.
 But ever since I can remember ought,
 His chief employment and delight have been
 To train me to the use and love of arms ; -
 In martial exercise we past the day ;
 Morning and evening, still the theme was war.
 He bred me to endure the summer's heat,
 And brave the winter's cold : To swim across
 The headlong torrent, when the shoals of ice
 Drove down the stream. To rule the fiercest steed
 That on our mountains run. No savage beast
 The forest yields that I have not encounter'd.
 Meanwhile my bosom beat for nobler game ;
 I long'd in arms to meet the foes of Spain.
 Oft' I implor'd my father to permit me,
 Before the truce was made, to join the host.
 He said it must not be, I was too young
 For the rude service of these trying times.

KING.

Did he permit you now ?

ALBERTO.

A strange adventure
 Forc'd me from home. Not many days ago,
 When hunting in the woods, I heard a voice,
A woman's

A woman's voice, calling aloud for help.
 I rush'd into the thicket ; there I saw
 A Moorish Lord, for brutal licence fam'd,
 Who shamefully abus'd a rural maid
 Of Spanish race. I free'd her from his arms.
 The Moor spake not a word, but mad with rage
 Snatch'd up his lance, which stood against a tree,
 And at me flew. I turn'd his point aside,
 And with a slender javelin pierc'd his heart.
 I hasten'd home, but did not find my father ;
 Nor was it safe to wait for his return.
 I took the fairest armour in the hall,
 And hither bent my course. The rest thou know'st.

KING.

Thou art a prodigy, and fill'st my mind
 With thoughts profound and expectation high.
 When in a nation, humbled by the will
 Of Providence, beneath an haughty foe,
 A person rises up, by nature rear'd,
 Sublime, above the level of mankind ;
 Like that bright bow, the hand of the most High
 Bends in the wat'ry cloud : He is the sign
 Of prosp'rous change and interposing Heav'n :
 And thou, if right I read—

(Enter Messenger.)

MESSENGER.

The champion, Sir,
 Who comes to fight for Spain, is near at hand :

One

One of our scouts has seen him and his train,
But brings a strange report, which damps the heart
Of every Spaniard. It is not Alonzo.

KING.

What say'st thou? God of heaven! Not Alonzo!
Who is he then?

MESSENGER.

That is not fully known.
Clad in the flowing vesture of the east,
A Persian turban on his head he wears,
Yet he's a christian knight. To mark his faith,
Holy, and adverse to Mohammed's law,
Before his steps a filken banner borne
Streams in the wind, and shews a golden cross.

KING.

Send out another scout.

MESSENGER.

There is not time
To go and to return.

KING.

Begone, begone,
And let me be obey'd. Alas! my hopes
Are vanish'd like a dream. [*Exit Messenger.*]

ALBERTO.

I grieve to see
The King afflicted.

KING.

Ah! Thou dost not know
How deep these tidings strike.

ALBERTO.

Is not the King
Free to accept or to refuse the aid
This stranger offers?

KING.

If I am, what then?

ALBERTO.

Be not offended, Sir, at my presumption,
For from my heart I speak, a loyal heart,
True to my sov'reign and my native land.
If this is not Alonzo, why should he,
Or any stranger fight the cause of Spain?
Are there not warriors born of Spanish race,
Who court the combat?

KING.

To my words attend.
The Moorish champion is of great renown;
In stature like the giant race of old,
Like Anak's true, or Titan's fabled sons.
Against the foe nor sword nor spear he lifts,
But in his might secure, a mace he wields,
Whose sway resistless breaks both shield and arm,
And crushes head and helmet. Thus he fights,
Whose

Whose fatal prowess turn'd the doubtful scale
Of three successive battles. He is deem'd
Invincible but by Alonzo's arm :
Therefore our warriors, tho' they know no fear,
No fear of ought that can themselves befall,
Anxious for Spain, to great Alonzo yield,
And on his valour rest.

ALBERTO.

Oft' have I heard
My father speak of brave Alonzo's deeds ;
What can with-hold him when his country calls ?
Perhaps the last of combats he has fought,
And in the silent tomb the hero rests.
But, since he's absent, from whatever cause,
O ! let no stranger knight his place assume,
To bring dishonour on the Spanish name.
If this gigantic champion of the Moors,
Clad in the glory of his battles won,
Dazzles the warriors, and confounds their valour ;
Let me, tho' young in arms, the combat claim,
On me his fame has no impression made.
I'll meet the giant with a fearless heart.
It beats for battle now. Oft' have I kill'd
The wolf, the boar, and the wild mountain bull,
For sport and pastime. Shall this Moorish dog
Resist me fighting in my country's cause ?

KING.

By heaven and earth, thou mov'st me much ! thy
words

Have stirr'd the embers of my youthful fire.
Thou mak'st me wish I could recal those days,
When of an age like thine, and not unlike
To thee in face and form, I rais'd the spear
Against the Moor, in Cava's bloody field.
Then by my hand the great Alchammon fell,
The strength and pillar of the Caliph's host.
Then I was fit to meet Mirmallon's arm.
But now, my hairs are gray, my steps are slow,
My sword descending breaks the shield no more :
Our foes have known it long.

ALBERTO.

O ! King, thou art
Thy country's great deliv'rer, and the sole
Restorer of the state. Pelagio's fame
Shall never die : But let thy counsel now
(As oft' thy valour) save this land from shame.
Let not a foreign warrior take the field,
And snatch the glory from the lance of Spain.

KING.

My voice alone cannot determine that.
The council sit assembled near the lists,
To them I will present thee. If this knight
Unknown, who from that distant region comes,
Where the bright sun lights up his golden lamp,
Bears not some high pre-eminence about him,

E

Which

Which marks him out our surest safest choice,
My voice is for a Spaniard, and for thee!

ALBERTO.

Upon my knees, that ne'er were bow'd before
To mortal man, I thank thee!

KING.

Rise, Alberto!

To me no thanks are due. A greater King,
The King of Kings, I deem hath chosen thee
To be the champion of his law divine
Against the Infidel.—If not for this,
For some great purpose sure thou art ordain'd.
Bred in the desert, and by heav'n endued
With force and valor marvellously great,
Conducted by a hand unseen, thyself
Not knowing whither, and this day produc'd
Before the nations.

ALBERTO.

Ah! my soul's on fire!
Should such a glorious destiny be mine!
May I intreat to go without delay?
I fear some gallant warrior may step forth
And claim the fight before me.

KING.

Stay, Sebastian,
And to my daughter tell what has befall'n.

[*Exeunt King and Alberto.*]

(*Manet* SEBASTIAN.)

How many changes mark this awful day !
What must the Princess suffer ! Well I know
That she above all others wish'd Alonzo.

Enter ORMISINDA and TERESA.

TERESA.

It is a false report. In times like these
The minds of men are credulous and weak :
To rumor's shifting blast they bow and bend,
Like corn of slender reed to every wind.
Thou know'st that from the East Alonzo comes.
Might not the hasty messenger mistake
For him some turban'd warrior of his train ?

ORMISINDA.

O ! good Sebastian, canst thou tell me ought ?
Is it Alonzo ?

SEBASTIAN.

If report speaks truth,
And so the King believes, 'tis not Alonzo.

ORMISINDA.

Then I am lost, Teresa.

TERESA.

Hast thou heard,
If not Alonzo, who this stranger is ?

SEBASTIAN.

His garb bespeaks him native of the East.
But from whatever clime the warrior comes,

I hope, my Princess! that he comes in vain,
Another warrior, and of Spanish race,
Now claims the combat for his native land.

ORMISINDA.

Of Spanish race! Who is this Knight of Spain?

SEBASTIAN.

A wonder! never was his equal seen,
For daring valour and address in arms.
He has not yet attain'd the prime of youth,
His look partakes more of the boy than man,
But he hath vanquish'd men. This day the Moors
Have felt his hand.

ORMISINDA.

Ha! Is it he, Sebastian,
Who was the author of the late alarm?

SEBASTIAN.

The same.

ORMISINDA.

And whence does this young hero come?

SEBASTIAN.

From Catalonia. In the deserts there
His fire, obscure, tho' once a warrior, dwells.

ORMISINDA.

From Catalonia! In the desert bred!
Teresa! All that's possible I fear;
What if this youth—

TERESA. [*To Ormisinda.*]

O! think how many youths
Of Spanish race in Catalonia dwell.
Be recollected whilst I ask Sebastian
A question that at once all doubt resolves,

[*To Sebastian.*]

Has this youth no name? Hast thou not heard
How he is call'd?

SEBASTIAN.

He calls himself Alberto.

ORMISINDA.

Mother of God!

TERESA. [*To Her.*]

Beware!——The Princess grieves,

[*To Sebastian.*]

That Spain depriv'd of great Alonzo's aid,
Should rest her safety on a stripling's arm.

ORMISINDA.

No judge of warriors or of combats I;
But sure this youth, tho' ne'er so brave and bold,
Of tender years, who has not reach'd his prime,
Is most unfit to cope with strong Mirmallon.

SEBASTIAN.

Heroes must not be judg'd by common rules,
Irregular like comets in their course,
Who can compute the period when they shine?
Lady! if thou had'st seen this gallant youth,
If thou had'st heard him, when oblig'd to speak,

In

In self-defence, he told his wond'rous deeds,
 As if he thought them nothing : Thy faint heart
 Would from his fire have caught the flame of hope,
 Thou would'st, even as thy royal father did,
 Believe he was created and ordain'd,
 By Heav'n supreme, the champion of his country.

TERESA.

Sebastian, go, and find this gallant youth.
 Tell him, the Princess, partial to the brave,
 Desires his presence.

SEBASTIAN.

Gladly I obey.

[*Exit* SEBASTIAN.]

ORMISINDA.

He's gone. Now I may speak. My son ! my son !
 My hope, my comfort, in despair and death !
 The only star in my dark sky that shone !
 Must thy unhappy mother live to see
 Thy light extinguish'd ? I will not permit
 This most unequal combat. I'll proclaim
 My fatal story, and declare his birth.

TERESA.

Think what must follow. Absolute perdition !

ORMISINDA.

Is not his death perdition ? Can he meet
 The Moor and live ? How should his tender youth
 Resist the giant, who has overthrown

Squadrons entire, and trampled on the necks
Of firmest warriors?

TERESA.

'Tis not yet decreed
That he shall fight the Moor. The stranger knight,
Who was at first mistaken for Alonzo,
Comes not so far, without a name in arms,
To gain the suffrage of the Peers of Spain,
When once that name is known.

ORMISINDA.

Teresa, no.

My fate has still one even tenor held,
From bad to worse. When I had fram'd my mind
To one disaster, then a greater came.
I had made death familiar to my thoughts ;
I could embrace the spectre like a friend :
But still I kept a corner of my heart
Safe and untouch'd. My dearest child was there :
Amidst the ruins of the wife and queen,
The mother stood secure. O thou Alonzo !
If yet thine eyes behold the light of day,
What sorrow and remorse must be thy portion,
When thou shalt hear—Now promise me, Teresa,
That when my son and I are laid in dust,
(For each event-accelerates our doom)
Thou wilt seek out and find this cruel man,
Tell him how Spain, the kingdom of his fathers,
By him deserted, was for ever lost :

How

How his forsaken wife in honour died—
 But that's not much---for me he will not mourn.
 Then tell him of his son, to wring his heart !
 Truly describe the boy ! how brave he was !
 How beautiful ! how from the cloud obscure
 In which his careful mother had involv'd him,
 He burst the champion of his native land :
 Then tell him how the springing hero fell
 Beneath a stronger arm, fighting for Spain,
 And for his mother ; fighting with the foe
 His father should have fought, and could have
 vanquish'd !

TERESA.

Sebastian comes.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN.

All is revers'd again :
 The stranger knight is for Abdallah known,
 The Persian prince, Alonzo's chosen friend,
 His only equal in the strife of arms.
 To him the combat is decided.

ORMISINDA.

I know
 His story well ; he is the Sophy's son,
 The eldest born and Persia's rightful heir ;
 But by his mother's zeal a Christian bred :
 True to his faith, he lost his father's throne.
 What says he of Alonzo ?

SEBASTIAN.

Sent by him,
The brave Abdallah comes to fight for Spain.
They march'd together, from the falls of Nile
To Damietta. There a wound receiv'd
In Asia's wars broke out, and forc'd Alonzo,
Full of regret, in Egypt to remain.
His friend for him appears. The king, thy father,
With all his peers, in honour of the prince,
Go forth to meet him.

ORMISINDA.

Hast thou seen Alberto?

SEBASTIAN.

I have, and told him what I had in charge;
Then hasten'd hither to report these tidings,
At which Alberto droops.

TERESA.

Return, I pray,
To my apartment guide the young Alberto.
The princess will be there. [Exit Sebastian.]

Did not I say,
Alonzo never would abandon Spain?
Abdallah comes to conquer in his name.
Now I can read the characters of fate,
And spell the will of Heav'n. This boy of yours
Will win your husband back. When he beholds
The image of his valour so express,
His heart will melt. The husband and the father
Will rush upon him with a flood of joy.

F

ORMISINDA.

Is he not like him? Mark his coming forth!
Behold Alonzo in his daring son!
Full of the spirit of his warlike fire,
His birth unknown, he felt his princely mind,
Advanced undaunted on the edge of war,
And claim'd the post of danger for his own.

TERESA.

A mother's tongue cannot exceed the truth
In praising him. There never was a prince,
Since old Iberia first excell'd in arms,
Broke out with so much lustre on mankind.
But in this interview with prudence check
The transport of affection from thy son.
Cautious conceal the secret of his birth,
Safest he is while to himself unknown,

ORMISINDA.

How could his faithful guardian let him go?
Perhaps the brave Costollo lives no more.

TERESA.

Alberto will inform thee.

ORMISINDA.

Not Alberto;
Alonzo is his name. I go to meet him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A view of the country near the city.

Enter ABDALLAH.

O! CITY! once the seat of all I lov'd!
O! hills and dales! haunts of my youthful
days!

O! scenes well known! unalter'd you remain.
But I approach you with an alter'd mind,
Hate what I lov'd, and loath what I desir'd.
Intolerable state! My soul is void!
A chaos without form. Why, nature, why!
Art thou so watchful o'er the brutal tribes,
And yet so careless of the human race.
By certain instinct beasts and birds discern
Their proper food: For them the fairest fruit
Untouch'd, if pois'nous, withers on the bough:
But man, by a fair outside, still deceiv'd,
And by his boasted reason more betray'd,
Gives the affection of his soul to beauty,
Devours the deadly bane.

Enter VELASCO.

My Lord! Thy people,
Where thou commanded'st, halt, and wait thy
coming.

ABDALLAH.

'Tis well ! I wish'd to speak with thee alone.
 Velasco ! tho' to thee but little known,
 I did in part reveal my secret soul,
 Told thee the feign'd Abdallah was Alonzo.
 Further than that, thou hast not sought to know,
 Tho' many a lonely hour we two have worn
 On sea and shore, that some men would have thought
 Most opportune.

VELASCO.

My Lord ! There are some men
 Who having once been trusted with a little,
 Avail themselves of that, some more to learn,
 And penetrate the bosom of a friend,
 Even with the wedge his easiness had furnish'd—
 Such men should not be trusted.

ABDALLAH.

True, Velasco !
 But thou art not like them : I have observ'd thee,
 Warm in affection, but in temper cool :
 A steady judgment guides thee thro' the world.
 Thy gen'rous mind pursues the path of honour,
 Unbias'd and unmov'd.

VELASCO.

From early youth,
 The chosen confident of my companions,
 I never yet from perfidy betray'd,
 From babling vanity, divulg'd a secret.

ABDALLAH.

I have a tale to tell, that will amaze,
Confound, and strike thee dumb. The deserts vast
Of Asia and of Africa have heard it.
The rocky cliffs of Caucasus and Atlas
Have echo'd my complaints : But never yet
The human ear receiv'd them. Thou hast heard
Already more than ever mortal did.
Thou know'st the princess ?

VELASCO.

Ormifinda !

ABDALLAH.

Her.

VELASCO.

Not many of the court have been more honour'd
With opportunities to know her worth ;
And there is none who more her worth reveres.

ABDALLAH.

Her worth ! Thou may'st as well revere a fiend,
The blackest fiend, that dwells in burning hell,
Is not more opposite to all that's good
Than Ormifinda.

VELASCO.

What a strain is this ?

ABDALLAH.

'Tis true, by every high and holy name,
That binds a soldier's and a prince's vow :

I swear,

I swear, Velasco, she's the vilest woman
That e'er disgrac'd her sex. The most abandon'd,
The hardiest, most determin'd in her vice,
That ever wrong'd a fond believing heart.

VELASCO.

Great God!

ABDALLAH.

You start and shudder like a man
Struck with a heavy blow.

VELASCO.

And so I am.

ABDALLAH.

And now you lift your eye-lids up and stare
With looks full of conjecture and suspicion,
As if you doubted of my sober mind.
I am not mad, Velasco, tho' sometimes
I have been near, yes, very near to madness;
By that bad woman craz'd.

VELASCO.

O! Would to heav'n!

That this afflicting moment of my life
Were a delirious dream! Unreal all
That's heard and spoken now! But how, my Lord,
Art thou so much affected by her crimes?

ABDALLAH.

I am her husband.

VELASCO.

Heav'n for that be prais'd !

ABDALLAH.

How dar'st thou thus profane the name of heav'n
 And mock my misery ? Thou art mad, I think ;
 The frenzy which thou wish'd'st has come upon thee.
 Beware, for if this extasy endures,
 My sword secures thy silence.

VELASCO.

O ! forgive me,

Noble Alonzo, royal, I should say,
 Doubly my master now. There's not a man,
 Whose veins contain one drop of Spanish blood,
 Who does not wish thee wedded to the princess.
 And for her virtue ! Thou hast long been absent,
 And know'st not what an angel's life she leads !
 Reserv'd, retired, and sad. I'll stake my soul,
 Some villain has belied thy faithful wife,
 And snar'd thy easy faith.

ABDALLAH.

Take heed, take heed !

I am the villain who accuse the princess,
 And thou shalt be her judge.

VELASCO.

Eternal power ;

What shall I think of this ?

ABDALLAH.

Listen to me.

I have perplex'd thee, and have marr'd the story
 By my abruptness. 'Tis a serious story,
 Not to be told in parcels and by starts;
 As I from impotence of mind began,
 But I will bear my swelling passion down,
 And utter all my shame. Thou dost remember
 How I was banished from my native land?

VELASCO.

For killing young Ramirez.

ABDALLAH.

At that time

I doated on the princess. She conjur'd me
 With earnest pray'rs, with deluges of tears
 Not to resist her father, nor advance
 My better title to the crown of Spain,
 As I had once resolv'd. My rage she sooth'd;
 Pride, anger, int'rest, yielded all to love.
 With her I made a merit of obedience,
 And pleaded so effectually my cause,
 That she consented to a private marriage,
 Before I left the kingdom. We were married,
 And met together, four successive nights,
 In the sequestered cottage of the wood,
 Behind the palace garden. O! I thought
 Myself the happiest and the most lov'd
 Of all mankind. She mock'd me all the while;

Meant me the cover of her loose amours,
A cloak to hide her shame. O God! O God!
Did I deserve no better?

VELASCO.

Good my Lord!

What circumstance to warrant such conclusion?
What evidence?

ABDALLAH.

The evidence of sight—
Mine eyes beheld: I saw myself dishonour'd.

VELASCO.

Your eyes beheld!

ABDALLAH.

By Heav'n and Hell—they did.

The night preceding the appointed day
Of my departure from the realm of Spain,
I flew impatient to the place of meeting,
Before the hour was come: To wear away
The tedious time, for ev'ry minute seem'd
An age to me, I struck into the wood
And wander'd there, still steering to the gate
By which she was to enter. Thro' the trees
The moon full orb'd in all her glory shone.
My am'rous mind a sportful purpose form'd,
Unseen to watch the coming of my bride,
And wantonly surprize her. Near the gate
There stood an aged tree. It was a beech,
Which far and wide stretch'd forth its level arms

Low, near the ground, and form'd a gloomy shade.
 Behind its trunk I took my secret stand;
 The gate was full in view, and the green path
 On which it open'd. There I stood a while,
 And soon I heard the turning of the key.
 My heart beat thick with joy---and forth she came:—
 Not as I wish'd: She had a minion with her;
 A handsome youth was tripping by her side,
 Girt with a sword, and dress'd in gay attire.
 He seem'd to court her, as they pass'd along,
 Coy, but not angry, for I heard her laugh.
 She flung away. He follow'd, soon o'ertook her,
 Embrac'd her—

VELASCO.

Ah! The Princess Ormisinda!

ABDALLAH.

I drew my sword, that I remember well,
 And then an interval like death ensued.
 When consciousness return'd, I found myself
 Stretch'd at my length upon the naked ground
 Under the tree: My sword lay by my side.
 The sudden shock, the transport of my rage,
 And grief, had stopt the current of my blood,
 And made a pause of life.

VELASCO.

Alas! my Lord!

'Twas piteous indeed. What did'st thou do,
 When life and sense return'd?

ABDALLAH.

With life and sense,
 My rage return'd. Stumbling with haste, I ran
 To sacrifice them to my just revenge.
 But whether they had heard my heavy fall,
 Or that my death-like swoon had lasted long,
 I know not, but I never saw them more.
 I search'd till morning; then away I went,
 Resolv'd to scorn the strumpet, and forget her.
 But I have not been able to forget
 Nor to despise her; tho' I hate her more
 Than e'er I lov'd her, still her image haunts me
 Where'er I go. I think of nothing else
 When I'm awake, and never shut my eyes
 But she's the certain vision of my dream.
 Sometimes, in all her loveliness she comes
 Without her crimes: In extasy I wake,
 And wish the vision had endur'd for ever.
 For these deceitful moments, O! my friend!
 Are the sole pleasant moments which Alonzo
 For eighteen years has known.

VELASCO.

Within that time,
 What regions barbarous hast thou explor'd,
 What strange vicissitudes of life endur'd
 In action and repose.

ABDALLAH.

Extremes of both
 I courted to relieve my tortur'd mind:

But the tormenter still my steps attends ;
 Behind me mounts, when thro' the ranks of war
 I drive my fiery steed ; and when I seek
 The hermit's cell, the fiend pursues me there.
 Time, which they say the wounds of passion cures
 In other hearts, inflames and festers mine.
 There's but one remedy.

VELASCO.

Would I could name one !

ABDALLAH.

Her life. The unction for the serpent's bite
 Is the fell serpent's blood. I'll have her life.
 Th' adulterers with infamy shall die,
 By public justice doom'd. With this intent
 Disguis'd I come. If in my proper shape
 I had appear'd, alarm'd she would have fled,
 And baffled my revenge.

VELASCO.

My Lord, permit me
 One thing to mention, which these eyes beheld,
 Altho' it squares not just with thy opinion.

ABDALLAH.

Opinion !

VELASCO.

Good my Lord ! with patience hear.
 When first I was to this employment nam'd,
 Which since I have so happily discharg'd,
 The Princess sent and call'd me to her presence.

The

The treaty with the Moor engross'd her thoughts.
That sad and pensive air she always wears
Was settled to a thicker gloom of grief.
Her voice was low and languid. Few her words,
And the short periods ended with a sigh.
But when I gave her hopes of thy return,
A sudden gleam of joy spread o'er her face,
Like morning breaking in a cloudy sky.
With earnest voice, still rising as she spoke,
She urg'd dispatch, exhorted me to zeal
And perseverance. Never to desist
Till I had found thee: For her fate, she said,
The fate of Spain, depended on Alonzo.
Her passion then burst in a flood of tears
That choak'd her utterance.

ABDALLAH.

And thou didst believe
That ev'ry word she spoke was most sincere.
How to interpret her let me instruct thee.
Whate'er she utters with unusual warmth,
As the effusion genuine of her heart,
Receive and construe in another sense
Reverse and opposite; for that's the truth.
The words she spoke, her sighs, the tears she shed,
Were all from apprehension of my coming,
Not as they seem'd, for fear I should not come.

VELASCO.

'Tis dreadful that.

ABDALLAH.

'Tis horrible, 'tis monstrous !
 When I for her had wavy'd my right to reign,
 The right undoubted of the Gothic line,
 And stoop'd, enamour'd, to that base decree
 From Spain, which banish'd the true heir of Spain,
 That she should pitch on me to be her fool,
 And pour such infinite contempt upon me.
 But four days married ! Fond, to madness fond !
 And on the very eve of my departure !
 She would not for a single day refrain,
 But rush'd to prostitution !

VELASCO.

I have heard
 Stories and tales enough of female falshood,
 Some that were true, and others that were feign'd,
 By spiteful wits maliciously devis'd.
 But this surpasses all.

ABDALLAH.

All wicked women
 Compar'd with her are saints. She is a foil
 To set them off, and make their foulness fair.
 In her incontinence she stands unrivall'd,
 Burning in fires peculiar to herself,
 Phoenix in lewdness.

VELASCO.

May I ask my Lord
 How he intends ?—But see, the King draws near.

ABDALLAH.

He's much impair'd.

VELASCO.

When fore affliction comes

In the decline of life! 'tis like a storm

Which in the rear of autumn shakes the tree

That frost had touch'd before; and strips it bare

Of all its leaves.

(Enter the KING with attendants.)

(As he advances, speaks to VELASCO.)

KING.

We thank thy care, Velasco!

To ABDALLAH.

Illustrious Prince! whom love of glory brings

From regions so remote, to fight for Spain,

Accept the thanks a grateful nation pays

To her defender.

ABDALLAH.

Monarch of Asturia!

The nations of the East have heard thy praise.

Had not the hand of time unstrung thine arm,

Spain never would have sought for foreign aid

To quell her foes.

KING.

'Tis better far for Spain

That I am old: For in my warlike days,

When in the prime of flow'ring youth I fought,

I equall'd not thy friend. Above his own,

Above

Above the strength of ev'ry mortal arm
Alonzo thine exalts.

ABDALLAH.

Three times we fought
With equal fortune on the Wolga's banks ;
He for the Monguls, I against them stood.
But at our last encounter, on my helm
His faithless blade broke short, and in his hand
The useless hilt remain'd. My sword I dropt,
And in my arms the valiant chief embrac'd.
Our friendship thus commenc'd, and since that time
We have been brothers sworn, and leagu'd in arms.
Alonzo, fighting in my cause, receiv'd
That wound which now detains him from the field.
Urg'd by affection, and by honour bound,
For him I come against the foes of Spain.
But of myself more than enough is said ;
'Tis time to act. The Moorish knight, I hear,
Is in the lists already.

KING.

Prince of Persia !
The terms to thee are known.

ABDALLAH.

The first of men
With pride such honors might from Spain receive ;
But never can these honors grace Abdallah.
Long since my heart and hand were giv'n away ;
And tho' the custom of the East permits
Unnumber'd consorts, me my faith restrains.

But

But if victorious in the strife of death,
 I have an earnest and a just request
 To thee, O King! which, at a proper time,
 I shall be bold to make.

KING.

Whate'er it is,
 I pledge my honor and my faith, to grant it.

Enter SEBASTIAN and ALBERTO.

(ALBERTO goes on to the KING.)

KING.

Advance, Alberto! to the Prince himself,
 Deliver thou thy message and the present.

ALBERTO.

Great Sir! the Princess Ormisinda greets
 The gen'rous champion of her country's cause,
 Wishes that victory may sit to day,
 And ev'ry day of battle, on his sword.
 This costly bracelet from her arm she sends
 To prince Abdallah, to Alonzo's friend.

ABDALLAH.

(*Looking stedfastly on ALBERTO.*)

The Princess is most bountiful, as thou,
 Who hast the honor to attend her, know'st.
 Her gracious present humbly I accept,
 And thank her for her goodness to Alonzo,
 Who will be proud to be by her remember'd.
 The combat ended, I propose to pay
 My homage to her beauty. At this time

H

My

My mind is in the lifts.—The Moorish knight
Will think me tardy. *(To the KING.)*

KING.

Let our trumpets sound
A sprightly charge. The warrior's heart beats time
To that brave music. Onward from this place
A path direct to thy pavilion leads.

(The KING turns and gives orders.)

ABDALLAH *(to VELASCO.)*

Another minion! View him well, Velasco.
How insolent! See what a crest he rears,
Elated with her favour. O! vile woman!
Insatiate and inconstant.

VELASCO.

Ah! my Lord!
Truce with such thoughts! Sure this is not a time!
The combat claims a cool and present mind.

ABDALLAH.

Fear not the combat.

VELASCO.

Thou art waited for;
The King himself intends with thee to walk.
[*Exeunt: Abdallah looking back at Alberto.*]

(Manent ALBERTO, SEBASTIAN.)

ALBERTO.

That Prince of Persia is compos'd of pride;
He did not deign to look upon the present,

But

But stretch'd his sun-burnt hand straight out before
him,

Like a blind man, and would have stood so still,
Had I not made his fingers feel the pearls.
And all the while he star'd me in the face,
As if he meant t'oppress me with his eye,
And fright me with his fierce and uncouth looks.
I blush'd at first, but anger came at last,
And bore me up.

SEBASTIAN.

Those princes of the East,
Us'd to the servile manners of their country,
Where ev'ry prostrate slave adores his lord,
Without intention shock the sons of Europe.

ALBERTO.

O! how unlike to him the King of Spain,
And that most gentle Princess, Ormisinda!
Her look, her voice, benign and mild, dispel
The awe her rank inspires, and reassure
The modest mind. Would'st thou believe, Sebastian,
She talk'd to me, I cannot tell how long,
Before thou cam'st, and question'd me minutely
How I had liv'd, how past my youthful days?
I fear I was too copious in my answers.
What signifies my rural life to her?
And yet she seem'd to listen with delight,
As if she had an int'rest in my fate;
And once or twice when I of danger spoke,

H 2

From



From which I hardly had escap'd with life,
Methought I saw her tremble. Much she blam'd
My rashness; yet she prais'd my courage too.
With all her tendernefs of heart, I see
That she admires true valour.

SEBASTIAN.

So she does.
The bravest knight that e'er was clad in steel,
Alonzo, was the lover of her youth :
And since he left this land she ne'er rejoic'd.
But of these matters I will tell thee more
At a convenient season. Let us follow,
And join the train before they reach the lists.

ALBERTO.

I would not lose one moment of this fight
For half the lands of Spain. Tho' I abhor
The Persian, yet I pray devoutly for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*The City.**Enter ORMISINDA and TERESA.*

ORMISINDA.

THIS city looks as if a pestilence
Had swept the whole inhabitants away.
The solitary streets, the empty squares,
Appall me more than the deserted palace.
Let us go back again.

TERESA.

'Tis time we should.
You tremble at the howling of a dog,
That broke the silence and increas'd the horror.
If we stay here we shall be fancy-struck,
Mistake some statue for a pale-fac'd ghost,
And think it beckons with its marble arm.

ORMISINDA.

Why should this desolation frighten me ?
Why should I fear to see a grave-clad ghost,
Who may so soon be number'd with the dead,
And be myself a ghost ? What noise is that ?
Did'st thou not hear, Teresa ?

TERESA.

Yes, I did,
I heard an uncouth sound.

ORMISINDA.

Uncouth indeed !
An universal groan ! Hark ! there again.

TERESA.

'Tis not the same. This has another tone,
A shout of triumph, and a burst of joy.

ORMISINDA.

The combat's over, and my fate's determin'd.
Now death or life !

[*The trumpets sound.*]

TERESA.

Long may the Princess live !
And every hour be fortunate as this !
The Spanish trumpets sound, the sign I know
Thy champion has prevail'd.

ORMISINDA.

O gracious Heav'n !
The lifts are near, and we shall quickly learn.

TERESA.

Look yonder, flying swifter than the wind,
A horseman comes ; now at the gate he lights,
And hastes across the square. It is Sebastian.
His look, his gesture, speak his tidings good.

[*Enter SEBASTIAN.*]

SEBASTIAN.

Joy to the Princess! Victory and peace!
The Moor is slain by brave Abdallah's hand.

ORMISINDA.

Blest be thy tongue, Sebastian! Thou shalt find
Some better recompence than barren thanks
For these glad tidings. But the gen'rous Prince
Who fought for Spain——

SEBASTIAN.

Safe and without a wound,
Fresh for another foe, Abdallah stands.
Short was the combat: Soon the boaster fell,
Who durst defy the Christian world to arms.

ORMISINDA.

The God of battles, whom Abdallah serves,
Has overthrown the infidel, whose trust
Was in his own right arm.

SEBASTIAN.

If I should live
Ten thousand years, I never could forget
The solemn prelude and the fierce encounter.
Thou know'st the place appointed for the combat,
An amphitheatre by nature form'd.

ORMISINDA.

I know it well.

SEBASTIAN.

The hills, of various slope
And shape, which circle round the spacious plain,
Were

Were cover'd with a multitude immense
Of either sex, of every age and rank,
Christian and Moor; whose faces and attire
Strangely diversified the living scene.

Within the lists a gallery was rais'd
In which thy father and the Moorish prince
Sate with their peers, the judges of the field.
To them the knights with slow and stately pace
Approach'd; and bound by sacred oaths declar'd
That they no charm nor incantation us'd,
But trusted in their valour and their arms.
With low obeisance then they both fell back;
And first the Moor (for he the challenge gave)
March'd to the middle of the list'd field;
There seiz'd his ponderous mace, beneath whose
weight,

The brawny bearer bow'd; and round his head,
Like a light foil, he flourish'd it in air.
On him with diff'rent thoughts the nations gaz'd.
But suddenly a flash of light and flame
Struck ev'ry eye from brave Abdallah's shield,
Cover'd till then. 'Twas made of polish'd steel,
Which shone like adamant; and to a point
Rose in the centre, slanting on each side.
This shield the Persian Prince advancing bore
On his left arm outstretch'd; and in his right,
Thrown back a little, gleam'd a pointed sword.
Erect and high the bold Mirmallon stood,
And sternly ey'd his near-approaching foe.
They forward sprung, and on the flaming shield
Discharg'd a mighty blow, enough to crush

A wall,

A wall, or split a rock. The Spaniards gave
A general groan.

ORMISINDA.

That was the dreadful sound
We heard, Teresa.

SEBASTIAN.

Glancing from the shield,
Aside the mace descended. Then enrag'd,
Once more the Moor his thund'ring weapon rear'd.
In stept the Prince, and raising high his shield,
Midway he met the blow; and with the strength
And vigour of his arm, obliquely down
The pond'rous mace he drove. Then quick as
thought,
His better hand and foot at once advancing,
Plung'd in Mirmallon's throat his thirsty blade.
The giant stagger'd for a little space;
Then falling, shook the earth. The Christians rais'd
A shout that rent the air. Away I came,
Happy to be the bearer of such tidings.

[Trumpet.]

ORMISINDA.

Behold, they come in triumph from the field.
O! glorious man! And yet forgive me, Heav'n,
I grudge the conquest to Alonzo's friend,
And wish Alonzo in Abdallah's place.

Enter the KING, ABDALLAH, VELASCO,
ALBERTO, &c.

ABDALLAH. [To Velasco.]
See where she stands. O Heavens!

VELASCO.

My Lord Alonzo,
Compose thy thoughts.

L. 2 : ABDALLAH.

Behold her how she looks,
As if she knew no ill. That harden'd heart
Against remorse and fear and shame is arm'd;
But I shall wring it now.

KING.

Daughter, draw near!
This godlike Prince all recompence disclaims,
Save thanks from Spain. The pleasing task be thine
To greet the saviour of thy native land,
And speak our gratitude.

ORMISINDA.

No words can speak
The gratitude I feel. Believe it great
As my deliverance, vast as my distress!
Like sad Andromeda, chain'd to the rock
I stood a living prey, when this brave Prince,
Came like another Perseus from the sky,
And sav'd me from destruction. I forget,
Wrapt in myself, the charge my father gave
To thank the saviour of my native land;
Another voice shall give thee thanks for Spain,
Alonzo's voice shall thank thee for his country,
His friends, his people—sav'd.

ABDALLAH.

Ah! If I hear *(Aside.)*
This syren longer, she will charm my rage;

But

But I remember where I heard her last.
 Princess of Spain! I merit not thy praise.
 Sent by Alonzo to this land I came:
 What has been done, for Him I have perform'd.
 Now of his promise I remind the King
 To grant me one request.

KING.

Speak! It is granted.

ORMISINDA.

If I conjecture right, even that request
 Will prove one favour more on Spain conferr'd.

ABDALLAH.

Perhaps it may.

KING.

Proceed, illustrious Prince!
 And make me happy to fulfil thy wish.

ABDALLAH.

Not for myself I speak, but for my friend;
 And in his name, whose person I sustain,
 I ask for justice on a great offender.

KING.

Thou shalt have ample and immediate justice.
 Nor favour nor affinity shall screen
 The guilty person. Prince, why art thou troubled?
 Thou shak'st from head to foot. Thy quiv'ring lip
 Is pale with passion. On thy forehead stand
 Big drops. Almighty God! What dreadful birth
 Do these strong pangs portend?

ABDALLAH.

The guilty person,
Whom with a capital offence I charge,
Stands by thy side.

KING.

My daughter !

ABDALLAH.

Yes ! thy daughter !
'Tis her I mean, the Princess Ormisinda.
Here in the presence of the Peers of Spain,
I charge her with a crime, whose doom the laws
Of Spain have wrote in blood : Adultery.
I read astonishment in ev'ry face !
Who would suspect that one so highly born,
With ev'ry outward mark of virtue grac'd,
Had giv'n her honour to a worthless wretch,
And driv'n a noble husband to despair !

KING.

Am I awake ! Is this the light of day ?
Art thou, O ! Prince, with sudden frenzy seiz'd ?
Or is the madness mine ? Renown'd Abdallah !
What answer can be made to such a charge ?
This strange demand of justice on my daughter,
For an offence that she could not commit ?
My daughter ne'er was married.

ABDALLAH.

Ask her that ?
Hear if she will deny she has a husband ?

KING.

My child, thou art amaz'd !

ORMISINDA.

No, not so much
As thou wilt be, my father, when thou hear'st
Thy daughter's tongue confess she has a husband.

KING.

Hast thou a husband ! God of heav'n and earth !
Since thou hast thus dissembled with thy father,
Perhaps thou hast deceiv'd thy husband too.
Who is thy husband ? Speak !

ORMISINDA.

The Prince Alonzo.

KING.

And hast thou been so long in secret wedded ?
'Tis eighteen years since he departed hence.

ORMISINDA.

O ! I have reason to remember that.
There is no calendar so just and true
As the sad mem'ry of a wife forsaken.
The years, the months, the weeks, the very days,
Are reckon'd, register'd, recorded there !
And of that period I could cite such times,
So dolorous, distressful, melancholy,
That the bare mention of them would excite
Amazement how I live to tell the tale.
But I forget the present in the past.
No wonder, for this moment is the first
That opes the sluices of a heart o'ercharg'd,

And

And bursting with a flood of grief conceal'd.
 But I must turn me to another theme.
 The earnest eyes of all are bent on me,
 Watching my looks, and prying to discern
 Symptoms of innocence or signs of guilt.
 Hear then the frank confession of my soul :
 I have transgress'd.

K I N G.

Stain of a noble race !
 Dost thou avow thy crime ?

O R M I S I N D A.

Mistake me not,
 I have transgress'd my duty to my father :
 Without his knowledge, and against his will,
 Mov'd by a tender lover's parting tears,
 I join'd myself in wedlock to Alonzo.
 My King, my father, pardon the offence,
 Which against thee I own I have committed :
 But may I ne'er of God or man be pardon'd,
 Nor friend nor father ever pity me,
 If I have swerv'd one step from virtue's path,
 Or broke the smallest parcel of that vow
 Which binds a faithful wife ! O ! Prince of Persia !
 Thou art the best of friends and benefactors ;
 Thou com'st to end my most distracting woes,
 And to dispel th' impenetrable cloud
 That darken'd all my days. Now I shall know
 Why I have been abandon'd and forsaken,
 Why I have been detested and despis'd,

As

As never woman was. Proceed, my Lord.
 And whilst thou keenly dost assail my life,
 And, dearer far, my honor and my fame,
 Secure in innocence, I'll calmly hear.
 From thee, I hope, the end of all my cares.

ABDALLAH.

Even thus Alonzo told me she would speak,
 And thus proclaim her innocence.

ORMISINDA.

Did He ?

O ! would to Heav'n Alonzo heard me now,
 Fearless defend his honor and my own !
 My voice, which once was music to his ear,
 Like David's harp which sooth'd the gloomy king,
 Would charm his malady, would drive away
 The evil spirit, and call back again
 The better genius of his early days.
 O ! thou that wert so good, so great ! admir'd
 Of all mankind ! my lov'd, my lost Alonzo !
 For thee, in this humiliating hour,
 More than myself I mourn.

ABDALLAH. (*Half aside.*)

Eternal Power !

To whom the secrets of all hearts are known !
 Hear, hear this woman, and between us judge !
 'Tis not my business to contend with words,
 These are the conquering arms of womankind.
 A nobler course of trial lies before me :
 In a wrong'd husband's name I charge this lady
 With infidelity ; and crave the doom

Of law upon her head. If any knight,
Spaniard or stranger, dares assert her cause,
Let him stand forth, and take my gauntlet up;
Which on the ground I throw, my gage to prove
That she is false to honor and Alonzo.

O R M I S I N D A.

Before the gage of death is lifted up,
Hear me one moment. By Alonzo sent,
Thou com'st instructed in Alonzo's wrongs.
Let me conjure thee then, by all that's dear,
By all that's sacred to the great and brave,
Thy mother's memory, thy consort's fame,
Not on a gen'ral charge, obscure and vague,
To which there is no answer but denial,
To found the claim of combat: Single out
What circumstance thou wilt of special note,
Of such a kind as may be tried and known
For true or false. Tell us at least his name
With whom Alonzo's wife her honor stain'd,
And let us be confronted.

[*Young ALBERTO steps forth.*]

A L B E R T O.

Heaven forbid
That thou should'st be confronted with a villain.
Princess of Spain! Be sure some wretch there is,
Some renegado, false to God and man,
Suborn'd, and ready with a lying tongue,
To second this brave Prince who wrongs thy fame,
And wounds thy modest ear. Too much by far
Already thou hast heard. Pretended Prince!

For

For there is nothing royal in thy soul!
Thou base defamer of a lady's name!
I take thy gauntlet up, and hold it high
In scorn, and fierce defiance, to thy face,
My gage to prove thy accusation false,
And thee, the author of a tale invented
To rob a noble lady of her fame.

ORMISINDA.

Where am I now? What shall I do, Teresa?

[Aside.]

TERESA.

The God of heaven direct thee!

ABDALLAH.

Boy! To thee

I answer nothing. I suspect the cause
Of thy presumption, and could wish that Spain
Had giv'n a worthier victim to my sword.

[Walks aside.]

ORMISINDA.

O! valiant youth! much am I bound to thee:
But I have reasons that import the state,
Which shall, whatever is my fate, be known,
And own'd hereafter to be great and weighty,
Why I decline th' assistance of thy sword.
If this appeal to combat is the law,
And I can find no champion but Alberto,
Without the chance of combat let me fall,
For I will not accept——

K

ALBERTO.

Recall these words,
 Too gen'rous Princess! I can read thy thoughts :
 Thou think'st my youth unequal to the foe ;
 Thou fear'st the weakness of Alberto's arm.
 My strength exceeds the promise of my years.
 Oft' have I bent the bow, and drawn the sword,
 Nor fly my shafts, nor falls my sword in vain.
 This day against a troop alone I fought ;
 But never did I fight in such a cause,
 Nor was I e'er so certain to prevail.
 A fire divine invades my zealous breast :
 I feel the force of legions in mine arm.
 Thy innocence has made thy champion strong !
 The God of battle is our righteous judge ;
 And let the cause be tried.

(A warrior armed, with his helmet on, steps forth.)

WARRIOR.

But not by thee !
 Thy father's voice forbids, too daring youth ;
 Stand back, and let thy master in the art
 Of war, now claim the combat for his own.
 My liege !

KING.

That voice I know : Thy figure too
 Resembles much a chief, lamented long
 As slain in battle.

WARRIOR.

I am he, Costollo.

'Tis true, O! King! that on the field I fell,
 Fighting for Spain. How I was sav'd from death,
 And where, for many years I have remain'd,
 This is no time to tell. This hour demands
 A soldier's speech, brief prologue to his deeds.
 On me, proud Persian! turn thy gloomy eyes,
 Hear me, and let thy ready sword reply.
 With hell-born malice, level'd at her life,
 Thou hast defam'd a Princess, honour'd, lov'd,
 By all, who virtue or fair honour love.
 The fell Hyæna, native of thy land,
 Has not a voice or heart more false than thine,
 Thou counterfeit of truth! whom I defy
 To mortal combat, and the proof of arms.
 Thy full-blown fame, thy unexhausted strength,
 Deceitful confidence, I laugh to scorn;
 The conquering cause is mine.

ALBERTO.

My lord, the King!
 And ye his counsellors for wisdom fam'd!
 You will not sure permit this good old man,
 By fond affection for his son impell'd,
 To meet so stern a foe. His hoary head,
 His wither'd veins, are symptoms of decay.
 Lean not upon a reed which time hath bruis'd,
 Nor trust the life and honour of the Princess
 To the weak arm of age.

ABDALLAH.

I'll fight you both,
 Father and son at once. Together come,
 Tongue-valiant men! and try Abdallah's arm.
 I'll have it so; for both of you have dar'd,
 Ignoble as you are, to match yourselves
 Against a Prince who moves not in your sphere,
 And utter words for which such blood as yours
 Is poor atonement.

COSTOLLO.

Ev'ry word thou speak'st
 Is insolent and false. Son of a slave!
 For eastern monarchs buy with gold their brides,
 The blood by thee despis'd, flows from a source
 Purer than thine and nobler.

ALBERTO.

Nay, my father!
 That's said too far. Fierce and disdainful Prince,
 Vain is the offer which thy passion makes.
 Perhaps the conqueror of the Moor, may find
 One Spaniard is enough.

COSTOLLO.

A father's right
 Unmov'd I claim, and with determin'd voice
 Forbid the combat.

KING.

Hence let us retire
To the pavilion. There our peers shall judge
Of your pretensions.

[*Exeunt King and Spaniards.*]

ABDALLAH.

Come with me, Velasco.

[*Exeunt Abdallah and Velasco.*]

(*Manent ORMISINDA and TERESA.*)

ORMISINDA.

My thoughts are of my son. Mine own estate
Is desp'rate. The husband whom I lov'd,
On whom I doted, and from whom I suffer'd,
What never woman with such patience bore,
Conspires against my honour and my life.
Long cherish'd hope, farewell!

TERESA.

To guard thy son
Defend thyself; and, to prevent the combat,
In thy demand persist. Call the accuser
To circumstance of proof. That is the thread
To lead us thro' this labyrinth perplex'd.
Nor has the Persian thy demand refus'd.

ORMISINDA.

He had not time to speak. Alberto's voice
Broke in like thunder in his mother's cause.
Amidst the anguish of my tortur'd heart,
My soul exults, Teresa! in my son!

When in the pride of valour forth he came,
 And for my sake defied the bold Abdallah,
 His look (he seem'd a cherub in my eyes!)
 His voice (at every word my bosom yearn'd!)
 Transported me so much, that I forgot
 His state and mine, and had well nigh sprung forth
 To clasp my blooming hero in my arms.

TERESA.

No wonder that his mother's soul was mov'd:
 His brave demeanor the spectators charin'd.
 Valour, which sheds a glory round the head
 Of age and ruggedness; how bright its beams
 When in the lovely front of youth they shine!

ORMISINDA.

I've heard of strange and perilous essays
 To try the pureness of suspected virtue.
 I'll undergo whate'er can be devis'd.
 By ordeal trial let my faith be prov'd.
 Blindfold, barefooted, on the smoking foil,
 With red hot plough-shares spread, I'll walk my way;
 Plunge in the boiling oil my naked arm,
 But will not risk my young Alonzo's life.
 The Moorish host hangs o'er our heads no more.
 The heir of Spain shall for himself be known,
 Alonzo's son.

TERESA.

He will not be allow'd
 Alonzo's son, nor yet the heir of Spain,
 Whilst slander's breath sullies his mother's fame.

A L O N Z O.

ORMISINDA.

Now thou hast touch'd a string, to whose deep sound
A mother's heart replies. My son! my son!
I weigh thy virtues down, hang on thy life,
Attaint thy blood, thy birth, thy right to reign!
The birds of prey that dwell among the rocks,
The savage beasts that thro' the deserts roam,
The monsters of the deep, their offspring love,
And to preserve their lives devote their own.
Athwart the gloom, I see a flash of light,
That opens the horizon. I descry
A hand that points a high and lofty path
Which I will boldly tread. Now to my father.
Upon my knees his aid I'll first implore.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

ABDALLAH *and* VELASCO.

VELASCO.

BEFORE this day she ne'er beheld the boy.
 Far from this place in Catalonia bred,
 He came to see the famous combat fought.
 'Twas he, my Lord, who slew the Moorish chief,
 And in his own defence such wonders wrought.
 That action to the Princess made him known,
 The rest in honour of his valour follow'd.

ABDALLAH.

How dost thou know?

VELASCO.

With admiration struck,
 When he stood forth and brav'd a foe, like thee,
 Of divers persons curious I enquir'd,
 Who, and from whence he was.

ABDALLAH.

Pity it were
 To hurt the stripling. 'Tis a noble boy.
 I love the outbreak of his Spanish fire
 Against the Moors.

VELASCO.

Ay, and against Abdallah,
Whom antient fame and recent glory rais'd,
Above all mortal men. Spare this young plant,
Who makes so fair a shoot.

ABDALLAH.

How can I spare him?
Should their election send him to my sword,
How, good Velasco?

VELASCO.

When the peers return,
The King, the Princess, with their champion chosen,
Then to the wond'ring audience, in the face
Of her that's guilty, let my Lord relate
The truth-mark'd story he to me has told.
Detected thus, confounded and surpris'd,
Pierc'd with a thousand eyes, that gaze upon her,
And dart conviction; can she still deny,
And by denial, make her guilt ambiguous?
But if her sex's genius is so strong,
That she the port of innocence maintains,
And, from the fulness and excess of vice,
Derives a boldness, that may look like virtue,
Then let the sword decide.

ABDALLAH.

What you propose
Is worth the trial. I am loth to spill
The young Alberto's or Costollo's blood:

L

For

For they deserve no harm. Ev'n you, my friend,
Before my hand unclasp'd the book of shame,
Her champion would have been.

VELASCO.

Against the world.

ABDALLAH.

I will adopt the counsel of Velasco,
And probe more deeply still her fester'd mind.
I see 'tis better that she should confess
Her guilt, than with her vanquish'd champion fall,
By doom of law, protesting to the last
Her innocence.

VELASCO.

Better a thousand times.

Her dying voice would shake the hearts of men,
And echo thro' the world.

ABDALLAH.

Behold the King,

And young Alberto marching by his side
As if he trod on air.

VELASCO.

See, Ormisinda

With folded hands implores her list'ning fire.

*Enter the King, Ormisinda, Teresa, Alberto,
Costollo, &c.*

KING.

The peers of Spain have judg'd. Stand forth, Alberto!
Behold the champion of my daughter's fame.

ALBERTO.

Before the trumpet's voice unsheaths the sword
Which one of us shall never sheath again,
Permit me, Prince of Persia, to intreat
A moment's audience. Not from fear I speak.
The cause I fight for, and the mind I bear,
Exalt me far above the thoughts of danger ;
But from a conscious sense of what is due
To thee, renown'd Abdallah. In the heat
Of our contention, if my tongue has utter'd
One word offensive to thy noble ear,
Which might have been omitted, and the tone
Of firm defiance equally preserv'd ;
For that I ask forgiveness,

ABDALLAH.

Lest I mark'd

The manner than the matter of thy speech :
If thou dost need forgiveness, freely take it.

KING.

'Twas generously ask'd, and nobly granted :
Such courtesy with valour ever dwells.
Let me too crave for a few words thine ear.
Throughout the trying bus'ness of this day,
Thou art my witness, that my mind upright
Has never been by pow'rful nature bent,
Nor sway'd to favour and opinion form'd,
By long habitual and accustom'd love :
But I with equal hand the balance held
Between thee and my child.

L 2

ABDALLAH.

Thou hast indeed.

It is but justice that I should declare it.

KING.

Then to thy candour let me now appeal,
 And beg of thee to grant me one request,
 Which I do not, but might perhaps, command.

ABDALLAH.

What is it ?

KING.

I have search'd my hapless child,
 Ev'n to the pith and marrow of her soul,
 Have touch'd her to the quick. She never shrinks
 Nor wavers in the least. Perhaps, my Lord !
 Some fool officious, or some wretch that's worse,
 (If there is ought comes between man and wife
 That's more pernicious than a meddling fool)
 Some false designing friend has wrong'd her fame,
 And pour'd his poison in Alonzo's ear.
 If thou wilt give some scope to her defence,
 And bring the charge from darkness into light,
 Then she shall forthwith answer on the spot
 Where now she stands before us.

ORMISINDA.

If I fail

To clear my fame ev'n in Abdallah's fight ;
 If but one dark suspicious speck remains
 To make mine honour dim, let me be held

Guilty

Guilty of all. Before-hand I renounce
The right of combat, and submit to die,

ABDALLAH.

Thy wish is fatal, but it shall be granted,
This instant too.

ORMISINDA.

Blessings upon thy head !

Ten thousand blessings ! O ! thou dost not know
How happy thou hast made me. On my breast
A mountain lay : Thy hand has heav'd it off,
And now I breathe again.

ABDALLAH.

O woman ! woman !

A little way from hence my people wait ;
With them remains a necessary witness.
Thither I go, and quickly will return
To ring thy knell. *[Exit Abdallah.]*

ORMISINDA.

The knell of all my woes !

My heart knocks at my side, as if 'twould burst
Itself a passage outwards. Yet a while,
Poor suff'ring heart, and thou shalt beat no more.
Shortly for what I am I shall be known,
Then let my doom be squar'd to my desert
Without indulgence.

KING.

I can trust thee, now :

Thine eye secure beams innocence and honour.
Thou art my daughter still.

ALBERTO.

I fear, O King!

Some practice vile, some infamous imposture,
Supported by false witnesses. Still I wish
The fair decision of the honest sword.

Enter ABDALLAH in a Spanish Dress as ALONZO.

KING.

God of my soul! What mockery is this?
Unless my eyes deceive me, 'tis Alonzo.

ORMISINDA.

My husband! Ah! *[Runs to embrace him, he
repulses her.]*

ALONZO.

Away, thy husband's shame,
Shame to thy sex, reproach of womankind!

ORMISINDA.

O! shield me, Heav'n! Abdallah was Alonzo,

ALONZO.

To Heav'n appeal not.

ORMISINDA.

I appeal to Heav'n,
Justice on earth will come too late for me.

KING. *[To Alonzo.]*

Hast thou no other witnesses than thyself?

ALONZO.

I have no other, and none else require.

KING.

Unfeeling man, to trifle with our sorrows,
 And like a pageant play a mimic scene :
 This is thy hatred of Pelagio's house,
 Thy passion to confound a rival race.
 Would I were young again !

ALBERTO. *[To Alonzo.]*
 Defend thyself.

I can no longer hold me from thy breast.

PELAGIO.

Sound, trumpet, sound ! and Heav'n defend the
 right !

A L O N Z O. *[Drawing his Sword.]*
 His blood be on your heads.
 [Ormifinda throws herself between their Swords.]

O R M I S I N D A.

Hold ! Strike thro' me !

You know not what you do, unhappy both !
 This combat must not, nor it shall not be.
 The Sun in Heav'n would backward turn his course,
 And shrink from such a spectacle as this,
 More horrid than the banquet of Thyestes.
 You have no quarrel. I'll remove the cause.
 A Roman matron, to redeem her fame,
 Before her husband's and her father's eyes
 Plung'd in her breast the steel.

[Stabs herself, and falls.]

KING.

O ! Desp'rate deed !

What fury urg'd thy hand ?

O R M I S I N D A.

Condemn me not.

There was no other way to save—but that
 Must not as yet be told. My husband! hear
 My dying voice! my latest words believe,
 Whose truth my blood hath seal'd: I'm innocent.
 As I for mercy hope at that tribunal
 Where I shall soon appear, I never wrong'd thee.
 When that is manifest, remember me
 As love like mine deserv'd, and to this youth,
 Who is—

A L O N Z O.

Who is this youth! All-seeing God!
 A secret horror comes upon my soul.
 Who is this youth!

O R M I S I N D A.

He is thy son.

A L O N Z O..

My son!

O R M I S I N D A.

Whom thy forsaken wife in sorrow bore,
 And gave in secret to Costollo's care.

A L B E R T O.

Art thou my mother! Dost thou die for me?

O R M I S I N D A.

I die with pleasure to be just to thee.
 O! if that Power which did inspire my soul
 To rush between your swords, would let me live,
 To

A L O N Z O.

To prove my innocence. Alonzo speak !
Whilst I have breath to answer.

A L O N Z O.

Tho' disarm'd
And soften'd, even if guilty to forgive thee,
Thy solemn call I instantly obey.
That night appointed for our last farewell,
That fatal night for ever curst——thou know'st
What happen'd then.

O R M I S I N D A,

I know thou didst not come,
Forlorn thou lefted'st me.

A L O N Z O.

Thou wast not forlorn,
In the dark wood with thee there was a youth.

O R M I S I N D A, (*After a pause.*)

O heaven and earth, a youth ! It was Teresa.

A L O N Z O.

Teresa !

T E R E S A.

Yes, that memorable night,
My brother's sword and helmet plum'd I wore.

A L O N Z O.

Great God ! the snares of hell have caught my soul.

T E R E S A.

The night before, the Princess, as she went,
Was fright'ned in the wood, and I assumed
That warlike form, to seem——

M

2
A L O N Z O.

A L O N Z O.

No matter why ?

I saw thee then, and thought thee what thou seemd'st.

K I N G.

She's innocent ; like gold try'd in the fire,
Her honour shines : Would I had died for thee !

[To ORMISINDA.

O R M I S I N D A.

Why didst thou never till this moment speak ?

[To ALONZO.

A L O N Z O.

Because I'm born and destin'd to perdition.
Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars ;
For in my breast is pent as hot a fire ;
I'd speak in flames.

O R M I S I N D A.

My Lord !

A L O N Z O.

Do not forgive me.

Do not oppress me with such tender looks :

I will not be forgiven.

[ORMISINDA raising herself and stretching
out her arms.

O R M I S I N D A.

Come to my arms,

And let me sooth thine anguish. Had I been

What I to thee appear'd, thy rage was just.

A Spaniard's temper, and a Prince's pride,

A Lover's

A Lover's passion, and a Husband's honour,
Prompted no less.

A L O N Z O.

Hear, men and angels hear,
Let me fall down and worship.

[Throws himself into her arms]

Oh I loved thee !

I lov'd thee all the while, to madness loved.

O R M I S I N D A.

My husband ! dear as ever to my heart !

In my last moments dear !

A L O N Z O.

My heart is torn.

My head, my brain ! How blest I might have been !

With such a wife, with such a son !

O R M I S I N D A.

To him

Pay all the debt of love thou ow'st to me :

Embrace thy son before mine eyes are clos'd ;

Let me behold him in his father's arms.

A L O N Z O.

Thou brave defender of thy mother's fame !

O R M I S I N D A.

He's gentle too ; his soul dissolves in grief,

A L O N Z O.

My salt'ring tongue dares scarcely call thee son.

Canst thou endure the touch of such a father ?

A L O N Z O.

ALBERTO.

My bursting heart, amidst its grief, is proud
Of such a father. Let me clasp thy knees,
And help to reconcile thee to thyself.

[*They embrace.*]

ORMISINDA.

This pleasing sight subdues the pains of death,
My son!

ALBERTO.

My mother, Oh!

ORMISINDA.

My dearest husband—

A L O N Z O.

What would'st thou say? Alas! thine eye grows dim;
Thy voice begins to fail.

ORMISINDA.

Remember me

When I am dead; remember how I lov'd you.
And thou, Alonzo, live to guard thy son,
To fix the Spanish scepter in——

[*Dies looking at her son.*]

*Alonzo remains silent, with his eyes fixed upon
Ormifinda.*

ALBERTO.

My father!

Under thy gather'd brows I see despair:
Have pity on thy son, who liv'd so long
In total ignorance of what he was:

Who

Who has already seen one parent die,
And for the sad survivor trembles now.
My mother's last request !

A L O N Z O.

I'm mindful of it,
And to her sacred memory will be just.
Hang not on me, my son ! go to the King
And pay thy duty there.

[*The King embraces Alberto.*]

K I N G.

My child, my all !
I lov'd thee at first sight.

A L O N Z O.

'Tis well ; 'tis well.
The good old King hath still some comfort left.
Now is my time. [*Draws his sword.*]
Oft have I struck with thee,
But never struck a foe with better will
Than now myself. [*Stabs himself and falls.*]

V E L A S C O, C O S T O L L O.

Alas !

(A L B E R T O *turning.*)

A L B E R T O.

'Twas this I fear'd.

A L O N Z O.

There was good cause to fear. I would have liv'd
For thee, if I with honour could have liv'd.

My

My son! thy fathers were renown'd in arms :
 The valour of our warlike race is thine :
 But guard against the impulse of their blood.
 Take warning by my fate.

KING.

Thou might'st have liv'd,
 Renown'd Alonzo ; even I forgave
 And pitied thee.

A L O N Z O.

I am more just than thou—
 For I did not forgive, nor would I live,
 Upon the alms of other men ; their pity—
 Farewel, my son ! O ! Ormisinda, stay
 'Till I o'ertake thee. [Dies.]

(The King to ALBERTO.)

Dwell not on this fight,
 Prince of Asturia ! leave the scene of sorrow ;

F I N I S

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

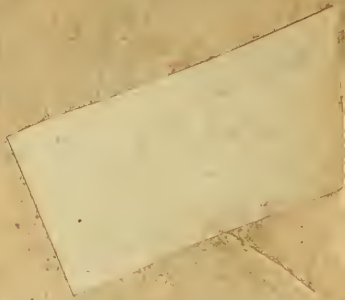
TH^{O'} lately dead, a Princess, and of Spain,
I am no Ghost, but Flesh and Blood again!
No time to change this Dress, it is expedient,
I pass for British, and your most obedient.

How happy, Ladies, for us all—That we,
Born in this Isle, by Magna Charta free,
Are not like Spanish Wives, kept under Lock and Key. }
The Spaniard now, is not like him of Yore,
Who in his whisker'd face, his Titles bore!
Nor Joy, nor Vengeance made him smile or grin,
Fix'd were his features, tho' the Devil within!
He, when once jealous, to wash out the Stain,
Stalk'd home, stabb'd Madam, and stalk'd out again.
Thanks to the times, this Dagger-drawing passion,
Tho' polish'd Europe, is quite out of Fashion.
Signor Th' Italian, quick of sight and hearing,
Once ever list'ning, and for ever leering,
To Cara Sposa, now politely kind,
He, best of Husbands, is both deaf and blind.
Mynheer the Dutchman, with his sober pace,
Whene'er he finds his Rib has wanted Grace,
He feels no Branches sprouting from his Brain,
But Calculation makes of Loss and Gain;
And when to part with her, occasion's ripe,
Mynheer turns out mine Frow, and smokes his pipe.

E P I L O G U E.

*When a brisk Frenchman's Wife is giv'n to prancing,
 It never spoils his Singing or his Dancing:
 Madame, you false—de tout mon Cœur—Adieu;
 Begar you Cocu me, I Cocu you.—
 He, toujours gai, dispels each jealous Vapour,
 Takes Snuff, sings Vive l'amour, and cuts a Caper.
 As for John Bull—not he in upper Life,
 But the plain Englishman, who loves his Wife;
 When honest John, I say, has got his doubts,
 He sullen grows, scratches his head, and pouts.
 What is the Matter with you, Love? Cries She;
 Are you not well, my Dearest? Humph! Cries He:
 You're such a Brute!—But, Mr. Bull, I've done:
 And if I am a Brute—Who made me one?
 You know my tendernefs—My heart's too full—
 And so's my head—I thank you, Mrs. Bull.
 O you base Man!—Zounds, Madam, there's no bearing,
 She falls a weeping, and he falls a swearing:
 With Tears and Oaths, the Storm domestick ends,
 The Thunder dies away, the Rain descends,
 She sobs, he melts, and then they kiss and Friends. }
 Whatever ease these modern Modes may bring,
 A little Jealousy is no bad thing:
 To me, who speak from Nature unrefin'd,
 Jealousy is the Bellows of the Mind.
 Touch it but gently, and it warms desire, }
 If handled roughly, you are all on Fire!
 If it stands still, Affection must expire!
 This Truth, no true Philosopher can doubt.
 Whate'er you do—let not the Flame go out.*

Highland Fair



A
Scots OPERA



W. Hogarth invt

Gen. Vanderjucht sculp.

— Forsan et hac olim meminisse juvabit. Virg.

THE

HIGHLAND FAIR;

OR,

UNION *of the* CLANS.

A N

O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

In D R U R Y - L A N E,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. MITCHELL.

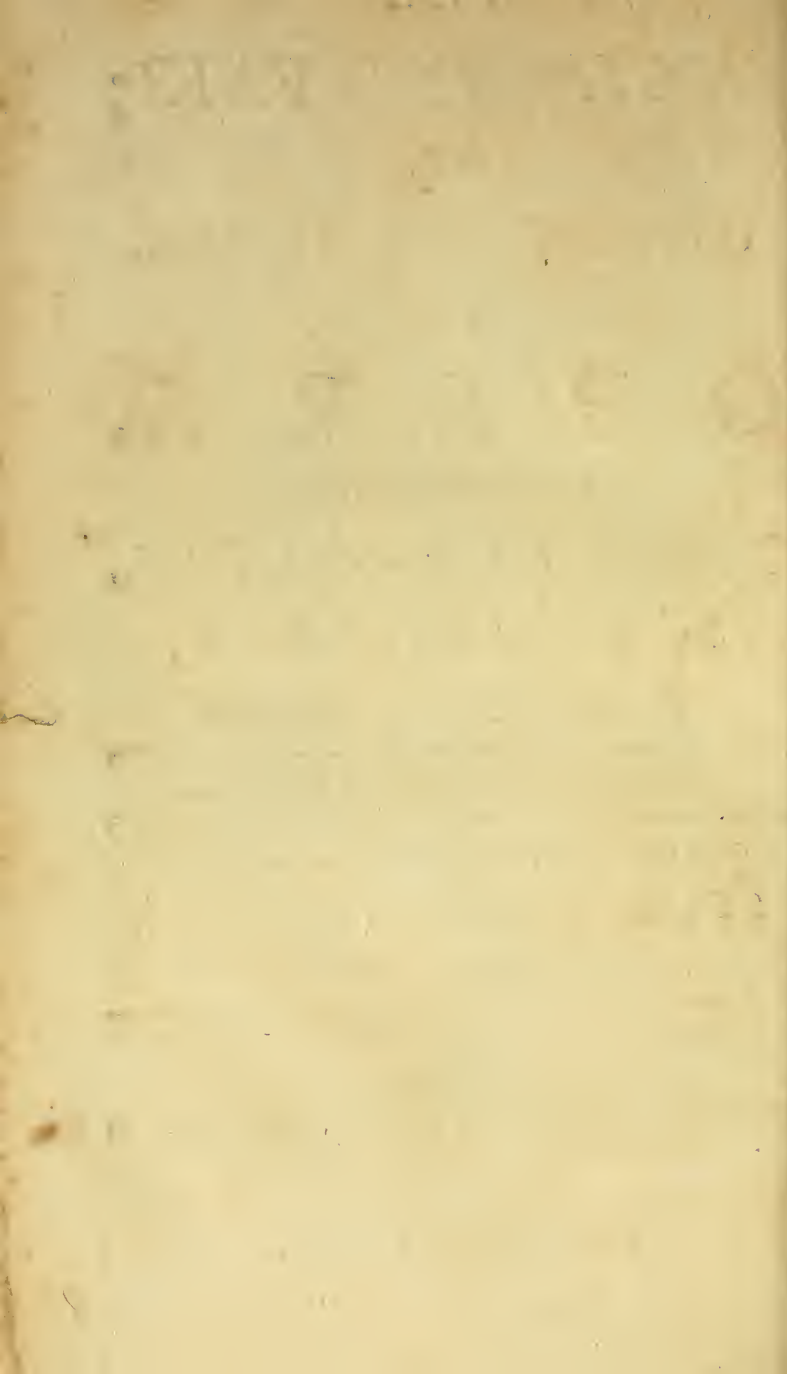
With the MUSICK, which wholly consists of
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Prefix'd to each SONG.

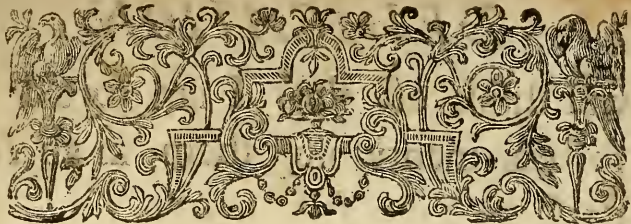
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MDCCXXXI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.





To His GRACE

J O H N,

Duke of *Argyll* and *Greenwich*.

MY LORD,

AS Your GRACE is acknowledged the CHIEF of our *Scotian* CHIEFS, the World will own that I cou'd not so naturally, and justly, dedicate this Opera to any other Person.

But my Ambition hath other Motives besides, which every Body

DEDICATION.

will think of, tho' I am forc'd to forbear mentioning them, in an Address to Your self.

I will only beg Leave to say, One is, That it may stand on Record, and be said of me, as long as any Thing of mine shall live ; that, notwithstanding my Defects in Writing, I had Judgment enough to distinguish between Patrons, and was, with most sincere Attachment, and profound Submission,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's most Obliged,

and most Obedient Servant,

MITCHELL.



A

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Charles, Captain of an Independent Company.	Mr. Mills, jun.
Donald, an old Vassal of Euen,	Mr. Harper.
Duncan, an old Vassal of Colin,	Mr. Paget.
Alaster, Donald's Son,	Mr. Fielding.
Davy, Duncan's Son,	Mrs. Roberts.
Kenneth, Alaster's Companion,	Mr. Berry.
Villy, a Serjeant of the Independent Company.	Mr. Johnson.
Euen, a Highland Chief,	} with their Vassals.
Colin, a Braes Laird,	

W O M E N.

Nanny, Donald's Daughter,	Miss Rastor.
Eany, Duncan's Daughter,	Miss Vaughan.
Maggy, Kenneth's Sister,	Mrs. Thurmond.

Pipers, Servants, and others.

SCENE, *A Fair on the Braes, between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland.*



THE INTRODUCTION.

A Critick and the Poet.

Critick. **A** *Scotch Opera, Ha, ha, ha!*

Poet. Why not, Sir, as well as an *English, French, or Italian* one? Yet, it is not the *Dialect*, but the *Musick, Manners and Dresses* of the Country, from which it takes the Title.

Critick. But 'tis such a Novelty.

Poet. A Reason both for writing and performing it! Is not Novelty agreeable to the Taste of the Town? Ought not the Town to be humour'd? And am I censurable for varying its Entertainment?

Critick. But, granting you shou'd please by the Novelty of the Musick, &c. how do you hope to profit Mankind by the Drama?

Poet. As other Writers of Operas do by theirs.

Critick. There it is! What moral Precept, what noble Plot was ever pursued, or so much as intended, in such trivial Compositions? Sound has always prevail'd over Sense, and Plot and Moral been less regarded than pompous Show and impertinent Variety! However, I shall be glad to find any good Design pursued in yours.

Poet.

INTRODUCTION.

Poet. Your critical Judgment must be more Prejudic'd than Impartial, if it refuses to own that the Madness and Misery of Family Feuds and Divisions among Neighbours are expos'd — the Charms of Peace, Unity, and all the social Virtues display'd — fullen Pride, and imaginary State, Romantic Bravery and blind Superstition, starch Gravity and persecuting Bigotry are ridicul'd throughout my Piece; and their Contraries recommended for their Loveliness, in contrast to such Deformities of Nature.

Critick. Perhaps your Countrymen will not thank you for presenting so many of their original Foibles to View.

Poet. Every Country has its Fools, and *Scotland* is not without them — But, my Satire not being pointed at any particular Sect, Party, or Person — (far less against a whole Nation) will give no reasonable Man the least Offence.

Critick. I wish well to your Interest; but fear the Thing will not gain such Reputation as some that have got the start of it.

Poet. As to Reputation, I will only say, that I neither envy nor rival another Mans, more than I copy after his manner of Writing.

Critick. The Truth is, you have as good Right to be an Original as any Man has; and I am satisfied with the Honesty of your Intention in this Composure. — But why have you laid the Scene so far *North*? Wou'd not the *Lowlands* of *Scotland* have furnish'd you richer Materials?

Poet. But not have given me so just an Occasion to show the ancient Temper, Spirit, Customs, Manners, and Dresses of my Countrymen — which I hop'd, wou'd not be a disagreeable Representation in this Place. Besides, the Scene (lying, not in the *Higblands*, but on the *Braes* between the *Higblands* and *Lowlands*; and at a Fair where People of both sides resort) affords variety of Characters, which may make the whole more entertaining to Strangers.

Critick.

INTRODUCTION.

Critick. I'll no longer hinder the Experiment.

Poet. I shall be proud of your Company, but more of your Approbation——

Critick. Which will depend very much on the Performers.——

Poet. They will, I dare say, do their best to please.—— Let the Overture begin.



THE



THE
HIGHLAND FAIR;
OR,
UNION *of the* CLANS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Field cover'd with Tents: People Feasting, Drinking, &c. Musick playing. A Highland Lad and Lass dance. Tune, The Birks of Abergeldy.*

Charles: Willy, *with Soldiers.*

CHARLES.



ERJEANT, do your Duty; see the Men dispos'd, where Danger is most likely to happen. The Business of our Independent Company here is, to keep the Peace and prevent Mischief; which never is more frequent in the *Highlands*, than when *Clans* of different Faction and Interest meet at such a Fair as this is.

Willy. Ay, Captain, I'll take care of them. —

Char. Take care of your self too. Let us not lose our Honour on the account of your Pleasures; you are apt to drink *Aqua-vitæ*, and neglect your Duty. If I see you fuddled to-day, I'll punish you severely: I give you warning.

B

Willy:

Willy. Bless your Honour. A Glass or two will do me no harm; *Aqua-vitæ* puts Courage in a Man! 'Tis the Life and Soul of Bravery.

Char. How, Sir! Are you a Coward, but when Liquor inspires you with Courage?

Willy. I confess, it rouses my latent Virtue; it makes a Lion of a Lamb.

Char. No more. I command you not to taste a Drop: You never drink in moderation.

Willy. Then shou'd any Battle happen in the Fair, I shall hardly venture to interpose my Authority. Your Honour can't imagine with what Terror I behold the broad Swords, Durks and Pistols of these *Highlanders*.

Char. You a Soldier, and talk of Terror! I'll have you broke for a Coward.

Willy. Sir, did I ever turn my Back, when I had a Bottle in my Belly? It makes me as Valiant as Sir *William Wallace*.

Char. He was a Hero, and needed no forc'd Courage.

Willy. But, in short, Captain, you need not forbid me to drink, when I have no Money to buy Liquor. I can hardly get Snuff and Tobacco.

Char. What becomes of your Pay?

Willy. My Wife and Children devour it. I wish there had been a Law prohibiting Soldiers, like that which hinders *Papist* Priests, to Marry.

Char. Now, you talk Sense. I hate Matrimony my self. But, Serjeant, I'm told, yours is a pretty Woman — a very good Wife.

Willy. Ay, too good for me. She shou'd have fall'n to your Honour's share.

Char. I'll take her off your Hands, with all my Heart — for a few Weeks.

Willy. Ah, Sir, I wish you'd be as good as your Word.

Char. What shall I give you for her?

Willy. Why truly, as you are my Captain and Friend, it shall not cost you much. Gild but my Horns a little; make me an Ensign or so. Many an honest Fellow has made his Fortune by his Wife.

Char. Well, you shall be prefer'd.

Willy. Please your Honour to give Earnest.

Char. There's half a Crown. —

Willy. And Leave to drink *Aqua-vitæ*? I insist on That.

Char. 'Tis granted.

Willy. Then I don't care, if I toss my Sister into the Bargain.

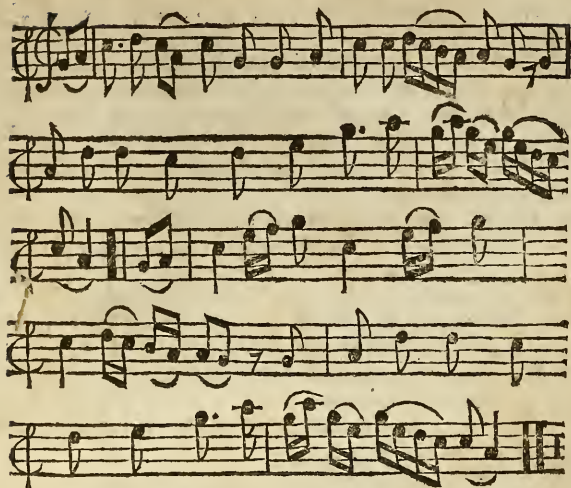
Char. There's my Snuff-mill too — Take it.

Willy. Thank your Honour. I'll look sharp out — You shall not want Provisions, while I can cater for you. AIR

Union of the Clans.

3.

AIR I. O'er Bogie with my Love.



*Let meddling Conscience call it Crime,
Which Nature prompts us to,
Love, mighty Love, must have his Time,
And what he pleases do.
The Frost's a Prodigy esteem'd,
In Summer, or the Spring ;
Shon'd Winter Virtue then be deem'd,
In Youth, a natural Thing ?*

Char. I'm sorry, Serjeant, that I have been so long a Stranger to your good Qualities. Now, mind your Business, as I commanded. I'll not forget to serve you.

Willy. Thank your Honour. Follow me, Lads. [*Exit Willy.*]

Char. This Fellow may be useful in my Amours, else I wou'd make him an Example. I love the Treason, but hate the Traitor. [*As he is going off, enter Alaster.*]

Ha! *Alaster!* I'm glad you're come. Will your Chief meet the *Braes Laird* to-day, as he promis'd?

Alas. I left him prepar'd ; but am dispatch'd before, to settle the Ceremonial of the Interview. There are certain Punctilio's of Honour, which he insists on.

Char. Does he expect Condescensions of *Laird Colin*, besides those already made?

Alas. You know, he is naturally proud, sullen, and assuming: But what I am instructed to demand is more fantastick than solid. Laird *Colin* will, therefore, be easily dispos'd to comply with it; especially if you, good Captain, use your kind Offices.

Char. As I have contributed my Endeavours hitherto, to bring about a Reconciliation between them, and their *Clans*, I will spare no Pains, 'till the last Hand is put to the Negotiation.

Alas. Both Parties are much oblig'd to your Goodness, and Zeal, on this Occasion.

Char. But tell me the Tenor of your Commission: What is the great Ceremony your Chief wou'd have observ'd at Meeting?

Alas. He demands, in the first Place, that Laird *Colin* shall make the first Advances toward him, bowing thrice as he approaches his Person, taking off his Right-Hand Glove, and offering his Hand with great Complaisance.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! Go on.

Alas. That Laird *Colin* shall present his Snuff-Box, having first taken a Pinch for Security.

Char. All fair! very fair!

Alas. That Laird *Colin* shall make no Mention of old Quarrels, Feuds, or Offences given and receiv'd; nor expect Satisfaction for any Losses, that he or any of his *Clan* may have had by ours, before this Day.

Char. Right.

Alas. That, on all Occasions, Laird *Colin* shall acknowledge and respect the great Antiquity, Grandeur, and Bravery of our Chief's Family; his own Personal Valour, and Worth; and shew a due Sense of the Honour done by our *Clans* condescending to Terms of Peace.

Char. Very Grand indeed!

Alas. These, Sir, are some of the most considerable Preliminary Articles, which must be settled before our Chief enter the Field.

Char. If these are among the most considerable, I guess the Importance of the rest. Well, 'tis strange, that those Heads of *Clans* shou'd thus picque themselves on their Birth and Superiority! Adhere so tenaciously to the Notions and Customs of their Ancestors! And vainly imagine themselves entitled to a blind Obedience, and Submission from their Vassals and Dependants! But to expect Homage, and insist on Punctilio's of Honour and Ceremony, among Equals too, is a peculiar Instance of their Romantic Pride and Grandeur!

Alas!

Union of the Clans.

5

Alas. Commerce and Correspondence with the Lowlanders, (to which this Union will contribute) will, by Degrees, refine our Notions, Customs, and Manners. —

Char. And our Independent Companies will assist, in making you, at least, tame and peaceable Subjects. But no Time must be lost. I'll visit Laird *Colin* immediately, and prepare him to your Mind.

Alas. Mean while, I will go among the Tents, in search of *Duncan*, and his Family. —

Char. His Daughter, you mean. Happy *Alasfer*! I long to wish you Joy of your Marriage with that Beauty of the *Braes*.

Alas. Which depends on the Conclusion of this Treaty of Peace, between our Chiefs.

Char. I'll forward the one, for the sake of the other. Adieu,
[Exit Charles.]

Alas. How shall I thank this Gentleman, on whose Friendship my Happiness so much depends? — Here comes my dear Companion.

To Him, Kenneth.

Ken. Alasfer, well met. I have been hunting for you this Half-hour. First, I visited your Stand of Horses, where I expected to find you at your usual Morning Exercise, combing the Mane of some Favourite Colt, or breaking some stubborn Run-away: Then, I went to the Sheep-Penns: Afterwards, to the Timber-Market: From thence, among the Merchants Shops, and Pedlars Stalls, where I hop'd to find you buying Trinkets for your Sweet-heart's Fairing. Every where I met some of your Servants taking Money for you, and Friends inquiring after you: But no where cou'd I have this Happiness.
[Shaking Hands.]

Alas. I thank you, *Kenneth*. Business of Importance has employ'd me all Morning.

Ken. No doubt! You are a great Man — no less than our Chief's Plenipotentiary Ambassador to the *Braes* Laird! But shall I wish you Joy of your Negotiation? Is the Peace concluded?

Alas. This Day, I hope, will terminate all Differences, and unite our *Clans* for ever.

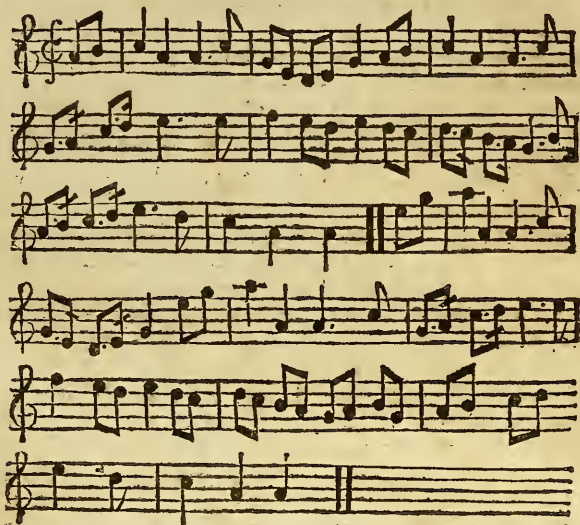
Ken. And this Day, I suppose, mixes the Blood of *Donald* and *Duncan*! Is it not so, my Friend? Wou'd not you have been as passive and indifferent, as any Man of our *Clan*, about the Reconciliation, if there had not been a Mistress in the Case?

Alas. I confess, Love provokes my Diligence: But do assure you, that nothing cou'd tempt me to act inconsistent with the Honour of our *Clan*.

Ken. Fair *Jeany* of the *Braes* is enough to make a wise Man turn Fool.

Alas. O! She is matchless — altogether lovely!

AIR II. *Logan Water.*



*From various Bows, let Arrows dart
 Their pointed Shafts at my fond Heart;
 Without Impression they'd rebound,
 And drop, successless, on the Ground.
 Enthron'd so high, and mighty there,
 Is th' Image of my Peerless Fair,
 That Venus' self, Love's pow'rful Queen,
 Cou'd not supplant my lovely Jean!*

Ken. I must own, you have made a very good Choice. *Jeany* is a charming Creature. But have you won her Heart? and got the old Folks Consent to the Match?

Alas. Nothing is wanting to compleat our Happiness, but the meeting of our respective Chiefs.

Ken. So that your Marriage is propos'd to cement and sanction their Alliance! I wish all may go well. But tell me, *Alaster*, shall I remain unhappy? Shall your fair Sister never be mine?

Alas. I wish she were your Wife.

Ken. Very likely, when you are Negotiating an Interchange of Marriages between your Father's Children, and *Duncan's*! I'm oblig'd to you, Sir.

Alas! Kenneth, I am still your Friend ———

Ken. Or pretend to be.

Alas! I long to call you Brother: But must be guided by Caution and Prudence, on this critical occasion. Your Rival's Temper and Conduct are by no means agreeable to my Sister. And, I assure you, she is not half so dear to him, as he is to himself. When I but ask'd him if he had *Nanny's* Consent, "Let me alone for that (said he) who wou'd refuse one of my Parts?"

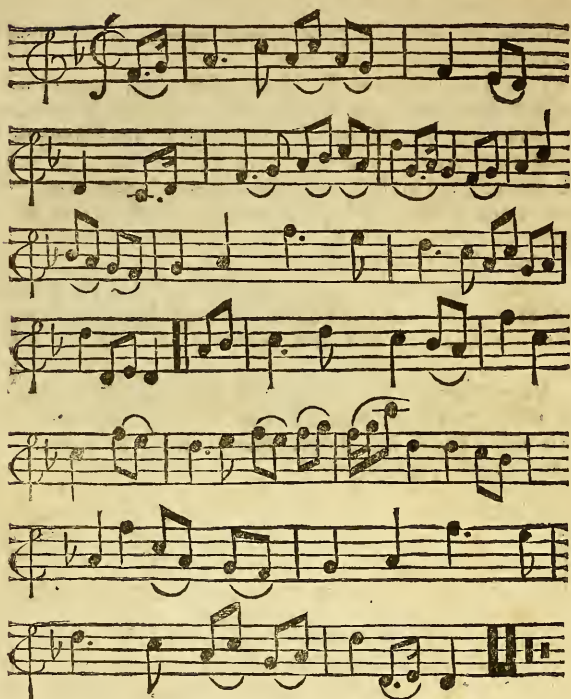
Ken. Conceited Coxcomb!

Alas! But to tell him plainly that it shall not be a Match, might effectually hinder the Peace, and my Marriage with his Sister; especially as my Father is so fond of him for a Son-in-law.

Ken. Your Father once favoured my Addresses. But my Rival is richer: 'tis the way of the World: However thro' your Friendship I will still hope *Nanny* must be mine. No other has Charms for me.

The Highland Fair; Or,

AIR III. Nanny-O.



*Let Jock, and Tom, contend for Kate,
 And Andrew doat on Annie-o ;
 Let Bess, and Bridget burn for Pate,
 And Sufy sigh for Sawny-o ;
 Let Wat, and Will court Mary's Charms,
 And Lawry long for Fanny-o,
 No Beauty Kenneth's Bosom warms,
 But that of Bonny Nanny-o.
 My Nanny-o, my Nanny-o,
 My lovely Charming Nanny-o,
 I care not tho' the World shou'd know,
 How much I doat on Nanny-o.*

Alas. My Father in haste! he was to have come with our Chief.

Ken.

Union of the Clans.

Ken. Something, I fear, has happen'd unlucky.

To them, Donald.

Alas. Sir, what is the Matter? Whom have you left with our Chief?

Don. The Devil.

Alas. The Devil! Whom do you mean, Sir?

Don. *Mungo*, the Priest, the Maker of Devils.

Alas. What has he done?

Don. What all devilish Priests do, or wou'd do, if they cou'd. He has blown up the Fire of Fury and Fighting again. Our Chief, attended by his Vassals and Servants, a glorious Retinue! was come within a Mile of the Fair, to meet the *Braes* Laird, and put the last Hand to the Treaty you have been negotiating, when, on a sudden, this reverend Rogue overtook and stopt his Career.

Alas. His red-letter'd Saints damn him for't. But what Arguments did he use?

Don. That the Church wou'd be in Danger by a Reconciliation with Hereticks; — That it wou'd reflect on the Memory of our Immortal Fathers, who spent their Lives in the Dispute — And that our Chief's sacred Person wou'd not be safe in this Place, among our old Enemies.

Alas. Hypocritical Villain! He has a more prevailing Argument than either of these that mov'd him to be so officious: 'Tis Jealousy of Laird *Colin*, who may have Opportunities to turn him out of Favour with our Chief's Lady. —

Ken. Hush!

Don. That's a tender Point, my Son.

Alas. 'Tis no Secret. Every body, besides our Chief himself, believes there's an Intrigue between the Lady and her Confessor. D—n the Villain!

Ken. Speak with Reverence of the Cloth.

Alas. The Cloth! Does it screen Roguery, and give a Sanction to Mischief? By St. *Andrew*, Patron of our ancient Kingdom, *Mungo* shall not live an Hour.

[*Drawing his Durk.* —

Don. Be not rash, my Son.

Alas. Were he the Pope, I'd have his Heart's Blood for This. My All is at stake.

Don. We have another Card to play. You, my Son, are our Chief's Foster-Brother and Favourite. Go to him with all speed: Coax, sooth and persuade him. No body can succeed so easily.

Alas. I'll use my Endeavours.

Don. But be advis'd by me, who am old and experienc'd, what to say. Tell him that *Colin*, the *Braes* Laird, is come to meet him already, and wonders at his Delay —

Ken.

to *The Highland Fair; Or,*

Ken. A d—n'd Lye to begin with.

[*Aside.*

Don. That, as the Laird is a Gentleman of Honour, he expects to find his Equal in *Euen* ——— is extremely desirous of Peace and Amity with our *Clan* ——— and, withal, that it will be very profitable to Us. Insist upon his Promise, and shew what Scandal his Breach of it will spread in the *Highlands*. In short, say any thing to compass your End. Remember that your Happiness depends on your Success.

Alas. But I shall have to do with a cunning Priest. How shall I countermine, how conjure the Devil in his own Way?

Don. Be sure not to make him your Enemy. You had better take a roaring Lion by the Beard.

AIR IV. *Bob of Dumblain.*



*Look at the Hive, but touch not a Hornet,
For the whole Posse will sting you to Death.
All sorts of Clerical Drones, ever born yet,
Rise, if 'gainst One you freely vent Breath.*

*'Twere safer, by far, to merit a Halter,
To steal, rob, or plunder, turn Traitor, or kill;
For then you might fly to that Refuge, the Altar,
Where you'd be as safe as a Thief in a Mill.*

Alas. Something must be done.

Don. Lose no Time.

Ken. Success attend you. [*Exit Alaster.*] — *Donald*, you find it no easie Matter to bring about this Peace. The Priest has play'd the Devil with a Vengeance. If *Alaster* shou'd not prevail ———

Don.

Don. Then he loses the Beauty of the *Braes*, *Jeany*, the Idol of his Heart — and I, what to me is more precious, all the Cash and Cattle that *Duncan*, her Father, can give with her. His is a substantial Family, and I long to have mine incorporated with it, by these Inter-marriages.

Ken. So, Sir, I perceive you'd have his Son a Match to your Daughter, as well as his Daughter a Match to your Son !

Don. 'Tis the most probable Means to confirm the Union of our *Clans*. Besides, 'tis for the Interest of my Family. Follow my Example, my Lad, and get Money.

Ken. Covetous old Dog ! [*Aside.*]

Don. 'Tis the Life and Soul of Wedlock.

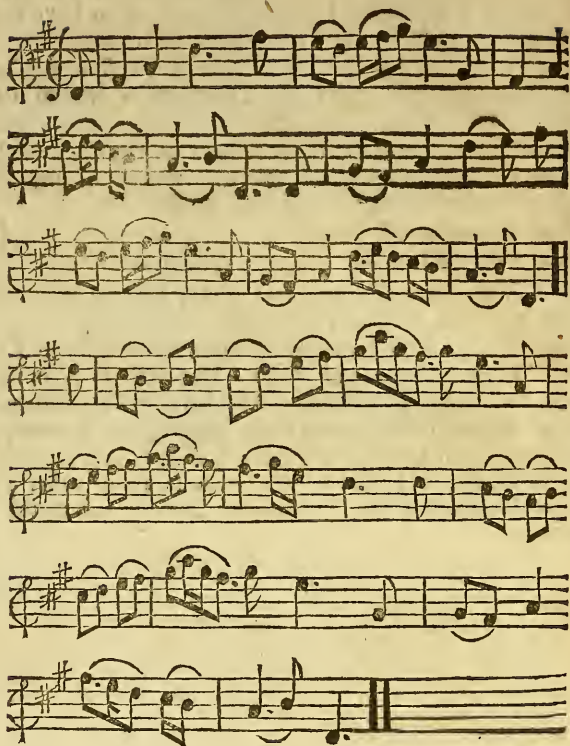
Ken. There are daily Instances of the Unhappiness of Marriages, made for the sake of Interest.

Don. Things will sometimes happen amiss beyond Expectation. 'Tis for *Better* and *Worse*. But wise Folk mind what is fit and convenient, and leave Accidents to Providence.

Ken. When Interest sways the contracting Parties, more than Love, their Minds being equally sordid, may agree as well after Wedlock, as before it: But when both, or either is forc'd into the Noose, 'tis Ten to One but Misery proves the Consequence.

The Highland Fair; Or,

AIR V. Bush aboon Traquair.



*In ancient Times, when Justice reign'd,
And Virtue was rewarded,
Pure Love and Friendship Place obtain'd,
And from Assaults were guarded.
But, now, the World corrupted grown,
Self-Int'rest sways each Passion:
All gen'rous Thoughts from Earth are flown,
And sordid Suits in Fashion.*

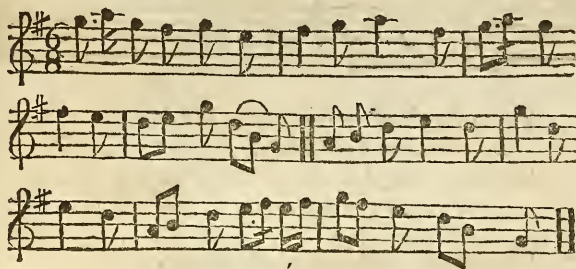
Don. Sir, I know your Drift. You love my Daughter, and I like you for't. Nay, I say more, were you as rich as your Rival, you might win and wear her. But whereas your Fortune is not proportion'd to your Parts and Person, I must be-
stow

Now her another Way. 'Tis my Business to provide for my Family. Now I have a glorious Opportunity; and Fortune, being like a coy Mistress, must be catch'd at the critical Minute.

Ken. In short, Sir, you are come hither to sell your Cattle, and match your Children, with the same View of driving a Bargain, to Advantage, on each Side.

Don. Ay, I know the World, and love to have my Wits about me.

A I R VI. Give me a Lass with a Lump of Land.

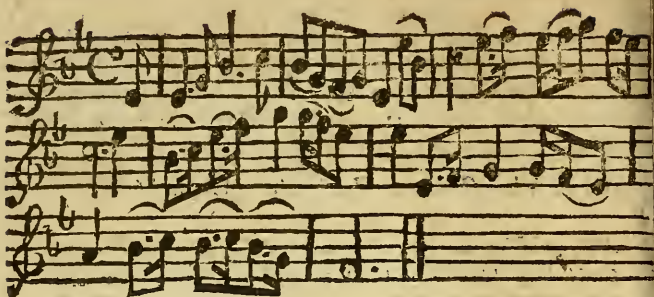


*Let's be frugal, while we may,
Rob, or Steal, and Beg, or Borrow;
If we make not Hay to-Day,
Clouds may shade our Sun to-Morrow.*

*Fortune's a precarious Thing,
And Occasion soon may leave us.
Time and Treasure on the Wing,
Fly, like Eagles, and deceive us.*

[Ex. Donald.

Ken. So, I am like to look silly in my Turn! This old avaricious Fellow will never countenance my Addresses to his Daughter, now he has better Game in View. But, if she loves me, as I presume she does, we may fall on Ways and Means to outwit him. Let me think. Shou'd the Reconciliation of the Clans take Place, so will the purpos'd Marriages. 'Twere better for me that Parties continue at Variance. Then, low as my Fortune is, I may hope to enjoy my Love, whom my richer Rival is in a fair way to rob me of. Now do I wish that *Alaster* may not succeed. I am on the Priest's Side of the Question, and, with him, declare for Hereditary Battling, and Orthodox Bigotry.

AIR VII. *Bonny Broem.*

*The Thought of Rivals in my Love;
Is more than I can bear;
To dire Revenge my Soul 'twou'd move,
Shou'd one enjoy my Dear.*

*'Tis Honour that inspires the Brave,
And Men are doom'd to Shame,
Whose Valour cannot Honour save,
And guard both Love and Fame.* [Ex. Kenneth

S C E N E II. *Among Tents.*

Duncan, Davy, Jeany.

Dun. Did not *Donald* assure us that he wou'd be here with his Chief, by Eleven?

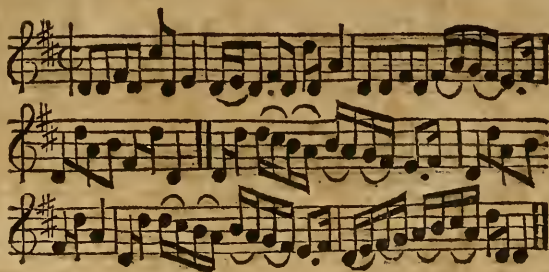
Dav. Ay, he sent such Word; but perhaps he has chang'd his Mind. As he brews, so let him drink.

Jean. 'Tis not much after the Hour. Let's have a little Patience. Sure, *Alaster* will not fail.

Davy. *Alaster* runs strangely in your Head, Sister! I wish ye were fairly tack'd together.

Jean. Does not *Nanny* run as much in your Head, Brother? I wish you were as sure of her Affection, as I am of *Alaster's*.

Davy. Affection! I am very indifferent about any Woman's. The whole Sex can't give me Uneasiness. No, no. But they receive it.

AIR VIII. *Jockey's fu, and Jenny's fain.*

*Persons, fashion'd well, like mine,
Full of Vigour, straight, and strong,
Make the Maidens inly pine,
And the married Women long.*

*Shou'd the Sex, in Love with me,
Languish all their Lives away,
Careless, I the Scene cou'd see,
And ev'n scorn to court their Stay.*

Jean. Vain Creature! I pity the poor Woman that's to be your Wife.

Dun. Tho' I have given my Consent to these Inter-marriages, you are sensible that Interest was not my Motive. Good Neighbourhood is what I always wish'd for; but your Happiness my chief Concern. I wou'd by no means persuade my Children to marry a Person that is not agreeable.

Davy. O, Sir! *Nanny* is agreeable enough. I make no Objection against her, but against Matrimony it self. That's the Pill that turns my Stomach. It makes so many People sick, that I don't like to swallow it.

Dun. The Truth is, Marriage is like the Cast of a Dye, a Hit or Miss, for Happiness or Misery. ———

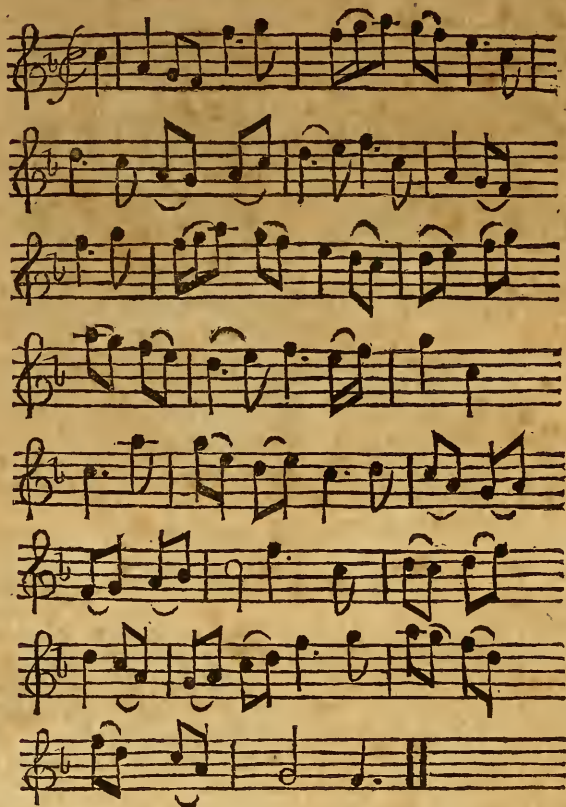
Davy. And the Odds, being much on the wrong Side, makes me cautious.

Jean. If true Love is mutual, there can be no great Risque run. Love is the Life of Matrimony; it makes a married State happy, whatever adverse Accidents befall it.

Davy. How do you know that? You was never married.

Jean. But I wou'd not have you think my Heart as senseless and roving as yours is.

A I R IX. Last time I came o'er the Muir.



*'Twas Love that first the World refin'd,
 Made Rage submit to Reason,
 The Bigot calm, the Cruel kind;
 The Traitor leave his Treason:
 It fills the Villain with Remorse,
 The senseless Soul inspires;
 But most the Gen'rous feel its Force,
 And burn amid its Fires.*

Davy. They come at last.

To them, Donald and Nanny.

Welcome to the Fair, my Dear.

[Salutes her.

Dun. We began to be impatient, Neighbour *Donald*. But where is your Son?

Don. He will be here anon. He bade me make his Compliments to his beloved *Jeany*, and assure her that nothing but an Affair of Importance cou'd detain him a Moment from her Company.

Jeany. I need no Proof of his Honour and Sincerity.

Davy. I believe I shall be tempted to commit Matrimony in earnest. What d'ye think of me, *Nanny*? Ha!

[Strutting about

Nan. That you're a fine Figure, *Davy*.

Davy. A proper Man! Hah!

Nan. Ay, a rare Person truly.

Davy. She's over Head and Ears in Love with me.

[Aside to *Jeany*.

Jeany. You're over Head and Ears in Love with your Self.

Don. Vanity is a Misfortune, but 'tis a pleasant one.

Dun. True; for Coxcombs are always in good Humour.

Nan. Thy Hand, my Lad; they wou'd mortify you.

Jeany. Only put him a little out of Conceit with his dear Self.

Davy. They can't in your Company, my *Nanny*.

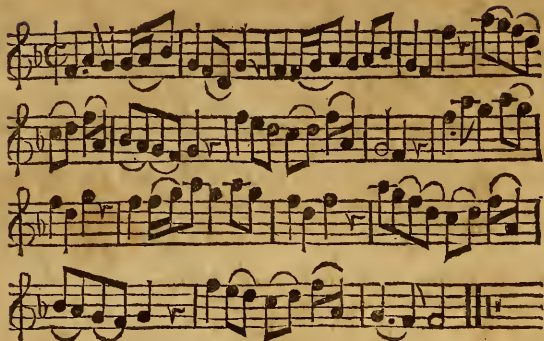
Jeany. The first Compliment I ever heard him make a Woman! Now I shall think he is in Love indeed.

Davy. We shall make a happy Couple.

Nan. A rare Couple! — Heav'n forbid the Banns. [Aside.

Davy. And what a lovely Race shall we beget? I wish the Ceremony was over, that we might proceed to Business. Pox on Ceremony! I never lik'd it in my Life. Strike the Iron while 'tis hot.

A I R X. Bonny Laffie, take a Man.



*Think, my Fairest, how Delay,
 Danger every Moment brings.
 Present Time will fly away,
 Time, that's ever on its Wings.*

*Doubting and Suspense at best,
 Lovers late Repentance cost.
 Then let's, eager to be blest,
 Seize Occasion, ere 'tis lost.*

Nan. At Leisure, Sir. There are more Words than one in making a Bargain.

Don. The Bargain's made already, Hussy. We old Folks have concluded Matters. [Donald and Duncan talk apart.

Davy. Besides, the Humour may go off me. I'm not always of one Mind.

Nan. If you're so changeable, now you are a Lover, what sort of a Husband will you prove?

Davy. Try me. The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

Nan. Folks shou'd look before they leap.

Davy. Faith, Marriage is, like Death, a great Leap in the Dark. Folks shou'd look an Inch before their Noses.

Nan. So, I perceive you are cool again. I thought you was not over-heated with Love.

Davy. I can't say I cou'd hang or drown my self for you, my Dear ; but, possibly, I may like you better, when we grow better acquainted.

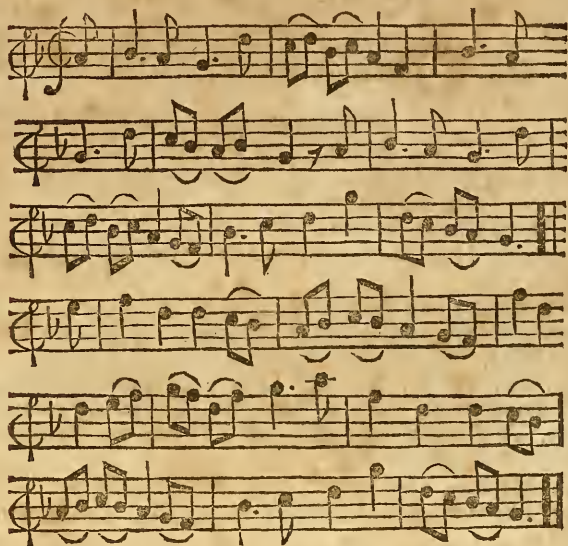
Nan.

Nan. And, possibly, I might play you a Trick, if you shou'd not.

Davy. Like enough, truly! I hate Horns. Hang Matrimony. The more I think of it, the worse it seems.

Nan. Ha, ha, ha! What a Weather-cock my Lover is! Pray, *Davy*, keep to this Point, 'till you rust in it. Safety lies in Caution.

AIR XI. Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.



*Sparks, unheeded, quickly blazing,
Burn the noblest Buildings down:
And, the Sailers idly gazing,
Leaks neglected, Vessels drown.
All promote their own Undoing,
Who, remiss, behold its Rise:
Caution is the Check of Ruin,
And Distinction of the Wise.*

Davy. Never venture, never win. Faint Heart never got fair Lady. Madam; to shew you that I'm no Coward, I'll run the Hazard of Cuckoldom. We must be one Flesh, Faith!
[Kissing her.]

Nan. The Wind chang'd already! Now 'tis my Turn. I will not have such a fickle Husband.

Davy. Because Women are given to dissemble, I'll not believe them, when they deny. I know you love me — You can't help it.

Nan. You don't love me.

Davy. I do, I do. Your Eyes are like Lightning: I stand before them, like Stubble before a burning Glass, in a hot Day.

Nan. Ha, ha, ha! Then keep your Distance, lest I consume you.

Davy. Who have we here? The noble Captain!

Nan. In good time, for my Relief.

To them, Charles.

Char. Ladies and Gentlemen, your most Obedient.

Dun. Sir, your Servant.

Don. I am glad to see you.

Char. May I take the Liberty to salute these fair Lips?

[Kisses the Ladies.]

Davy. You're very welcome, Captain, to do that, in a civil manner. But you must proceed no farther. That's my Sister; this my Wife, that is to be.

Char. Sir, if I shou'd fall in Love with either one or t'other, I shou'd hardly ask your Leave to proceed as I please.

Davy. You're not angry, Captain. If you be, I can be so too.

Dun. My Son, keep your Temper and good Manners.

Char. I know him: *Davy's* my good Friend, only a little jealous.

Davy. Who wou'd not be jealous of such a general Lover as you? All's Fish that comes in your Net.

Char. 'Tis an essential Article of my Creed, that no Coward can be an honest man. Occasion is my *Cupid*, and a Soldier shou'd not stand upon Ceremony.

Davy. *Joan* is as good for you, as her Lady.

Char. Every Woman is lovely; and I am every Woman's very humble Servant; tho' I can make Distinction too.

Don. We know you can. But to the Business in Hand —

Char. Laird *Colin* will be here immediately. How soon may we expect *Euen*, your Chief?

Don. My Son is gone to conduct him to the Place appointed for the Interview.

Dun. I long to see it, and taste the Sweets of Amity.

Char. All will go well. But, Ladies, have you had a Fairing to Day?

Jean

Jean. I have seen no body that thought me worthy of one yet.

Nan. *Alaster* will soon make you Amends.

Char. But you, Madam, in this Gentleman's Company, no doubt, have had better Luck.

Nan. Not a bit, Sir. He has not been so civil as to offer me any thing.

Char. Unconscionable!

Davy. I offer'd her my self, my whole Man.

Char. That was a great deal, I think.

Nan. A worthy Present, truly!

Char. If you don't like it, Madam, will you be pleas'd to accept of mine?

Davy. Don't make me jealous, I say.

Char. I have a large Stock of Love upon my Hands, and can't bestow it better, than on so fine a Lady.

Nan. Love, quotha! Give me something more substantial.

Char. What's more substantial than Love?

Nan. Needles and Pins — any thing the Pedlars sell.

Jean. The Captain has nothing but Love to bestow; and, I suppose, every Woman he meets with will be alike welcome to it.

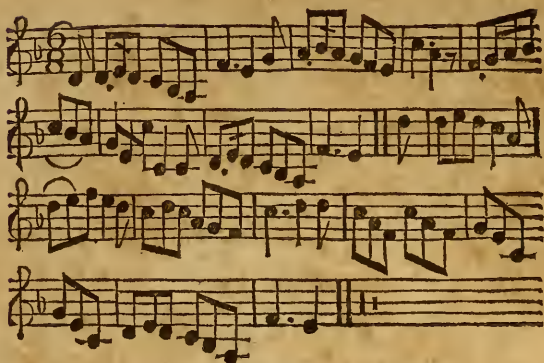
Char. I beg your Pardon, Madam, you shall share it, if you please; I have Love enough for both.

Nan. Ay, for the whole Sex. You are, like the Bee, not to be satisfy'd with one Flower.

Char. I wish I had a Stock sufficient to serve the whole dear Sex. How freely I'd transfer it!

Davy. Ay, freely enough, I warrant.

AIR XII. My Mother's ay glowrin o'er me.



*Since Fancy, so roving a Creature,
Is planted in Mortals by Nature,
Who can boast the Art
Of guiding the Heart,
More than of new-making the Stature?*

*While Oddities many compound us,
And Objects for ever confound us,
Our Thoughts will be free,
And rove, like the Bee,
That, seeking for Honey, flies round us.*

Nan. Just as I said, a general Lover!

Davy. A wild Spark.

Jean. You have been so much abroad in the World, Sir, that one wou'd think you might be a little tamed by this time.

Char. New Faces provoke new Desires.

Davy. Pox take your Desires! I wish you'd step into the next Tent, and let us have some Refreshment.

Don. A good Proposal.

Dun. Ay, my Son has a craving Appetite.

Davy. Good Eating and Drinking is the Food of Love. It makes a Man strong and vigorous. There's not a sound Woman in the Kingdom that wou'd care a Farthing for him, if he were otherways.

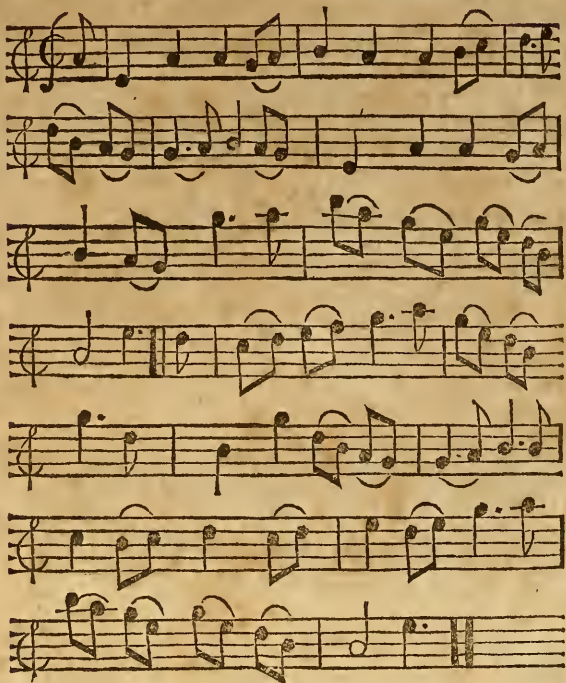
Char. Right, my Lad. But let us lose no Time.

Don. We'll drink to the happy Union of our Clans.

Dun.

Dun. And Relation of our Families, so long with'd for,
and so welcome.

AIR XIII. Katharine Ogie.!



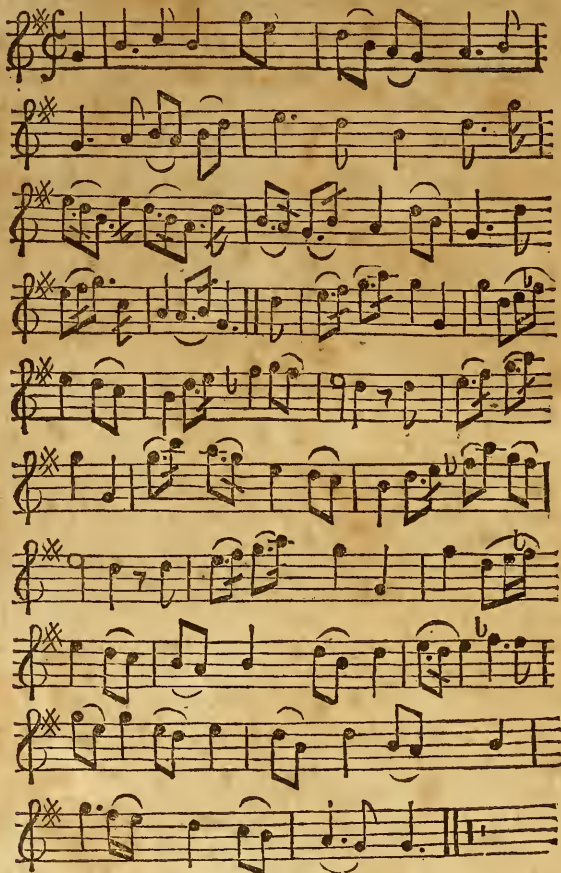
*As Mothers fond with Transport meet
Long absent Sons returning,
With Tears of Joy their Presence greet,
And bid adieu to Mourning.
So Parties, long at variance, view
A Peace restor'd with Pleasure;
'Tis more enhanc'd, the more 'tis new,
And swells o'er common Measure.*

[*Exeunt all but Jeany.*]

Jeany. I begin to be uneasy on Account of *Alaster's* stay, and fear that something unlucky has happen'd. What Care and Anxiety attend true Love? Ours, like that of Princes, is made a Property. 'Tis barter'd for Interest, and made a Sacrifice to

Humour. Alas! are we born Slaves to Parents or Superiors?
Must all the Happiness of our Lives prove so precarious and
uncertain? Shall any thing separate *Alaster*, and me, whose
Hearts are so strongly united, and whose Love is regardless of
Party?

AIR XIV. *Sowr Plumbs of Gallashiels.*



*How can a Lover bear the Pain,
Of parting from the lov'd for ever?
Why did the Sov'reign Pow'rs ordain,
That ought their Lives shou'd sever?*

But

*But Fate it self can ne'er divide,
 Whom once it hath united.
 Their Bands can never be unty'd,
 Whose Choice true Love excited.
 Love join'd our Hearts, and shall our Hands
 Be held by Force asunder?
 In Heav'n were made our Marriage Bands,
 Which Earth and Hell can't hinder!*

But, ha! he comes! my *Alaster* comes, I hope, with good News.

To her Alaster.

Alas. Dear *Jean*! [*Salutes her.*] Cou'd you forgive my Absence?

Jean. The good Opinion I have of you permits me not to think ill of your Conduct.

Alas. I lost as little Time, as I cou'd, from your lov'd Company.

Jean. But where have you left your Chief? Is he not coming to the Fair?

Alas. He is not far off, and nothing is wanting but your Laird's Approbation of the Ceremonial to be observ'd at their Meeting.

Jean. Who knows but on that Rock we may split?

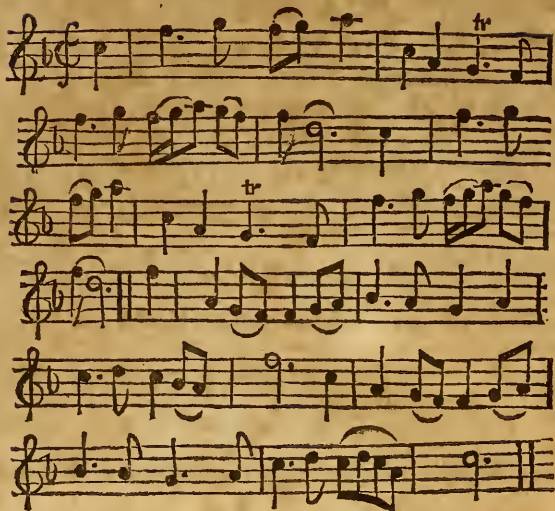
Alas. Fear not. By the Captain's Mediation, all things will be made easy. But you still look troubled; does any thing else vex your tender Heart?

Jean. Shou'd the Reconciliation never be compleated, we shou'd never be happy together.

Alas. I'll spare no Pains to finish it. For thee, what wou'd I not do and suffer? Thou art my greatest earthly Treasure: without thee, Life wou'd be insupportable.

Jean. Before this Treaty was set on Foot, you had my Heart; and shou'd it be broke off, I cou'd not recal my Love.

Alas. Let us vow everlasting Faith and Constancy, whatever happens; true Love will be uniform, and steady in spite of all the vicissitudes of Fortune.

*The Highland Fair; Or,*AIR XV. *Auld lang Syne.*

*Tho' rosy Lips and lovely Cheeks
 In Time's small Compass come;
 Love alters not with Days and Weeks,
 But bears it out till Doom.
 True Minds, unshaken as the Stars,
 Their Constancy maintain:
 Their Joys no Turn of Fortune mars,
 Nor breaks their golden Chain.*

Jean. Well, *Alaster*, if you prove false, what Man can be true?

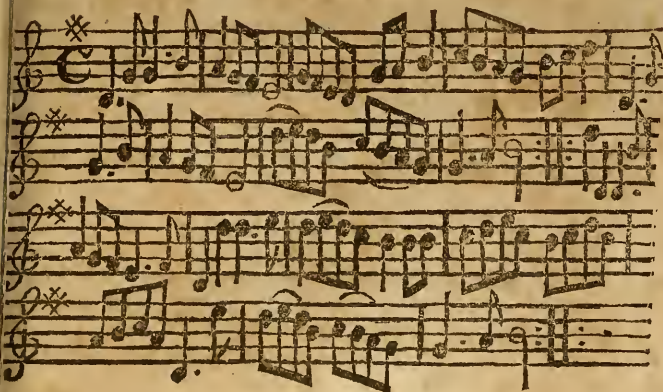
Alas. These Charms, that first conquer'd, will always keep me faithful to you.

Jean. I hope we shall at last be happy. — But our Folks are in the next Tent, and will wonder at my stay.

Alas. One Embrace more, before we go into Company. Here I cou'd grow for Ages. [Embracing.]

AIR

AIR XVI. Wert thou but my ain Thing.



He. *Were we but in Wedlock join'd,
Anguish ended,
Pleasures blended,*

*Always to my Charmer's Mind,
How studious I'd approve me!*

She. *As round the Elm th' enamour'd Vine
Delights her tender Arms to twine,
So I'd encircle Thee in mine,
And only live to love thee.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First ACT.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *A Prospect of Shops and Stalls.*

WILLY.

HERE's such a Copulation between Sound and Sound that I perceive Noise has Sexes in it. The Bag-pipe Trumpet, and Drum, make the Male Noise of the Fair; and the mix'd Talking, Laughing, Singing and Bawling of People, make the Female. Between them both, a prodigious Monster of a Roar is begot, which, like the Fall of a huge River, makes all the neighbouring Dwellers deaf.

To him, Charles.

Char. Serjeant, where are our Men? There's Mischief in one of the Markets.

Willy. The more Mischief, the better Sport.

Char. Some of the *Highlanders* have stole Cattle and Sheep belonging to the *Braes*, and a Battle is threaten'd. We must prevent it.

Willy. You may be better employ'd, Sir, if you please. I have pick'd up a pure Wench for your Honour.

Char. D—n all the Wenches in *Christendom*. Think you I'd neglect my Duty, and suffer a Stain to fall on our Company? What was it sent here for?

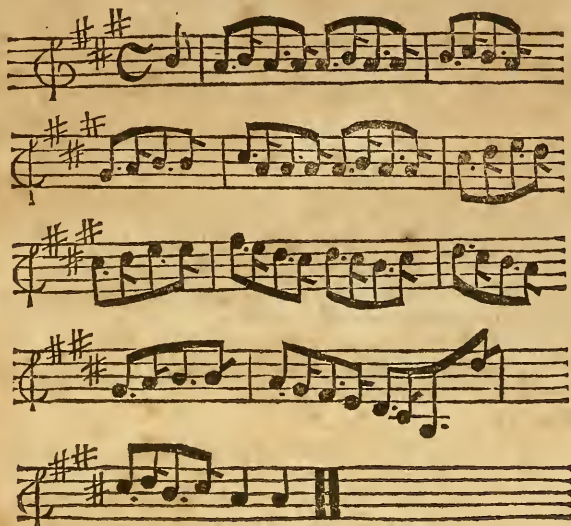
Willy. She's a Virgin, plump and sound. Don't you like a Maidenhead, Captain?

Char. Pox on her Maidenhead! I wou'd not be guilty of a Breach of Trust for all the Pleasures of Sense. Follow me with a Guard immediately. [Exit Charles.]

Willy. Who the Devil wou'd have thought our wild Captain had so much nice Honour about him? That same Honour has something in it that I cannot comprehend. For my Part, I'd not give a Glass of good *Aqua-vitæ*, for all the Honour in the three Kingdoms. It has made him leave a pretty Girl, but it shall not bring me into Harms way. I don't like to be slic'd into Reputation. Mine is a discreet Disaffection to War, a wife Care of my Safety. Nature bids us preserve our selves.

But

How can I avoid following my Captain? He'll cashier me,
 I don't appear; and I may be knock'd on the Head if I do.
 Last Night, I dreamt that I was at Loggerheads with some
 perate *Highlanders*, and my Brains were split in the Ren-
 counter. My Wife found me killing my Pillow, and entering
 Duel with my Breeches. When I wak'd, I wonder'd to find
 self whole, and 'twas some time ere I believ'd my Eyes,
 when they told me that I had my Legs and Arms in *Statu quo*.
 I must venture. But, first, I'll make bold to meet this Half
 own in *Aqua-vitæ*. There's no true Courage without it.

AIR XVII. *Maggy Lawder.*

Of all the Liquors in the Land,
 There's none, like *Aqua-vitæ*,
 For Church and King can make ye stand,
 And to be brave, excite ye.
 It rouses Courage, and by Force
 O'ercomes the greatest Danger.
 Shou'd Fortune turn from Bad, to Worse,
 Its Energy can change her.

[Exit Willy.]

SCENE

S C E N E II. *A Prospect of a Market of Cat*

Donald, Davy, Duncan, Alaster, Kenneth, and others, *with drawn Swords in their Hands, prepar'd to fight, and ran on different sides.*

Dun. Before we engage, let us reason on the Matter.

Ken. No Reasoning.

Davy. Them come on. I'm your Man.

Don. For my Part, be it Peace, or War, I can find Account.

Alas. I am heartily sorry that any of our *Clan* occasion'd Rupture so unseasonably —

Dun. At a Time when we were treating of Peace, and making large Condescensions to procure it —

Davy. Notwithstanding we cou'd compel you by Dint of Sword, to keep Order.

Ken. You compel us! In all the Battles that have been 'tween our *Clans*, who suffer'd most?

Dun. You got more indeed of us, than we cou'd of you.

Davy. Of them! What have they to lose? Cou'd we you of your Breeches? Beggarly Villains!

Ken. We will not put up such Reflections, but stand for Honour of our *Clan*.

Dun. And we demand Satisfaction.

Alas. Name it.

Dun. Restitution of the Goods you have list'd —

Davy. And Blood for Blood.

To them, Charles, with Soldiers.

Char. Put up your Swords, Gentlemen, and agree — I must disarm and arrest you, to preserve the King's Peace.

Ken. Sir, 'tis impossible. The Honour of our *Clan* is concern'd.

Char. Is it concern'd to justify an ill Action? Were not ye People the Aggressors?

Dun. All the *Clans* in the *Highlands* would despise us, should we suffer such Abuse calmly.

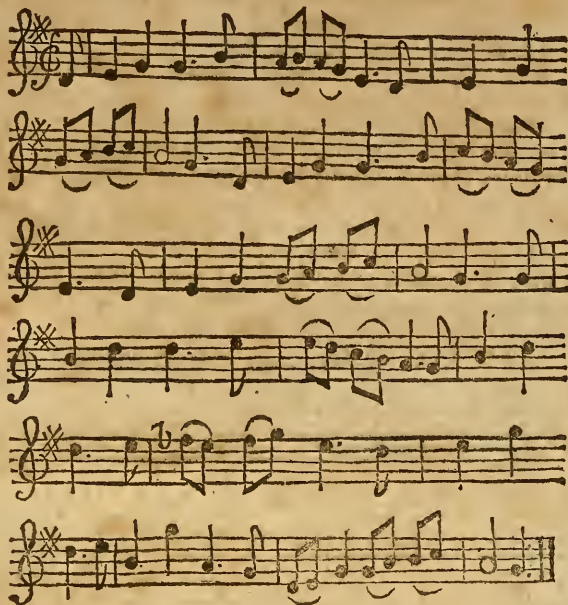
Char. I advise both Parties to refer the Matter in dispute to Arbitration. Let Commissaries be appointed to state the Damages, and agree upon proper Terms for mutual Satisfaction. Why shou'd Neighbours quarrel, and seek Opportunities to hurt one another? Consider, your Conduct on this Occasion may provoke your respective Chiefs against you, or to break off the Treaty between themselves.

Alas.

Alas. You, Sir, have been at too much Pains to accommodate our Differences, and make us a happy People, to be after all disappointed and successless. I will undertake, our Chief shall consent to what you propose.

Char. Then go to him immediately for his Order, constituting and appointing fit Persons on your Side. I will wait on Laird Colin, to the same Purpose, and lose no Time,

AIR XVIII. *Peggy, I must love thee.*



No more be Feuds and Faction known,

In this our ancient Nation:

But all, like honest Patriots, One,

In generous Emulation.

Let all contend for Common Weal,

Be social, shunning bigot Zeal,

And Acts of mutual Kindness deal,

As suit their Pow'r and Station.

Ken. If Matters be made up amicably, I may yet lose Hopes of my dear Nanny. *[Aside.]*

Don. Alaster, hasten to our Chief.

Alas. I'll fly this Instant.

[Exit Alaster.]

Char.

Char. Soldiers, disperse. I will be answerable for the Peace.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dun. My Son, where did you leave your Sister?

Davy. With my Sweet-heart in the Fair.

Ken. Sir, I am your Rival in Love, as well as your Foe in Battle.

Davy. You my Rival! I fear not your Interest. A poor Dog!

Don. No, no; *Kenneth* must have nothing to say to my Daughter. Come along, Neighbour *Duncan*. I'll accompany you in Search of our Children.

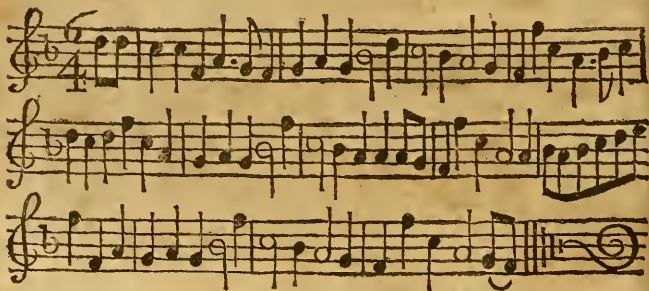
Davy. Rival Adieu. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Donald, Duncan, and Davy.*]

Char. Sir, I perceive the Ground of your Heat on this Occasion, is not Revenge, but Love.

Ken. I confess, Captain, I don't approve of Plundering our Neighbours Goods, nor of continual Skirmishing one with another, when we meet. I wish our *Clans* were more cordially united. But should your Negotiations succeed, I shall be rob'd of all I hold dear, my Love, my dear *Nanny*, who, if I mistake not, is of the same Disposition towards me. If true Love has Merit in it, sure mine deserves Reward.

AIR XIX. *Jobny*, Lad, cock up your Beaver.



Like Racers, for Riches and Glory contending,
We Rivals have Honour and Beauty depending.

As one of them only the Prizes can carry,

So one of us only our Mistress can marry.

But who shall be happy, short Time will discover.

If the best Runner wins, why should not the Lover?

My Rival more Int'rest and Treasure inherits:

But, if Love should conquer, mine Victory merits.

Char.

Char. I wish I cou'd contrive Ways and Means to make your Love prosperous, and yet consistent with the Peace of both the Families concern'd. *Nanny* is a charming Creature. I cou'd live and die with her, saving the Prerogative of the Parson.

Ken. I find, that if you lov'd her never so well, you'd not care to marry.

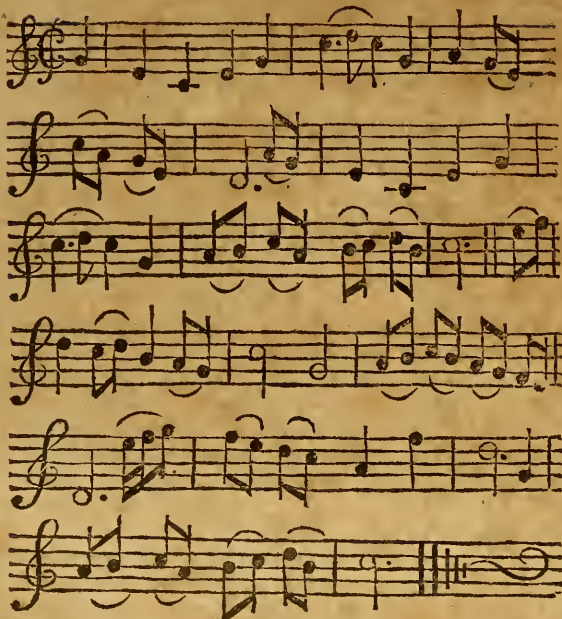
Char. Marry! No, no. I'd not marry a Woman I had a Value for. Heaven forbid I shou'd lay such an Embargo as Matrimony upon the Inclinations and Conduct of any kind-hearted Creature. As I'm for Freedom and Variety my self, why shou'd I restrain another from the like Pleasure? I love to do in This, as in other Cases, as I wou'd be done by.

Ken. You Gentlemen Soldiers are a Parcel of Libertines; I'm a sober Fellow, and shall never think a reasonable Confinement a Curse either to my self, or my Wife.

Char. Honey-Moon is not over. Tell me so after you have been twelve Months married.

Ken. In *Nanny's* Arms I shou'd find a Succession of Delights, and never be cloy'd; when the Sense is pall'd with Enjoyment, her Mind wou'd vary my Pleasure, and make it last for Life. Yes, Captain, her Mind is more enrich'd with Virtues, than her Person with Beauties. Therefore, while I have either a Taste for Love, or Relish of good Sense and Honesty, I shou'd be happy in a married State.

Char. Tell me not of a Woman's Mind. Give me her Person, if 'tis but tolerable. I wish this plaguy Negotiation was fairly ended, that I might have time to ramble among the Sex. I can't have an Hour's Pleasure for Business. But what makes the Case much worse, 'tis dangerous in this Country to use one's Freedom; on the one Hand, the Girls are shy, and their Kindred watchful; on the other, there's the Kirk Discipline so rigid and affronting: Wou'd I were in *Westminster* again! Dear *Covent-Garden*! I shall never forget thee. Why was I a *Caledonian* born, or why confin'd at Home? Happy Soldiers about *St James's*!

A I R XX. *The Lads of Patie's Mill.*

*The Soldier's blest who roves,
 Like the Bee, through fragrant Bow'rs,
 Through Gardens, Grotts, and Groves,
 Extracting Sweets from Flow'rs.
 I, like a Bird confin'd,
 Deny'd the freer Air
 My wild and roving Mind,
 Must languish in Despair.*

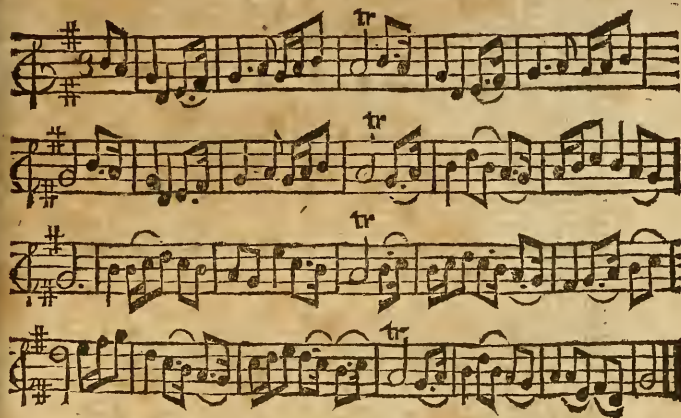
S C E N E III. *A Tent.*

Jeany.

Unlucky Chance! I fear it will not be an easie Matter to bring about this Reconciliation of our *Clans*. Alas! what then shall become of *Alaster* and Me? Our mutual Happiness depends

depends upon their Union. But those Family Grudges are inveterate, as well as hereditary; and 'tis difficult to take out of the Flesh what is bred in the Bone. The Humours and Passions of the two Parties, are more different than their Dresses; and they seem as much delighted with Mischief, as I am tortur'd with Doubts and Fears.

A I R XXI. *Tweed-side.*



*What Torment, ye Pow'rs, I sustain!
 How my Bosom is tortur'd with Care!
 In Pity, relieve my soft Pain,
 Or give me more Courage to bear.
 Let me swim in an Ocean of Bliss,
 Or sink in a Torrent of Grief.
 An Heav'n of Delight they possess,
 Who from Hell of Despair have Relief.*

To her, Alaster.

Alas. My dear Jeany, I'm glad I've found you. All may yet be well; our Chief agrees to the Captain's Proposal, and has appointed me to meet with Laird Colin's Commissary, to accommodate Differences immediately. I suppose the Captain, or your Father, is by this time appointed on the Side of your Clan.

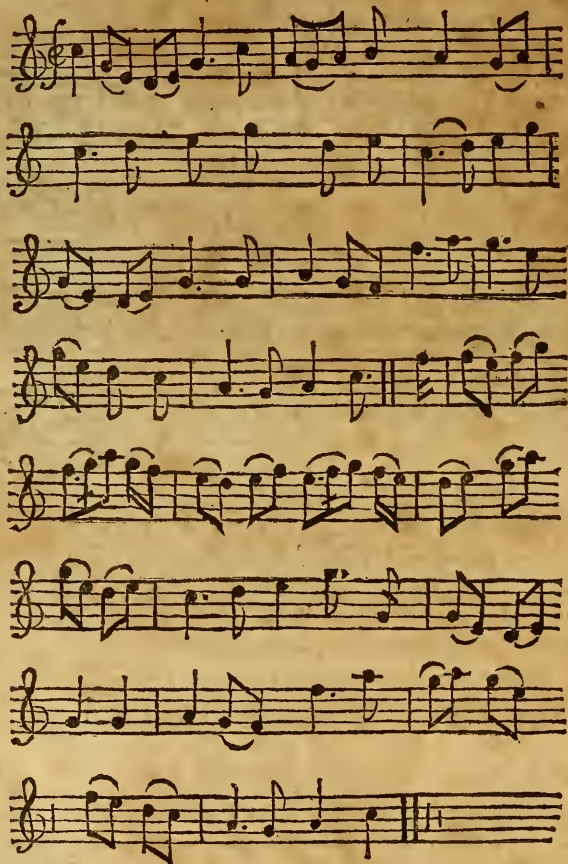
Jeany. What great Work is occasion'd by small Causes, when People's Minds are bent to Mischief! How unfortunate are our Loves!

Alas. I'll make any Concessions for thy dear Sake. Each Moment, that delays our Happiness, is an Age to me.

Jean. What then wou'd Separation prove?

Alas. Name not the Word. Nothing shall ever part us.

AIR XXII. Waes my Heart, that we shou'd sunder.



Have we lov'd, and lov'd so true,
To be at last compell'd asunder?
To what dire Crime of ours is due,
This unexpected Burst of Thunder?

Jean. *But if, as Dragons at the Gate,
The Plagues of Love shou'd long affright us,
With Patience let us bear our Fate,
For gracious Heav'n at length will right us.*

Then, dear *Alaster*, make haste, before some unforeseen Accident confound our Measures again.

Alas. I'll not lose a Moment. Mean while, my Love, endeavour to keep your Brother and *Kenneth* asunder. Their Rivalship for my Sister may yet prove dangerous.

Jean. I wish that double Marriages had not been made essential to the Peace. Cou'd not ours suffice to unite our Families?

Alas. Tho' it was agreed that the Marriages shou'd be double, possibly your Brother's changeful Temper may give us fair Opportunity to evade one of them.

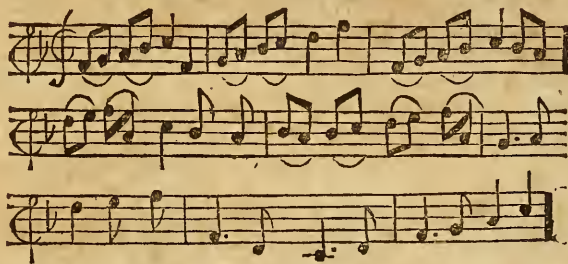
Jean. It may. But there's your Father's positive Disposition, and his Covetousness——

Alas. True. We must act with Prudence and Circumspection, or all we have done may yet prove vain. My chief Confidence and Security is your Truth.

Jean. Fear it not, *Alaster*.

Alas. Depend on mine.

A I R XXIII. There's my Thumb.



Alas. *Fortune and Malice may revile thee,
But I will never, never beguile thee.
Shou'd Friends and Kindred all oppose me,
I'd not forsake, now I have chose thee.*

Jean. *Tho' Death, in Nature's Course, may sever
Bodies, not form'd to laste for ever,
His Forces ne'er asunder frighted
Souls, like Light and Heat united.*

Alas. What Noise do I hear?

Jean. My Heart trembles.

Alas. A Crowd comes this way.

Jean. They are fighting.

Alas. Ha! your Brother, and *Kenneth.* Let me fly to part them.

Jean. I see Soldiers at a Distance.

Alas. 'Tis well. Let us join them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Field.*

Davy, Kenneth, and Nanny.

Nan. Pray be Friends. You shall not quarrel about me. I'll renounce you both for ever, if you do.

Davy. You are mine by Treaty——

Ken. A Treaty that may never be concluded.

Davy. Then 'tis War. No Peace, no Marriages; and no Marriages, no Peace. We shall be, as we were, mortal Foes.

Ken. With all my Heart, so *Nanny* be mine.

Davy. I shan't be at a Loss in seeking a Wife, if I want one.

Nan. I thank you, Sir, for that.

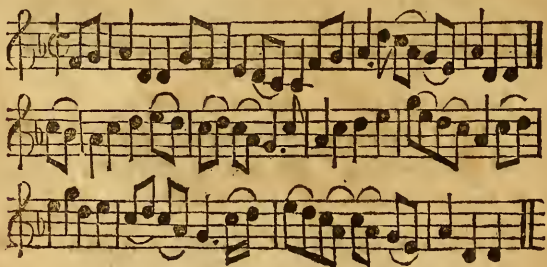
Ken. Be it Peace, or War, I'll hazard all for my Love.

Davy. I stand to Bargain. Honour's the Word. If 'tis Peace, she's mine; if 'tis War, take her and be d——n'd.

Nan. A rare Lover!

Davy. Lover! Look-ye, Sweet-Heart, I like you very well, and cou'd couple with you as heartily, as with any Woman. But things must take their Course, and my Honour not be touch'd.

AIR XXIV. *Be Valiant still.*



*Affronted, I
My Foes defie,
And will have Satisfaction too.*

Who

*Who me provokes without a Cause,
Against true Honour, and the Laws,
Had better fall in Lion's Paws,
Than meet from me Chastisement due.*

To them, Willy, with Soldiers.

Will. Gentlemen, you are Prisoners. I have Orders to keep you separate, and under Guard. Soldiers, do your Duty.
[*They seize them both.*]

To them, Alaster and Jeany.

Alas. How unlucky is this Accident! *Kenneth*, you have done an Injury to your own Cause.

Jean. O, Brother! why are you so hot and furious.

Davy. The Dog provok'd me, by his Fondness of *Nanny* before my Face.

Ken. Have I not a natural Right to love her, as well as you?

Alas. I can't answer for the Consequences.

Will. I'll take care they shan't fight any more. Come along, come along.

Alas. Where is your Captain?

Will. With Laird *Colin*.

Alas. I will hasten to him, and endeavour to prevent the worst.

Will. You'll find the Prisoners under close Guard, in separate Tents. Come along——A couple of well-limb'd Dogs!
[*Exeunt Soldiers and Prisoners.*]

Alas. I must leave you together a-while. There's as much Difficulty in bringing about the happy Union of our Clans, as in settling the Peace of *Europe*.

Nan. Whose Fault is it? Are not you the principal Person employ'd in the Matter?

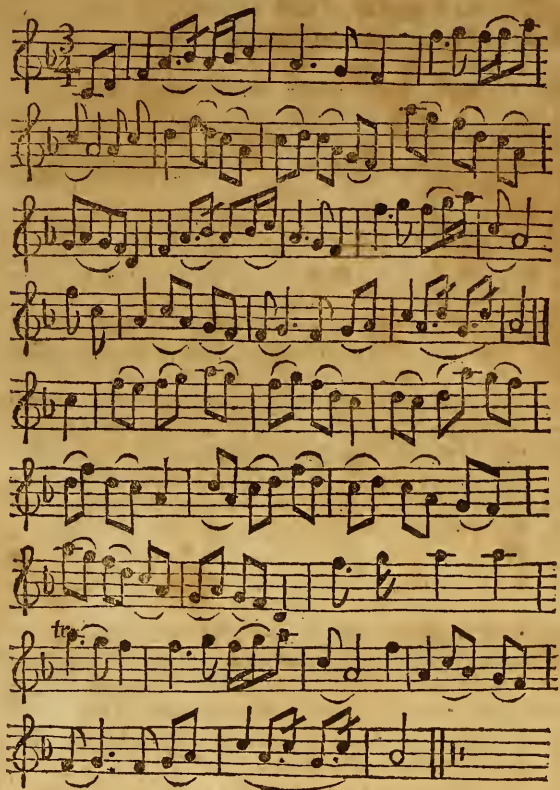
Jean. Success does not always follow Skill and Ability.

Nan. You do well to take his Part. You are his other Self. But go, and put the last Hand to the Work.

Alas. On the Wings of Love I fly. [Exit Alaster,

Nan. You, *Jeany*, are happy. There are no Lets in your Loves. It is my Misfortune to be belov'd by one, whose Addresses I dare not encourage; and promis'd to another who appears insensible of Love altogether, or so fickle as not to be fix'd.

AIR XXV. Love is the Cause of my Mourning,



*While Love, like a Ship, by the Billows of Fate
 Is tost to and fro, how wretched the State!
 Can Malice, or Grief, more Torment create,
 Than this that occasions my Mourning?*

*But Sighing will not do;
 Some Means I must pursue,
 Tho' to my Sex quite new,
 To reach the End in view,
 Lest I be forc'd too late, alas! to rue,
 That I sought no Cure for my Mourning.*

To them, Maggy.

Mag. Ladies, your Servant.

[Saluting them.]

Jean. Widow, I'm glad to see you.

Nan. Where have you been so long?

Mag. All over the Fair. Lud! what a fine Gentleman Laird Colin is! He is just come, with his Vassals at his Back, to meet our Chief. But, they say, the Ceremony will not be 'till To-morrow. Some of the Preliminaries are not settled to mutual Satisfaction.

Jean. Thank your Brother and mine for that. They have broke the Peace, and are under Arrest for quarrelling about Nanny here.

Mag. The more Fools they. Sure, you don't encourage them both. Have you not declar'd who is your Man?

Nan. I am made a Property of, and must not speak my Mind.

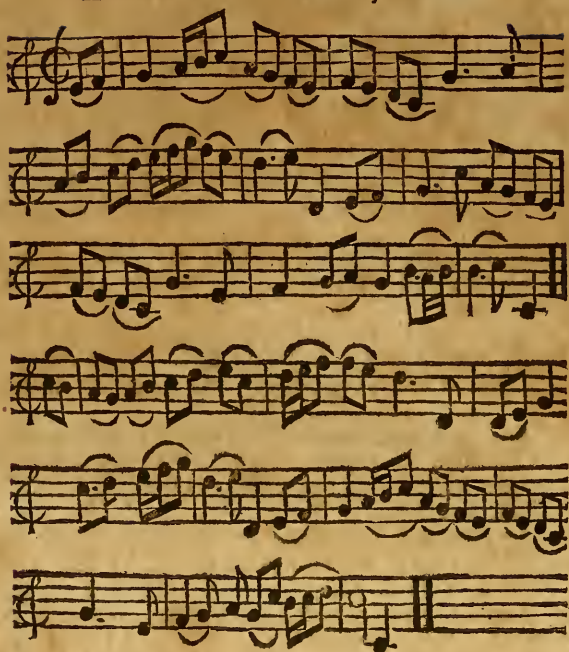
Mag. That's as much as to say, you love my Brother best, tho' your Father is for Davy. Well, I wish I had Davy. He's a very proper Person — but he knows it as well. Ods my Life! I'd manage him.

Nan. Ay, Widow, I wish you had him with all my Heart.

Jean. You shall not want my good Word. If such a Match cou'd be brought about, things might go right as they shou'd.

Mag. But that Laird runs strangely in my Head. It wou'd have done your Heart good to have seen what a Figure he cut! I'm sure mine goes pit-a-pat ever since.

AIR



*Of all the handsome Lads I've seen
 Around the Country strolling,
 None to my Eye before has been
 So lovely, as Laird Colin.
 O won'd he deign
 To ease my Pain,
 I'd be a happy Creature.
 Without the Grace,
 He might take Place —
 Why shou'd I mince the Matter?*

Jean. Fie! Widow, what d'ye mean?

Nan. She speaks her Mind freely.

Mag. You are my Friends. And why may not we Women tell what we think to one another, as well as the Men do? When they get over their Cups, they make no Scruple to reveal their Affairs, and often are assisting to one another too, in their Intrigues with our Sex.

Jean. Then our Sex, to be reveng'd, shou'd not allow them any unlawful Freedoms.

Mag. Men of Honour let not Tales go farther than among themselves.

Nan.

Nan. That's very uncertain. 'Tis rare to meet, and difficult to distinguish Men of Honour.

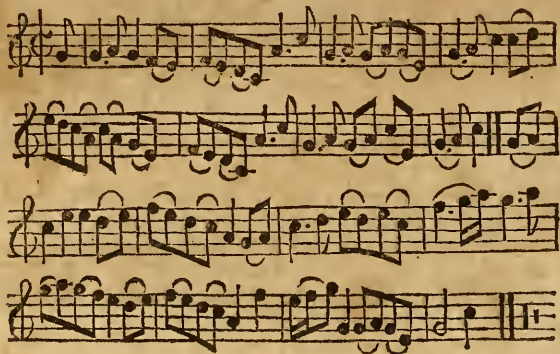
Jean. Therefore, a Woman is worse than a Fool that trusts any Man before he becomes her Husband. What one does not know, he can't publish.

Nan. Except he shou'd be such a vain and impertinent Coxcomb; as will boast of Favours from Women, whom he never saw. For my Part, I think the best way is to keep Men at a distance.

Mag. You used to be gay and airy.

Nan. Never at the Hazard of my Reputation.

A I R XXVII. Scornful Nancy.



*Tho' Crowds of boasting Lovers be
Incessant round me pressing,
No one shall have a Smile from me,
That promises Possessing.
Mistake me not for a Coquette,
My Tongue and Heart are Kindred.
I ne'er bestow'd a Favour yet,
Which Love and Honour hind'red.*

Mag. Mighty nice, truly! Who wou'd have thought it? You're grown as sober and demure as *Jean*, by keeping her Company. What will the World come to? Well, you'll make a rare Wife — unless you shou'd change your Mind after Marriage, as many honest Women do.

Nan. I can't answer for my future Conduct. My present Care is to keep it clear.

Mag. If you marry a Man you dislike, your Care will profit your Virtue but very little.

Nan.

Nan. How ! do you think I wou'd turn base?

Mag. A Woman that's coupled against her Will, to a Clown or a Coxcomb, can't help making him a Cuckold. Disagreeable Marriages often create agreeable Gallantries.

Nan. I abhor the Thought.

Mag. So do most Maids——but some of them change it when they turn Wives. Besides, my Dear, 'tis not such an uncharitable thing as you imagine, because Horns entitle Husbands to Heaven, according to the old Saying.

Nan. Charitable indeed! So the Moment I am married, you'd give my Spouse Joy of a Wife and Salvation!

Jean. But pray tell me, Widow, (for sure you'll not conceal it from your Friends) Did you serve your Husband so when you had one?

Mag. I had no occasion, for I lov'd him. I had so much Happiness at Home, that I coveted none Abroad. Your Case, Ladies, may be different, shou'd you marry against your Inclinations, or find your Men deficient in Payment of Love's Arrears.

Nan. Tho' it were my Misfortune to be unequally match'd, I cou'd be under no Obligation to sin.

Mag. You're a Novice, Child. Are you not young and agreeable? And is it unlikely that you shall be tempted? And what is a weak Woman in the Hands of a vigorous young Fellow?

Jean. But, by the Help of Grace——

Mag. Grace! tell me not of Grace; when the Flesh prevails, the Spirit is generally at Hide and Seek.

Nan. But may not a Woman live as virtuously with a Man she dislikes, as with none at all?

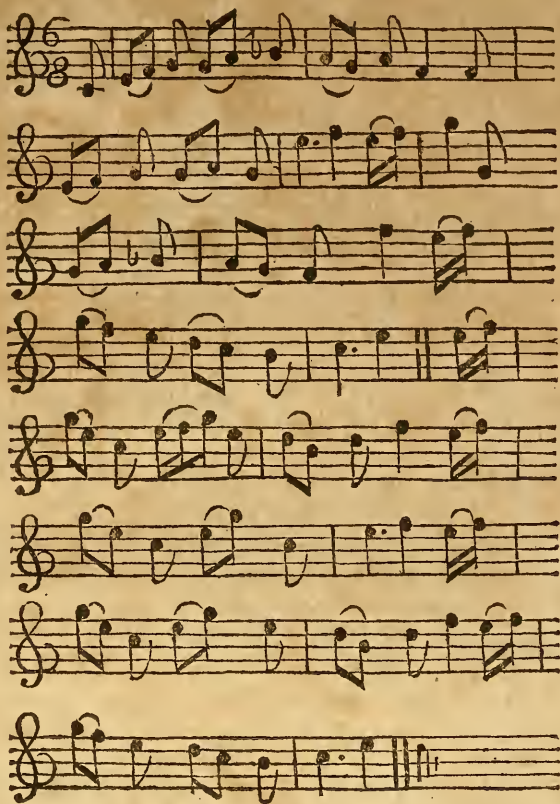
Mag. While she lies by her self, she can have no Aversion to her Bedfellow; but when she's buckled to a Bear, or chain'd to a Monkey, of a Husband, she's only taught to go to Bed to a Man, and then seek a better than her own——

Jean. And then a better than that——

Nan. And so on to an hundred.

Mag. That she was forc'd to it against her Will, must be her Plea, and every honest Woman's, that falls into the like Condemnation.

Jean. You are dangerous Company, I think. Come, Nanny, let's shun it.

AIR XXVIII. *Bessy Bell and Mary Grey.*

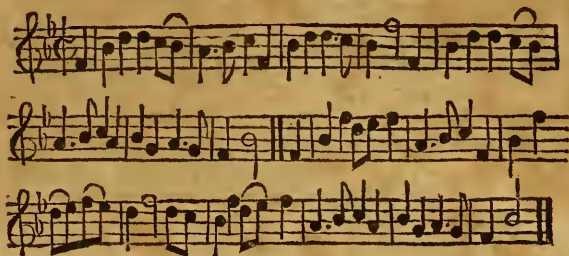
- Jean. *Were Alaster and I but join'd,
No Pow'r our Hearts shou'd sever.*
- Nan. *Shou'd Kenneth prove a Husband kind,
I wou'd be faithful ever.*
- Jean. *Alaster's Will shou'd be my Law,
My Choice and Inclination.*
- Nan. *Kenneth I'd not obey thro' Awe,
But Love and Obligation.*

[Exit Jeany and Nanny.]

Mag.

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! little do they know their Frailty. But let them do as they please. One Point I have gain'd by this sort of Conversation. I perceive plainly that *Nanny* loves my Brother best. Now it remains for me to plot their Marriage, with a View to provide my self with a Husband, and *Davy* shall be the Man. O! I'm a true Widow; I can contrive, and command.

[A I R XXIX. Corn Rigs are bonny.



*Self-love directs the World's Affairs,
 Its Counsel first is minded.
 The Patriot, whatso'er his Cares,
 Is still by Int'rest blinded.
 I'll be as great as e'er I can;
 There's Pleasure in Dominion.
 I boast a Soul as big as Man,
 And laugh at low Opinion.*

To her, Willy.

Willy. Madam, your Servant. If I am not deceiv'd, you are a Relation of one of our State-Prisoners.

Mag. *Kenneth* is my Brother.

Willy. I honour you. He is a good-natur'd Gentleman in the main, only a little hot-headed, or so. But what will not Love do? It plays the Devil with a Man, when once it gets into his Guts.

Mag. Ay, Serjeant, it does so. But, I hope, you use my Brother kindly.

Willy. Madam, I cou'd put you in a Way to procure his Liberty.

Mag. What is that, dear Sir?

Willy. Pardon me, Madam, for my Boldness. You have seen or heard of our Captain, I suppose.

Mag.

Mag. O, yes!

Willy. He's a rare Woman's Man.

Mag. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye mean?

Willy. Lud! Lud! You wou'd not have me talk down right, wou'd you? He can do the Business.

Mag. What Business, Sir?

Willy. These Women pretend strange Ignorance. Methinks, Madam, you look as if you had known what's What.

Mag. You talk mystically still.

Willy. To be plain then, If you'd have your Brother enlarg'd, and make the Captain befriend him in his Amour, you need but go with me to his Tent. I tell you he's a rare Woman's Man.

Mag. How know you that?

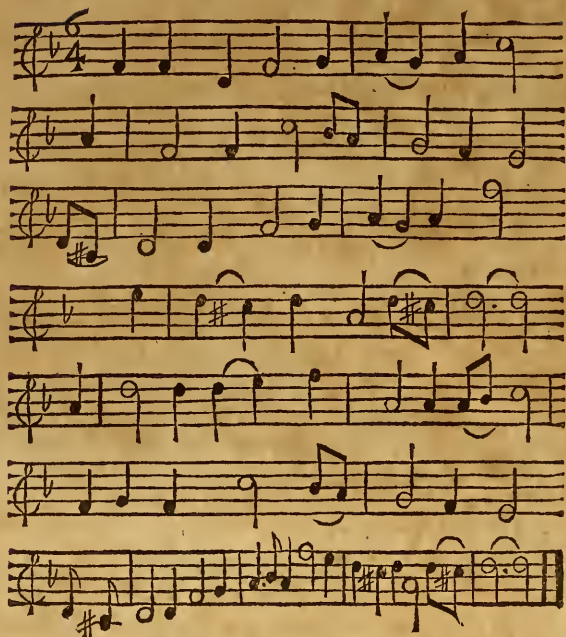
Willy. Why, your Sex melts before him, like Snow before the Sun.

Mag. He's a mighty Captain indeed! But are you his Pandar?

Willy. Faith, Madam, you may give it what Name you please; but 'tis no scandalous Profession; many an honest Man has rais'd his Family by it. It hath been found a smooth Path to Preferment.

Mag. Fie! 'tis a naughty Employment. I wonder you are not asham'd of it.

Willy. Asham'd to provide for my Family, Madam! No, no; don't take me for a Fool. Custom is all. If Folks cou'd but get over the Prejudices of Education, they'd not think any thing unaccountable, that is rare; or bad, that is not common. Come along, and you shall have more Satisfaction.

AIR XXX. *Muirland Willy.*

*Since every Sweet, and every Grace,
 Must fly from that fair lovely Face,
 And Time destroy your Charms apace,
 Ev'n reap their Harvest now.
 But if your Sun must know no Shade,
 And your Beauties never fade,
 To yield the Fruit be not afraid,
 Which, gather'd, still must grow.*

Mag. By seeming to comply, I may work my Brother's Deliverance, and engage the Captain to forward my Designs. [*Aside*]
 — Sir, I'll accompany you. You have such a winning Way.

Willy. The best thing you can do. — I find I have a better Genius for Pimping, than for Fighting. [*Aside.*]

Mag. Is the Captain with my Brother?

Willy. I'll guide you to him.

Mag. Is he then such a Rake?

Willy. A fine Gentleman, Madam.

Mag. We Women like Soldiers.

Willy.

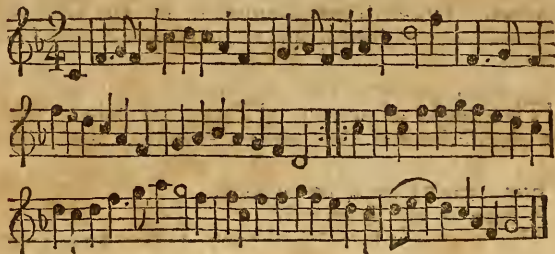
Willy. He is one of a thousand! bold as a Lion in the Field,
but gentle, as a Lamb, among the Ladies.

Mag. I long to see him. You have fir'd my Blood.

Willy. Never cramp Nature. Give it Scope. Give it Scope.

Mag. It will have its Course, one way or another.

AIR XXXI. An the Kirk wad let me be.



*Religion keeps us in Awe,
And Custom curbs our Desire,
Tho' neither is Nature's Law,
Nor can extinguish its Fire.
What Mortals, but Madmen and Fools,
And Dunces unshap'd and unsoul'd,
By Priests, with Repenting Stools,
And such like Tricks, are control'd?*

Willy. Ay, Madam, you are right; away with Stools of Repentance, Sackcloth and Ashes, and go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Tent.

Donald and Nanny.

Don. Daughter, as you expect my Blessing be obedient.

Nan. 'Tis my Duty, Sir, to obey your lawful Commands.

Don. Do I command ought that is unlawful, Huffy?

Nan. You require me to do what is unreasonable.

Don. How! Is Marriage unreasonable?

Nan. Forc'd Marriage appears so to me. Love shou'd be free.

Don. What signifies poor Love? It cannot make the Pot
E boil.

boil. But if you marry *Davy*, we shall not only have Peace, but Plenty.

Nan. Now my Affections are fix'd on *Kenneth*, how can I disengage them? Pray, Sir, do not compel me to do Violence to my honest Inclinations. Besides, I can't love that *Davy*.

Don. Love him! 'Tis not necessary you shou'd. There is not one Match of an hundred, now-a-days, wherein Love is so much as mention'd. 'Tis not a Condition in Marriage Covenants. Conveniency and Interest, Child, are the only things to be regarded. You shall have Clothes fit for any Lady in the Land, a thousand good Sheep, and an hundred Head of Cattle, as a Portion.

Nan. Pray, Sir, allow me more Time to think of it.

Don. 'Tis thought of already. 'Tis to my Mind. Sure I can better choose for you, than you for your self, young Minx. Make ready : It shall be done To-morrow Morning.

Nan. For Heav'ns Sake, be not rash.

Don. A Man of my Years rash!

Nan. Hurry me not into Matrimony, before I am prepar'd for it.

Don. Prepar'd, quotha! Are you not Nineteen? Your Mother was prepar'd at Sixteen Years of Age, and always ready for Business.

Nan. My Mother had her Choice, and always lov'd you.

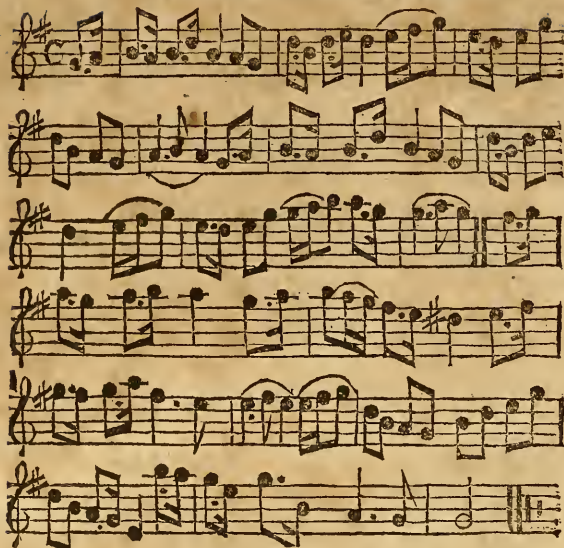
Don. *Davy's* a clever Fellow. You'll soon love him, when you have lain with him. I foresee a numerous Race of his Begetting. Your first Boy shall be called *Euen*, after our Chief. Nine Months hence we shall be merry.

Nan. You'd repent too late, shou'd your poor *Nanny* be made miserable by your Means.

Union of the Clans.

51

AIR XXXII. Pinky House.



*Relentless cou'd you hear my Sighs,
And see my trickling Tears?
Won'd not the Parent in you rise,
As my Distress appears?
'Twoud then be vain to sooth my Grief,
Too late to change your Mind,
When nothing cou'd afford Relief,
But Death, the Sufferer's Friend.*

Don. I'm firm as a Rock. It is resolv'd and shall be done.

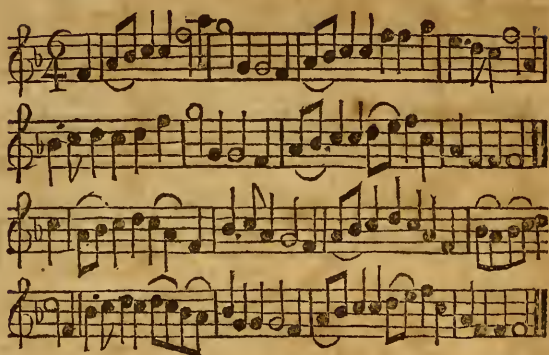
Nan. Then I'm a Wretch.

Don. No; your Fortune's made, and 'tis the best Bargain I ever made in my Life.

Nan. Alas! am I then to be barter'd for Gain? A Merchandise! Oh! [Crying.]

Don. If you have a Will contrary to mine, learn to bend it to Obedience; else expect your Parents Curse.

A I R XXXIII. I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.



*When Children dispute their Parents Will,
 The Laws of Nature are changed of course,
 And Rivers as well may run up the Hill,
 Or Streams flow retrograde to their Source.*

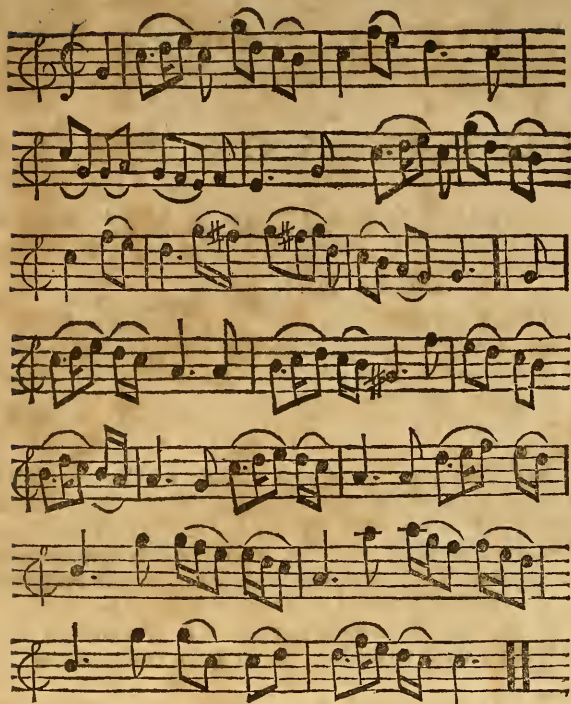
*Then henceforth obey, or see me no more,
 'Till Branches refuse to shoot from the Tree;
 And, if an old Father has Curses in store,
 Expect them, if e'er you turn Rebel to me.*

[Exit Donald.]

Nan. What shall I do? Comply, and be curst; or by Disobedience forfeit my Father's Blessing? O Torture! Poor *Kenneth*! — But, am I a Woman? Have I not a Spirit? Can't I plot Means for my Deliverance from this threaten'd Danger? Death is less dreadful than such a Marriage wou'd be. I'll sooner perish. But let me not be too rash. I'll consult with *Mungo*, the Priest, my Ghostly Father. With his Assistance, all may yet go well.

A I R

A I R XXXIV. With tuneful Pipe.



*My Heart's my own, my Thoughts are free,
 And so shall be my Joys;
 No mortal Man shall match with me,
 'Till first he's made my Choice.
 A Parent's Will's a sacred Law,
 We chearful shou'd obey;
 But to what Parent owe we Awe,
 Who gives our Peace away?*

[Exit.]

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Tent guarded.*

Duncan, Davy, Jeany.

I Long to hear how Matters are settled by the Commissaries.
Jeany. Alaster will dispatch Business speedily. I dare say, the Captain and he have not slept, since they were appointed.

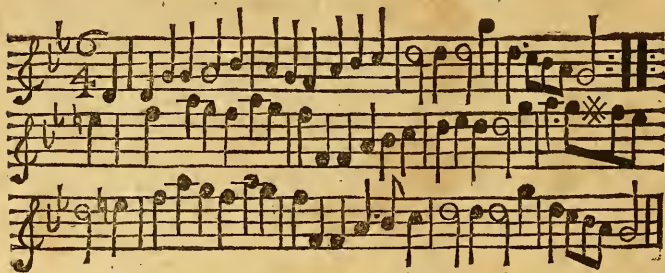
Davy. I don't care how it go. Peace or War, Wife or no Wife, are equal to me: But I'll be reveng'd, whatever happens, on my Rival.

Dun. My Son, you are of too violent a Temper: There have been too many Disputes already between our Families and Clans. I am weary of them; and wou'd rather be a Loser than a Gainer, for the sake of Peace and good Neighbourhood. I wou'd not have Discord longer entail'd upon our Posterity.

Davy. Let Posterity see to it self.

Dun. I with you wou'd see to your self, and make a better use of Time; Life is but short, and of great Importance.

AIR XXXV. Bonny Dundee.



*The World is a Stage, where all act a Part;
 But most of Mankind ne'er matter it how,
 When Honour and Fame inspire not the Heart,
 'We bustle thro' Life, nor care what we do.*

Those

*Those are the worthy, who follow their Reason,
Are honest, and just, and Lovers of Peace.
They act their Part on the Stage for a Season:
What Pity their Lives can't have a new Lease?*

To them, Alaster.

Alas. I hope I bring you welcome News; the Captain and I have settled every thing: He is gone to give an Account of it to Laird Colin, and I will do the like to our Chief immediately, that they may meet and make us happy.

Don. I'm heartily glad on't.

Alas. As for the difference between *Davy* and *Kenneth*, I undertake to make it up. But, I wish that *Nanny* may no longer be a Cause of Contention.

Davy. If 'tis Peace, she's mine; if War, let him have her a God's Name! 'Tis expressly stipulated so, in the Treaty, and there must be nothing alter'd.

Jean. What if she shou'd elope with *Kenneth*?

Alas. It is impossible while he is confin'd.

Davy. Damn these Independant Companies, they cramp us confoundedly: Does this look like Liberty and Property?

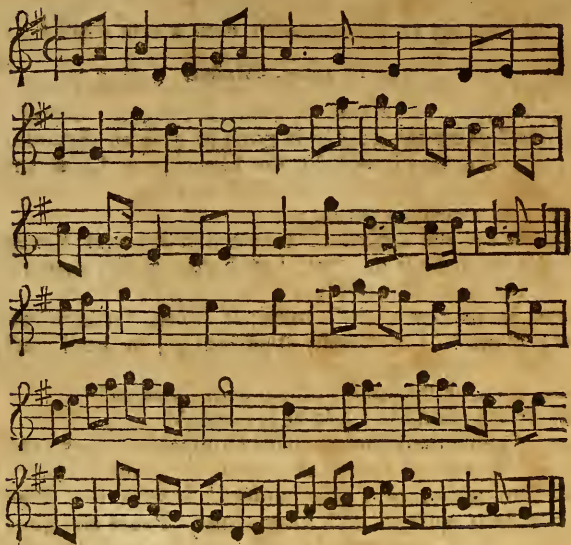
Don. You are a rare Patriot indeed! I wish the *Highlands* had never been without such Companies. Peace and good Order deserve the Government's Care, and we daily see the good Effects of it.

Dav. My Confinement here is a fine Effect indeed!

Jean. Sure, nothing unlucky can happen now to hinder our Happiness.

Alas. I hope not: a few Hours will bring it to pass; and then,
O then ——— [Kissing her,

AIR XXXVI. Bonniest Lads in all the World.



*Thou fairest of the fairest Kind,
Of ev'ry Charm possessed!
Thou perfect Person, purest Mind,
By blessing me, be blessed.*

*Jean. How long shall we thus burn to taste,
The Pleasures Love provideth,
The mutual Bliss, that all, embrac'd
In Hymen's Bands, abideth?*

Jean. I cannot speak the fulness of my Heart.

*Davy, Get between the Sheets, and talk it out there, 'till
you're tir'd — which may be sooner than you think of.*

To them, Donald.

*Don. Hell and Furies, Alaster, where is your Sister? what's
become of her?*

Alas. Ha! Can't you find her?

Davy. Elop'd, I suppose. Ha, ha, ha!

Alas. How easily you bear it!

Jean. Nanny, is only got into some agreeable Company.

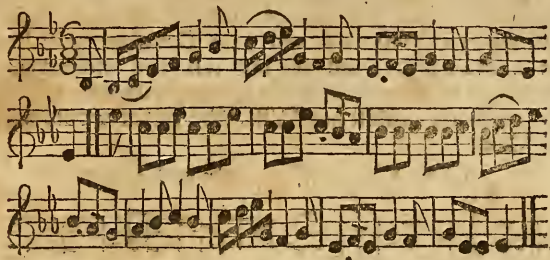
Don.

Don. No Body can give any Account of her; who wou'd have the Plague of She Children?

Dun. I never thought my Daughter a Plague: my Son gives me ten times more.

Davy. I'm the flower of the Flock — the tip top of the Family — quite another sort of Fellow than my Rival.

AIR XXXVII. Rock and a wi Pickle-Tow.



*Let him boast of Antiquity, Merit and Parts,
That make fair Bosoms go pit-a-pat,
Among the Dunces be famous for Arts,
And deem'd (as Times are) a Wit, and all that;
Yet Fate, soon or late,
His Foe shall appear,
And snatch from the Wretch
My Charmer so dear.*

*Then I, like a Chief, my Head high will bear,
And, among the brave Clans, strut, swagger, and swear.
To them Maggy.*

Mag. I wish you Joy, Neighbour Donald.

Don. Of what Widow!

Mag. Of more Relations. Your Daughter's married, Sir.

Don. How! married!

Mag. Ay, married to my Brother.

Don. D—n them both.

Davy. Ha, ha, ha!

Don. O, for an Earthquake.

Mag. Sir, let me tell you, *Kenneth* is as good a Man as your self: you cou'd not have dispos'd of your Daughter better.

Don. Now all is turn'd topsy turvy.

Alas. What shall we do?

Jean. This Chance sinks us deeper still.

Don. I shall go mad; — but who married them?

Mag. *Mango*, the Priest?

Alas. The Caterpillar of our Peace.

Don.

Don. How did *Kenneth* escape from Confinement?

Mag. By making the Serjeant drunk with *Aqua-vita*.

Davy. Ay, that wou'd do. I see more Mischief a coming.

Don. So, I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market indeed!
Oh!

Davy. Now, 'tis War again, red hot War.

Jean. What shall be our Fate?

Don. I'm ruin'd and undone. I'm beggar'd.

Mag. How! by my Brother? Sir, I tell you, he's of as good a Family as your self, and your Daughter will be happy in such a Husband. And let me tell you moreover, your Daughter did well to follow her Fancy. You wanted to compel her to marry against her Will. She rather would have died an old Maid.

AIR XXXVIII. *Jocky and Jenny,*



*What Maiden of Spirit, that wou'd be a Wife,
A Nunnery chooses to moop in for Life?*

Or,

*Or, rather than valued Virginity sell,
Hereafter, contented wou'd lead Apes in Hell?
Mistake not our Sex, Sir; we're wiser than so,
And What is What sooner or later must know.
From using our Talents, why shou'd we abstain,
Since bountiful Nature made nothing in vain?*

Davy. I like this gay Widow, faith. [Kissing her.

Mag. Do you, Sir? Then there's no Love lost between us.

Davy. Say you so? [The others talking apart.

Mag. You don't think I want a Taste. I know a proper Man when I see him, sure.

Davy. D'ye like my Person, Madam? [Strutting about.

Mag. Every Woman must like it. I never saw a finer Figure in my Life, — the very Likeness of my poor Jocky that's in his Grave.

Davy. Gad, I like her better than Nanny. But I fanfy she's a loose one. I'll try her. [Aside.] Madam, permit me to be better acquainted with these Lips. — [Kissing her.

Mag. Fy, before Folks!

Davy. I thought so: She wants me in private. [Aside. Company never spoils Civility, Maggy.

Mag. But it spoils Sport, Davy.

Davy. She's quick upon me. [Aside.] I wish I had you on a Hill-side.

Mag. You are Waggish, Sir. — He takes me for a Wanton. I must undeceive him, else my Plot may miscarry [Aside.

To them, Charles. [Davy and Maggy talking apart.

Char. All the Preliminaries being settled, 'tis now time to prepare for the meeting of the Chiefs.

Alas. New Mischief is happen'd; *Kenneth* and *Nanny* have stole a Wedding last Night.

Don. Without my Knowledge, and fore against my Will. — Which is a plain violation of the Treaty.

Char. I'm sorry for't. But how did they meet? How did *Kenneth* escape? Who married them?

Alas. He made your Serjeant drunk. I suppose my Sister had her share in the rest.

Char. My Serjeant shall be severely punish'd. But how shall we heal this Breach? An essential Article is broke.

Alas. If our Chiefs and Fathers wou'd consider my Marriage with *Jeany* as a sufficient Confirmation of the Union, as it joins our several Families in a near Relation and Alliance, all might still go well.

Davy. What is that you say, Sir? Wou'd you alter an Article in the Treaty? Or are you turn'd Sophister?

Don.

Don. Suppose it agreed, my Daughter, my House, remains unhappy still. —

Mag. Talk no more of your Unhappiness on account of your Relation to our Family by this Marriage, or I'll scratch your Eyes out.

Davy. At him, Widow. — She has a Spirit that I like. [*Aside.*

Char. I must own, that I can't blame the Parties, for doing what they did. Mutual Love compell'd them; and perhaps, old Friend, you consulted your own Interest more than your Daughter's Happiness, which shou'd chiefly have been regarded.

Davy. Ay, he's a covetous old Fellow.

Char. I never lov'd Matrimony it self: But, when 'tis made a Merchandise, it seems doubly detestable.

Don. You seem not to know the World, Sir, after all your Conversation in it. Learn by me to make Interest your first Principle.

Char. I wonder you are not richer.

Don. I live in a poor Place, and the Times are none of the best.

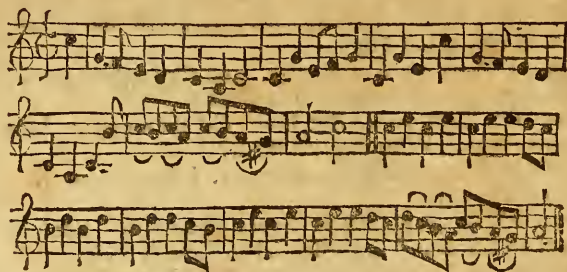
Char. You're only unsatisfied. —

Dav. And, because he can't be contented with his own, he covets his Neighbour's Goods.

Char. *Davy*, I enlarge you upon Promise of more orderly Behaviour. *Alas*, let you and I take proper Measures, on this occasion — I long to see the end of all this Pother, your Happiness and the common Tranquillity.

Alas. We are oblig'd to you, noble Captain. I'll contribute all I can to preserve the Peace, and unite the separate Interests. 'Tis our common Concern.

AIR XXXIX. Dainty *Davy*.



*As civil and domestic Foes,
Alarm'd, with mutual Zeal, have rose,
And join'd their Forces, to oppose
The bold Attacks of Strangers;*

Let

*Let us, like faithful Patriots, stand,
(When foreign Pow'r invades the Land)
United with true Heart and Hand,
To crush all common Dangers.*

Char. After the Pain, sweet will be the Pleasure. We shall then be at Leisure to pay respects to the Ladies.

Mag. I wish we cou'd see them. There's much Talk and little Wool, as the saying is.

Char. Do you challenge me, Widow?

Mag. I do.

Jean. For shame.

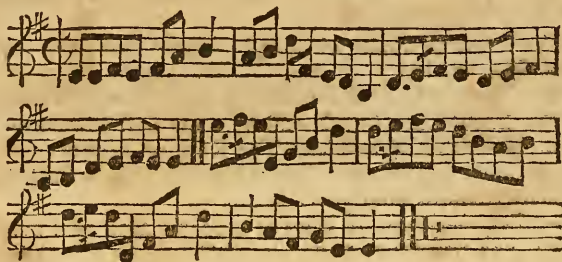
Mag. Hang Hypocrisy. I hate it as the Devil, and dull Delay.

Char. Let me kiss you for that. [*Kissing her.*] Her Breath smells as sweet, as a new made Hay-cock.

Jean. He will ruin her, to be sure.

Mag. I fear no ill, because I mean none. Captain, I defy you.

AIR XL. Wat ye wha I met ystreen.



Pr'ythee, Lover, come away :

Hardly I can longer stay.

Kissing but invites the Guest :

Enjoyment is the Lover's Feast.

What are Blossoms in their Prime,

Ripening not in Harvest Time ?

What do Men of Minstrels say,

Who tune their Pipes, and will not play ?

[The Captain whispers to her.]

Jean. O Impudence!

Davy. Rare Fun!

Don. Alaster, haste to your Chief, while I hunt for Nanny.

Alas. I go : my dear *Jeany*, a short adieu. [*Exit Alaster.*]

Don. And you Neighbour, *Duncan*, sympathize in my Affliction, which you are sensible I have not caus'd.

Don.

Dun. I'll do all I can to set matters right.

Davy. And I to confound them. An honourable Peace or none, I say. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II. *Another Tent guarded.*

Kenneth, Willy, Nanny.

Ken. Now, Serjeant, am I not a Man of Honour, for returning to you, merely to save your Bacon?

Willy. Heaven bless you, Sir. You made me bosky indeed, else I had not let you escape.

Nan. Tho' you can claim little Merit in the Service done my Friend, there's something to drink.

Willy. Thank you, Madam.

Ken. Does your Captain know of my Escape?

Willy. I can't tell. I have just open'd my Eyes, and scarce yet recover'd my Senses.

Ken. Was not you frighten'd out of them when you mis'd me?

Willy. I was in doubt whether I had not best hang my self.

Ken. Ha, ha, ha!

Ken. Come, let us have a little more of your *Aqua-vitæ*.

Willy. Excuse me, Sir. I must keep my self sober now.

Ken. Not drink *Aqua-vitæ*! The King of Liquors!

Willy. Since you are so honourable, I don't care if I take one Glass towards your good health.

Ken. Do, Serjeant. A Hare of the same Dog will cure you.

Willy. My Service to you, Sir. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis delicious! what a pity 'tis, that the Man's Name is lost who invented *Aqua-vitæ*?

Ken. A pity indeed! He had a great Genius!

Willy. And was a publick Blessing. Come, Sir, will you please to drink?

Ken. With all my Heart.

Willy. My Service again. [*Drinks.*] He had the Commonweal at Heart. [*Filling the Dish.*]

Ken. Here's to his immortal Memory. [*Drinks.*]

Willy. *Aqua-vitæ* has done Wonders. What made *Alexander the Great* conquer the World? *Aqua-vitæ*! What kept the Romans out of Scotland, after they had made England tributary? *Aqua-vitæ*! What made *William Wallace* a Patriot? *Aqua-vitæ*! To what was our Victory at *Bannockburn* owing, but to *Aqua-vitæ*? O, Sir! 'tis all in all!

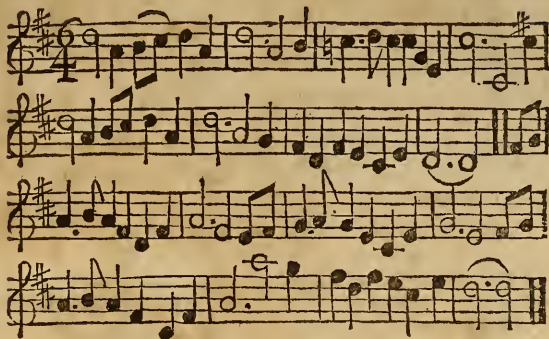
Nanny. T'other Glass of it, Serjeant.

Willy. Ay, my Service to you, young Lady. [*Drinks.*]

Nan. How he swallows!

A 1 R

AIR XLI. My Wife's a wanton Wi Thing.



*Mortals, devoted to Pleasure,
Relish it seldom at Leisure,
Neither confine it to Measure,
But Appetite, craving, attend.
How soon their Secrets are sounded!
How sure their Senses confounded!
How sore their Reason is wounded!
How sudden they hasten their End!*

*Willy. You are rare Company. I love Humour. If my
Captain shou'd come now. Damn him, I don't fear him.*

O'er the Hills and far away. [Singing.

Ken. Up with it. You have a fine Voice.

Nan. Ay, a Song, a Song.

Willy. First, let me wet the Whistle. [Drinks.

*Wou'd they had not been,
Or we had never seen
Such a parcel of Rogues in the Nation.*

Ken. Out with it. [Singing.

Willy. I'm hoarse.

Ken. Clear your Throat with t'other Draught. [Filling it.

Willy. Here's to the Land of Cakes. [Drinks.

Ken. With all my Heart.

Willy. Saw you not my Maggy?

Saw you not my Maggy?

Saw you not my Maggy?

Coming over the Lee?

[Singing and Staggering.

*I'm main drunk. [Falls down and asleep.
Ken.*

Ken. Let him take a Nap. — And now, my dear *Nanny*,
we are happy. *[Kissing her.]*

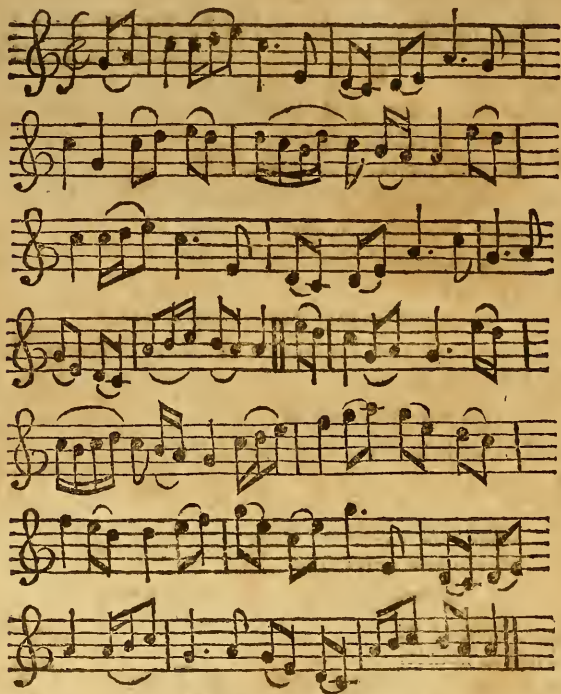
Nan. But a Storm is yet to come.

Ken. Let us face it bravely. Love is our Plea, and beneath his Banner we'll fight our Cause.

Nan. I dread nothing but my Father's Rage.

Ken. The Devil may do his worst. We can live, thank Heav'n, on the small Fortune I have. Happy in thee, I ask no more. Adversity and War can't unman me, if thou continuest constant and kind.

A I R XLII. I wish my Love were in a Mire.



*In these fair Violets of thy Veins,
The Verdure of the Spring remains;
Ripe Cherries on thy Lips display
The lustre of the Summer day;
If I for Autumn were to seek,
I'd view the Apples on thy Cheek;
There's nought cou'd give me Pain in thee,
But Winter in thy Heart to see.*

Nan.

Nan. Nothing shall ever make me repent what I have done, if my dear *Kenneth* prove always kind and true.

Ken. When I prove otherwise, may I be a Wretch. In thee is wrapt my Life and Happiness.

[*Embracing.*]

To them, Charles.

Char. So! Is he here? Then 'twas a false Report that he is married.——Sir, your Servant. I was told you had made your Escape.

Ken. 'Tis very true, Captain. But I thought my self oblig'd in Honour to return, on account of your Serjeant, whose Weakness I took advantage of; and, as I am your Prisoner as before, I beg you will forgive the poor Man.

Char. I can't deny your Request. Your Conduct claims my Praise and Services. What pretty Lady is this?

Ken. A near Relation of mine, Sir——my Wife.

Char. I wish you all Happiness. [*Salutes her.*] And if I can, you shall find it.

Nan. We are much oblig'd to you.

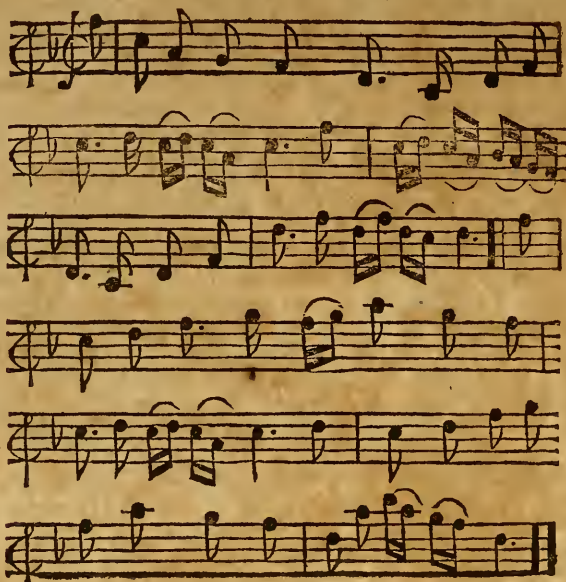
Char. I have a natural Propensity to favour Lovers, especially those of your Sex. As a Proof of it, I make you, Madam, a Present of your Husband's Liberty, and desire you'll make good use of it.

Ken. Sir, I thank you; and, in return, engage upon my Honour to do all in my power to preserve and cultivate Harmony among the *Clans*.

Char. You have given me a convincing Proof that your Honour may be depended on. Now hasten to your Father, and beg his Blessing.

Ken. Come then, my dear *Nanny*. Let us face his Anger.

AIR XLIII. Hap me in thy Petic coats.



He. *No more shall Buds on Branches spring,
Nor Violets paint the Grove,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
If I forsake my Love.*

She. *The Sun shall cease to spread his Light,
The Stars their Orbits leave,
And fair Creation sink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.*

[Ex. Kenneth, and Nanny.

Char. Now let me rouse this Sot.—Serjeant. [Stirring him.

Willy. What's the matter ?

Char. Rise, you Dog.

Willy. Dog! Who's a Dog ?

Char. A drunken Dog you are.

Willy. Who are you, Sir?

[Rising.

Char. Shall I make you know me?

[Offers to strike.

Willy. Hold your Hand, Sir, or I'll cut you to Pieces.

Char. Don't you know me yet, Rascal ?

Willy. I cry you Mercy, Captain.

Char. Where's your Prisoner ?

Willy. Ha! [Looking about.] He knock'd me down and escap'd.

Char. Knock'd you down with *Aqua-vitæ*. Was it not so ?

Willy

Willy. I confess, I took a little of the good Creature Comfort. Pray forgive me, I'll never do the like again.

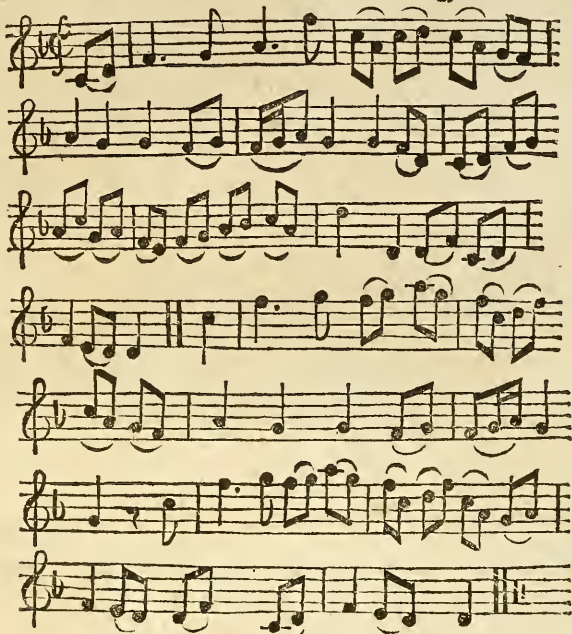
Char. If I shou'd forgive you now——

Willy. Drub me soundly, turn me off, make me no Ensign, after you have made me a Cuckold: do what you please with me, if ever I offend.

Char. You are forgiven. You owe your Pardon to your Prisoner, who is enlarg'd.

Willy. Bless your Honour. How shall I thank you?

AIR XLIV. The Lads of Livingstone.



Tho' Folks, in Country and in Town,
 Shou'd all agree
 To censure me,
 Why shou'd not I, for Favour shown,
 Consent to be,
 A Pimp to thee?
 The Lawyer, Statesman, and the Priest,
 (I've heard it said)
 Have tried the Trade,
 And, often bath it been confess'd,
 By means as bad,
 Their state they had.

To them, Maggy.

Mag. Is not my Brother here? He told me he wou'd return to his Prison.

Char. I have set him at Liberty, as I promis'd you I wou'd.

Willy. Captain. [*Whispers.*] I have pay'd the way. She's willing. I'll leave you together. Speed the Plough. *Ex.* Willy.

Mag. How shall I thank you for this Favour?

Char. You know how ——— by granting another.

Mag. Name it.

Char. I'm not for words, but action. Come, come, without Ceremony. You're no Novice, Widow.

Mag. Hands off, Sir. There must be two Words to that Bargain.

Char. What's the matter now?

Mag. I have procur'd my Brother's Liberty. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Cunning Gipsy. So you have no regard to your Promise.

Mag. Did I promise any thing?

Char. You invited, you challeng'd my Manhood. Here we are together. I'm ready to encounter.

Mag. You'll come off with Disgrace, I assure you.

[*Throwing him aside.*]

Char. I have but one Receipt for making Love. If I lose time, I lose opportunity. So have at you.

Mag. Sir, keep your distance. Yet upon honourable Terms.—

Char. Matrimony d'ye mean? I'm no marrying Man.

Mag. I know it. You are one of the fine Gentlemen, who make Love to all Women that come in their way, are constant in nought but Inconstancy, admire nothing but Beauty, honour nothing but Fortune, and ———

Char. Hold, Widow, I'm a downright Soldier, and know that Widows, like Castles, must be storm'd with Resolution. Valour and a vigorous Siege seldom fail of Success.

Mag. In antient Times indeed, there was no way to win a Lady, but by tilting, tourneying, riding thro' Forests, encountering wild Beasts and Monsters: But now the Mode is alter'd to Sighing, Singing, Powdering, Dressing, Sauntering, and the like. I must be won in the fashionable way.

Char. Then I must lose you; for I'm a veteran sort of a Lover, a Man, a Soldier. Examine me, Widow. Look at my Limbs.

Mag. I have no Objection against your Person: But I am for a Man that has Wit, as well as Valour, to recommend him.

Char. Wit is not to be felt, my Dear! 'Tis a bad Bed-fellow.

Mag.

Mag. 'Tis not because their Husbands are Wits, that Wives make so many Cuckolds. But in short, Sir, If you have any hopes of possessing me, you must deserve the Favour.

Char. How! which way? I'm all Impatience.

Mag. You know, *Davy* thinks himself a Wit. Suppose me married to him——

Char. Ha! then you'd make me welcome.

Mag. I'd not be ungrateful to my Benefactor. If you'll therefore assist my Project.——

Char. I'll do it. Then an End wou'd be put to our Negotiations, and my Labour crown'd with Reward. But why so scrupulous now? A Whet before Dinner wou'd not be amiss.

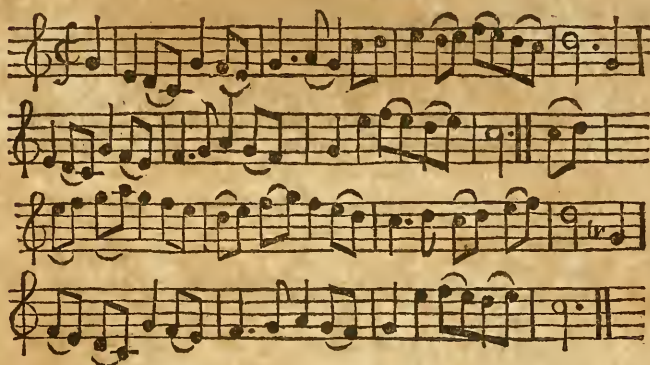
Mag. Fie, Sir, the Kirk wou'd make us mount the Stool of Repentance.

Char. So, 'tis more Fear than Virtue, that makes you shy.

Mag. Now you know my mind, make the best use of it you please.

Char. I'll execute what I have undertaken. You shall have *Davy*, for my own sake.

AIR XLV. *Polworth on the Green.*



*How fleeting are the Hours,
And how precarious Life?
How frail are Beauty's Flow'rs?
How rare a virtuous Wife?
By Time and true Experience taught,
In loving, I'll make haste.
Variety alone is fraught,
With Pleasures to my Taste.*

To them, Davy.

Davy. Have I found you together? Rare doings, I suppose!
But I'll not spoil Sport. [Going.

Char. Sir, I want to talk to you.

Mag. Sport! What do you take me to be? A bafe Woman!

Davy. By no means, Widow. And, to convince you of my good Opinion, I don't care tho' I strike up a Bargain with you.

Char. That's what is wanting to terminate all Differences.

Davy. I knew you cou'd not finish the Work without my Help. I thou'd have been our Chief's Plenipo.

Mag. Men are apt to speak a Language unknown to their Hearts. —

Davy. I'm in earnest. But say, Widow, shall it be a Bargain? Either you must be my Wife, or I must kill your Brother for stealing my Sweet-heart.

Mag. Rather then lose my Brother, I'd do any thing to oblige you. But I can't flatter my self that you love me.

Davy. I do, as much as is needful, and I'll marry you, out of spite to *Nanny*.

Mag. No matter why you do it, so 'tis done.

Davy. I'd steal you too.

Char. A good Thought! There's an unknown Pleasure in Matrimony, that's brought about by Force or Cunning — else why shou'd there be so many Rapes, and Run-away Marriages?

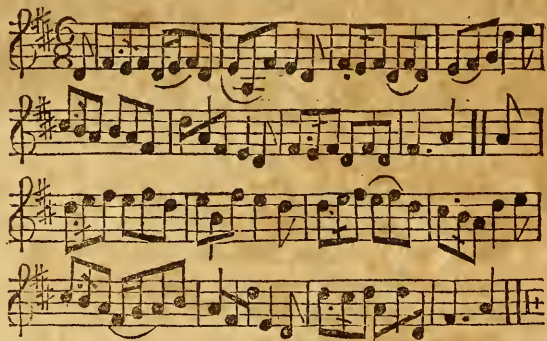
Davy. Pleasure, Sir! I seek Revenge.

Mag. But you'll think me too Coming, shou'd I comply.

Dav. I like Women best, that are most easy of Fruition.

Mag. Well, few Words are best to a Widow.

AIR XLVI. Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.



The Widow, experienc'd, knows What is What,
Can manage an House, and hold a Gbit-chat,
Is a Motherly Woman, discreet and all that,
You'll hardly find such another.

For

*For Sighing, and Sonnets, and Swearing won't do,
The gentle soft Arts, that Virgins subdue,
Have at her, and if she shon'd fly you, pursue,
She likes a vigorous Lover.* [Exit Maggy.]

Char. Follow her, *Davy*. She flies to be pursu'd.

Davy. She jokes. I don't know what to make of her.

Char. What can you make of any Woman?

Davy. She's a Riddle.

Char. I thought all Women were your Servants, and there was no difficulty too great for you to overcome. You look strangely!

Davy. I believe I'm in Love. This Woman's Turn of Humour charms me. D'ye think she's honest?

Char. As honest as a Woman thou'd be.

Davy. Come then, Captain. I'll put the last Hand to your Negotiations. I'll marry the Widow, and become good Friends with *Kenneth*. This is the *Ultimatum*. Be it your Business to get the Approbation of our Chiefs.

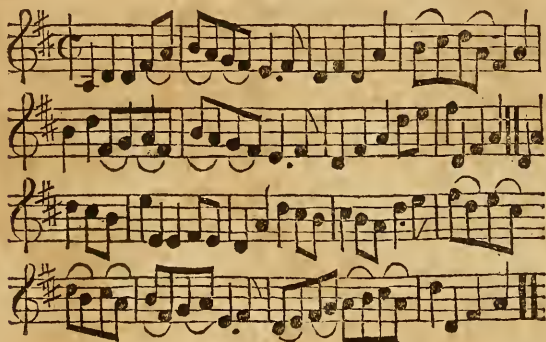
Char. That will not be wanting.

Davy. How it will nettle *Nanny*, to find I take her Elopement so well!

Char. Ay, there will be rare Game, when you meet.

Davy. The Thought of it ravishes my Heart. I'd marry, were it only for the sake of the Scene between us at Meeting.

AIR XLVII. *Bessy's Haggice.*



*When she finds her self mistaken,
And, in Course, alike forsaken;
Then she'll, late, alas! repenting,
Curse her Stars for first absenting.*

*How I'll triumph o'er the Ruin,
 Caus'd by Folly of her doing?
 With what more than usual Pleasure,
 Then possess my new got Treasure?*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Market.*

Donald, Duncan, Kenneth, Nanny, Jeany.

Don. I'll not forgive them.

Dun. Pray do, Neighbour. We may yet be Friends.

Ken. Love is our strongest Plea. Besides, your Anger is vain. You cannot undo what is done.

Nan. Dear Father, give us your Blessing.

Don. Never. I'll be revenged on you, and on the villainous Priest who coupled you. I suppose *Mungo* found his account in it, as well as the Serjeant who let you escape.

Dun. He, no doubt, readily consented, with a view to divide us more, and frustrate an Accommodation.

Don. I'll never more be his Spiritual Cully. I'll turn Heretic. Vicious Priests afford the best Arguments in the World against themselves, and their Opinions.

Dun. Gain is the Goddess they worship, whatever they pretend.

To them, Davy and Maggy.

Davy. I wish you Joy, my Dear. [Salutes her.]

Nan. Sir, I thank you—Who wou'd have thought it? [Aside.]

Davy. *Kenneth*, there's my Hand. Ha, ha, ha!

Ken. You oblige me, Sir.

Davy. How glad I am of your Marriage! You thought it wou'd nettle me. Ha, ha, ha!

Ken. I'm glad you take it so well.

Nan. I did not think you cou'd have forgiven us.

Davy. I never was so pleas'd in my Life. Did you ever imagine I lov'd thee, or that I wou'd have consented to marry thee in earnest?

Dun. Why did you stickle so much then, my Son, for the Letter of the Treaty?

Davy. For *Fun's* sake. I had a mind to baffle, or at least perplex the Measures of the Ministers employ'd in the Negotiation—merely because I had no Hand in it myself.

Dun. That was ill done.

Jean.

Jean. Now, then, 'tis to be hop'd, you will forward them.

Davy. Ay, I can no longer grumble, now I am out of Danger of being coupled with that Creature.

Nan. What does he mean?

Mag. Mean, Madam? He means very well — that you was not a Help meet for him, as I am.

Nan. As you are!

Ken. I wish he'd think you so.

Davy. I do. With your Leave, Father, I'll marry the Widow. She's to my Mind.

Dun. I'll never hinder my Children from doing what is honest. If you love her, you have my Consent and Blessing.

Jean. O happy Turn!

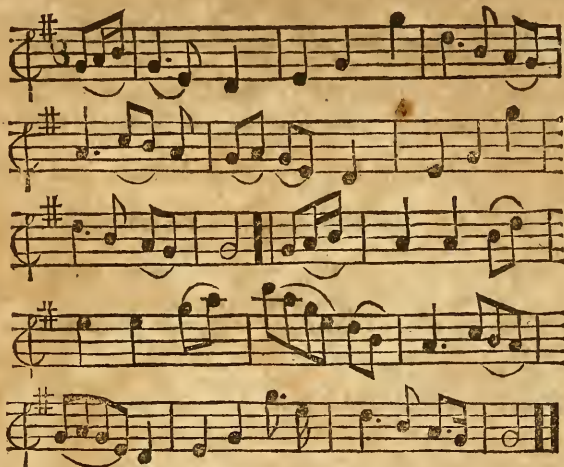
Don. We may yet be Friends indeed —

Ken. We are even necessitated to accommodate the grand Difference, in spite of private Resentment.

Dun. This Incident will bury the Strifes of Party in entire Oblivion.

Ken. And all of us will take pleasure in the common Complacency.

AIR XLVIII. Auld Rob Morrice.



All Faction and Fighting at length at an End,
Our Blood and our Int'rests together we'll blend,
With Pleasure and Quiet pass on to old Age,
And, gently decaying, leave Life's weary Stage.

Davy,

Davy. If *Nanny* had not serv'd me so, 'tis odds but I had play'd her a Trick. Ha, ha, ha!

Nan. Now all Parties are pleas'd.

Davy. What say you, Widow? Shall it be a Bargain? You'll find me a vigorous Fellow — true Steel.

Mag. Nor has Nature stinted me, as I know. If you make a Match, I promise, you'll soon be of the same mind.

Davy. I'll venture Faith.

Mag. The sooner the better.

To them, Charles and Alaster.

Char. I hope you are all Friends. The Chiefs are satisfied with our Proposals, and prepar'd to meet according to the Ceremonial.

Don. Beyond Expectation! *Davy* makes no more Obstacle and Opposition.

Davy. For the Widow's sake, I declare my self willing to accede to any Terms you please.

Alas. Then all is well indeed.

Char. The Widow, sure, is a Witch —

Mag. As you shall find in due Time, Captain.

Alas. Ay, she has brought about a Revolution.

Davy. When cou'd you have finish'd Matters, without me?

Char. Well, *Davy*, you shall have the Glory of the whole Negotiation.

Davy. It had not been such a blundering sort of Business, had I been employ'd. And Matters had long ere now been accommodated.

Char. The Chiefs must know your Abilities, and do you due Honour.

Alas. And now, my dear, *Jenny*, a Period comes to our Misfortunes.

Jean. Now indeed, my Fears and Doubts are dispell'd.

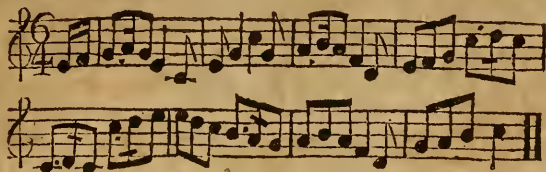
Ken. [To *Don.*] Can you now deny us your Blessing?

Don. You have it. I share the common Tranquillity and Happiness.

Nan. O happy Day!

Alas. Let Joys abound for ever.

AIR XLIX. How can I be sad on my Wedding-Day?



[All Sing.]

Bridegrooms. *How can we be sad on our Wedding-Day?*

Brides. *May every Hour, like the present, be gay!*

Bridegrooms. *Let Musick, and Dancing, and Laughing go round,*

Brides. *And Life with every Blessing be crown'd.*

Char. I am the only Person now unhappy, in this Company.

Davy. You may have a Harlot, Captain.

Dun. For Shame, my Son.

Davy. Shame, Sir? He's a Soldier, a man of Pleasure.

A Wife wou'd be too heavy Luggage for him to carry about with him.

Char. Right, *Davy*: Let those who are so scrupulous as not to whore without a License, commit Matrimony, in God's Name. Much Good may it do them. For my Part, when I have a good Appetite, and see good Meat before me, I never wait the Ceremony of a formal Grace.

Davy. A loose Chap!

Char. Perhaps when I can have no Variety of Dishes, I may be contented to feed upon one Piece of Meat.

To them, Willy.

Willy. Captain, our Men are rank'd according to Order at the Place appointed.

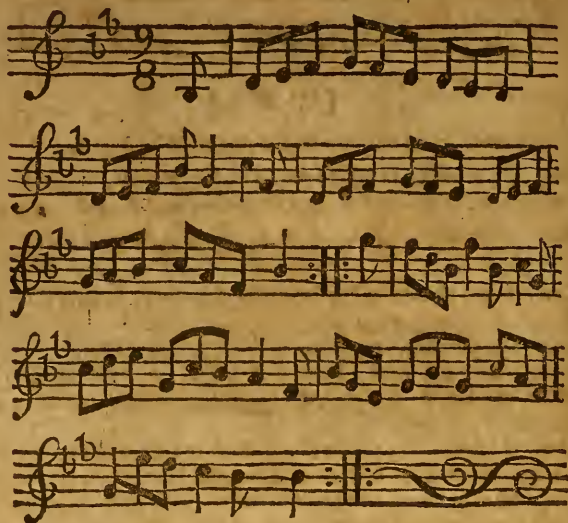
Char. Good. Then let us go severally to the Chiefs, and attend them at the Interview. [Exeunt all but Willy.]

Willy. What a Pother has been about this Peace? One Hour, both Parties are agreed; the next, by the Ears. Now, they insist on Punctilios; then are making mutual Concessions. If our Men had but a Barrel of good *Aqua-vitæ* to warm their Hearts, we wou'd soon make them accommodate Differences. The Balance of Pow'r lies in our Hands: And, if I were in the Captain's Place, I'd not trifle away Time in tedious Negotiation, but make a short Cut by Dint of Sword. Not but that
the

76 *The Highland Fair; Or,*

the Captain has a better Head than mine, when I'm sober; I only say, by the Help of generous *Aqua-vitæ*, I'd take other Measures, come what wou'd; tho' otherwise I'm as prudent and discreet as any Man, upon hazardous Occasions.

AIR L. *Winchester Wedding.*



*A Bottle of good Aqua-vitæ
Creates a Beggar a King,
To Cowards gives Courage to fight ye,
To Slaves, gay Humour to sing.
Then blest be the generous Liquor,
So friendly, to small, and to great;
And let us carouse it the quicker,
The nearer approaches our Fate.*

[Exit Will]

SCEN

M A R Y,

QUEEN OF SCOTS,

A

TRAGEDY.



M A R Y,
QUEEN OF SCOTS,

A
T R A G E D Y;

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

By the Honourable JOHN ST. JOHN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite BURLINGTON
House, PICCADILLY.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.



T O T H E

Honourable Mrs. BOUVERIE.

MADAM,

ALLOW me so far to trespass on that friendship, which has long been the honour and happiness of my life, as to entreat your permission to inscribe to you this Tragedy.—Your compliance with this request will be the more gratefully felt by me, from my knowledge of your disinclination to attract the public attention towards those many eminent qualities which you possess, and from a proper sense of the insignificance of my testimony to those merits which are known and acknowledged by the unanimous suffrage of the most brilliant society, and of the first characters in this country.—

DEDICATION.

Madam, as your acceptance of this dedication may, in some degree, imply your approbation of the performance, I cannot trust my pretensions to your favourable opinion solely to motives of friendship, however distinguished you are for that amiable quality; I have too high a respect for your taste and judgement, not to assert my *claim* and *title* to your indulgence on this occasion, which, in great measure, owes its origin to yourself; as I should neither have undertaken this attempt without your encouragement, or have offered it to the Theatre, where it has been honoured with so great an attendance, without your advice, in conjunction with that of many partial and indulgent friends.

M A D A M,

I have the honour to be,

With the highest esteem,

And most sincere regard,

Your very obedient friend,

And most humble servant,

JOHN ST. JOHN.

ERRATA.

- Page 25, line 20, for *gloom's*, read *gloom*
30, line 16, for *whether*, read *whither*
50, line 11, for *cla* read *claim*
55, line 10, leave out the word *Royal*
59, line 9, for *dure*, read *dare*

P R O L O G U E.

Written by WILLIAM FAWKENER, Esq.

And spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

OF modern, Tragic Bards how few are found
Who dare to trust themselves on open ground!
In Fiction's fortresses they love to lie,
To coin their flimsy tales, and vainly try
To move your passions by an idle shew
Of fancied sorrows, and ideal woe:
To *Greece*, to *France*, to *Italy* they roam,
To lead you as they please, when far from home.
Our AUTHOR moves not from his native land;
Here in this LITTLE ISLE he takes his stand;
Convinc'd, of tragic, as of comic store,
No other nation ever yielded more;
And FRIEND to FREEDOM, he disdains the rules
And narrow precepts of the *foreign schools*.
No labour'd stratagem these scenes present;
No sudden change, or unprepar'd event;
With chaster art he writes not to the eyes,
Nor wou'd he stoop to win you by surprise;
Yet hopes, with names familiar to your ears,
To raise your horror, or draw down your tears.
'Tis true ELIZABETH's victorious hand
From Spanish tyrants sav'd the threatn'd land;
Wife were her Counsellors, her Warriors brave,
But she was WOMAN still, and Passion's slave.
Fam'd as she was for policy and arms,
She vainly claim'd *pre-eminence of charms*;
See her with jealousy now frantic grown,
Dread MARY's *smiles* far more than PHILIP's *frown*:

Is

Is there amongst you, who, with stedfast eye,
Can MARY's sufferings view, nor heave one sigh?
From kinder skies, and from luxurious courts,
From tilts and tournaments, and feasts, and sports,
She came to govern (oh, too hard a part!)
A barbarous nation, and a tender heart;
And fell a victim in that fullen age,
To Factious fury, and fanatic rage.
Oh! had she liv'd in more enlighten'd times,
When graces were not sins, nor talents crimes,
Admiring nations had confess'd her worth;
And SCOTLAND shone the ATHENS of the NORTH.
Too long hath virtue blush'd at MARY's name,
And justice slumber'd o'er her injur'd fame:
Truth to the heart at length shall force its way,
And reason justify the passions' sway.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Duke of Norfolk,</i>	- - -	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Sir William Cecil,</i>	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Lord Herries,</i>	- - - -	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Davison,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Packer.
<i>Earl of Shrewsbury,</i>	- - -	Mr. Benson.
<i>Earl of Huntingdon,</i>	- -	Mr. Phillimore.
<i>Sir Amias Paulet,</i>	- - -	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Beton,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Williames.
<i>Nawe,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Alfred.
<i>Lieutenant of the Tower,</i>	- -	Mr. Lyons.
<i>Sheriff,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Chaplin.

W O M E N.

<i>Queen Mary,</i>	- - - -	Mrs. Siddons.
<i>Queen Elizabeth,</i>	- - -	Mrs. Ward.
<i>Lady Douglas,</i>	- - - -	Mrs. Farmer.
<i>Lady Scrope</i>	- - - - -	Miss Tidswell.

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

A
T R A G E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Gateway of Bolton Castle.

Enter Beton, who perceives Lord Herries arriving.

B E T O N.

SURE 'tis Lord Herries ! Oh, my noble friend !
How have we daily pray'd for your return !
Your royal mistress, from yon turrets height,
By hourly watch, hath strain'd her beauteous eyes,
Till gushing tears o'erwhelm'd her sight—But say,
What tidings bring you from the English Court ?

L O R D H E R R I E S.

Beton ! if faith, and zeal in a good cause,
Cou'd have secur'd success, it had been thine ;
Your claim of simple audience for a Queen
Was founded on a royal pledge. The ring
B Which

Which grac'd your embassy, was sent with vows
 To Mary from Elizabeth, that she wou'd aid
 Her royal sister's cause—But, oh, good Beton!
 It needs not our experience to foresee
 The gulph 'twixt vows, and their accomplishment.

BETON.

But the result?

LORD HERRIES.

Evasions and chicane;
 Base terms propos'd; then treacherous advice
 That Mary shou'd in policy submit
 To this strange trial; Heav'n forbid! until
 She's heard in person.

BETON.

Still deny her presence?
 Still urge these poor pretences! Grant our Queen
 Were liable to imputations—Grant
 Whate'er hate envy list—'twill but enforce
 Her claim to face th' accuser.

LORD HERRIES

I shall entreat
 Permission to revoke this rash appeal.

BETON.

Wou'd it were done! Our country is debas'd!
 While our annointed Queen submits her cause
 To foreign jurisdiction, and betrays
 At once her own and Scotland's dignity.

LORD HERRIES.

Thus shall I urge; you know her spirit well;
 Touch but that string, 'twill vibrate o'er her frame;
 She has a soul that wakes at honour's voice,
 Alive, with eager trembling at the sound,
 She flies to its embrace; let shame approach;

Straight she recoils, and shrinks within herself;
 No plant so sensitive, no shade so fleet.
 May Heav'n still guard her! which way is the
 Queen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Hall in Bolton Castle.*

Enter Lady Scrope, meeting Lady Douglas.

L A D Y S C R O P E.

How fares my royal guest this morn, sweet maid?
 You meet me on my accustom'd daily course
 To attend your Queen, and wait her high com-
 mands,

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

My gentle Lady Scrope, you are too kind;
 Such courteous words but ill besuit the state
 Of my poor fallen mistress—Rather say,
 Is she secure? Who guards the castle gates?
 Is ev'ry arrow-flit, and loop-hole watch'd?

L A D Y S C R O P E.

Tax me not, Douglas! with severity—

L A D Y S C R O P E.

'Tis but your duty, which you exercise
 With tender feeling, and more true respect,
 Than those at first deputed to receive her
 With all the forms and pomp of royal state.
 For, oh! what aggravating mockery!
 Bows, smiles, and court-like phrases never sooth
 The pangs of Princes in imprisonment.
 But your high mind wou'd scorn to pay base court
 By acts of rigour on the wretched.

4 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

LADY SCROPE.

Yes!

I know too well the dues of sovereignty :
While she is with me, under the Lord Scrope's
roof,

His wife, and Norfolk's sister, ne'er shall hear
A Queen's complaints with cold indifference.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh, nobly spoken ! worthy your great birth !
Oh ! how your sentiments and voice recall
Your brother's image ! would he now were here
For my poor mistress' sake—But see she comes.

Enter Mary.

LADY SCROPE.

May health and comfort to your Majesty
Return, with this propitious morn !

MARY.

Alas!

My noble hostess, your civility
Touches a grateful mind more pointedly ;
Is more affecting ; melts my spirits more
Than a less kind reception cou'd have done.
You owe not me this visit ; for I came
In strict obedience to your Queen's high will,
Under a promise from her royal self
That she wou'd meet me ere I shou'd arrive ;
But in her place, behold ! she sends her guards
To do me honour—Oh, my faithful maid !
You've seen me travel with a prouder suit ;
When all the gallant youth of France press'd on,
Led forward by the Princes of Lorraine,
Striving who foremost shou'd escort their Queen
From Paris to the sea—The gorgeous train
Sweeping

Sweeping along the plains of Picardy,
 Like some bright comet in its pathless course,
 Illumin'd all the country as it pass'd :
 But what avail these thoughts ? for other scenes
 I must behold—Yet, truly, this fair seat
 Might well besit a royal residence,
 And suits my fancy—but that I perceive
 Some features in it which awake my mind
 To strange misgivings—Wherefore, Lady Scrope,
 Do centinels surround the battlements ?

L A D Y S C R O P E.

Madam, be not alarm'd ; and rest assur'd
 All comforts, honours, free access of friends,
 And every privilege that can assuage
 Misfortune, shall be found within these walls.
 Seek then no rescue, nor attempt a flight.

M A R Y.

Flight ! said you, Lady Scrope ? I must not fly ?
 Then there's no farther doubt—Ah, 'tis too plain !
 I'm in confinement here ! a prisoner !
 Oh, horrid word !—Oh, monstrous perfidy !
 Oh, perjur'd, false Elizabeth ! Is this
 The faith of England ? these the plighted vows
 Of Queen to Queen ? the bond of sisterhood ?
 And sacred rights of hospitality ?
 If justice has not fled the earth and skies,
 Requite it Heav'n ! Oh, my kind keeper ! now
 No more my hostess ; you are merciful ;
 Your kind indulgence mitigates my lot ;
 Softens, and blunts the sharp edge of that hour,
 The painful but short hour, that goes between
 Th' imprisonment of Princes and their end :
 You did assure me I shou'd see my friends ;
 Your brother Norfolk is my dearest friend ;
 Shall I ? —————

Enter

6 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Enter Herries.

LADY SCROPE.

———Here's one to put me to the proof—
Heaven knows the issue; we'll retire and pray
For peace, and concord, amity and love.

[Exeunt Lady S. and Lady D.]

MARY.

Herries! my friend! companion of my flight!
Best counsellor who bade me shun this land,
What answer have you brought from this proud
Queen?

LORD HERRIES.

This is the purport: England's Queen declares,
That as a friend, and not a judge, she hears
This cause—Your restoration to atchieve,
If you renounce all title to her Crown,
During her life, and issue—Give up France;
Ally yourself with her; renounce the Mass.

MARY.

Heav'ns, what a height of insolence is this!
I see her aim; and now, no more, than this—
Will she in person hear her sister Queen?

LORD HERRIES.

She still declines to see you, till you're clear'd
Of this foul charge; which she herself abets,
Basely suborning forgeries; mean time,
Full of professions of sincerest love,
She waits impatient to embrace with joy
Her vindicated sister—But till then,
Most sanctimoniously abhors the sight
Of one, whose honour she herself betrays
By her false calumnies.

MARY.

MARY.

Perfidious wretch !

LORD HERRIES.

Know you that Murray, your base brother, dwells
At England's Court, consulted, closetted ;
While you, a Queen, her equal in all points,
Are in a vile durance—

MARY.

Grant me patience, Heaven !

LORD HERRIES.

Were he your equal, why this preference
To him who shou'd plead guilty, not accuse ?

MARY.

'Tis all mere mockery and artifice
To cheat the world, and gain its confidence
By semblance of fair justice.

LORD HERRIES.

Rather say

Plain, undisguis'd injustice : might I speak,
Your Majesty shou'd arrogate your right,
As a supreme and independent Queen.

MARY.

And yet my trusty guide ! Can I recede ;
Decline the enquiry ; scorn the public voice ;
Leave the licentious world to its own thoughts,
And my fair fame, a prey to wild conjecture ?

LORD HERRIES.

The world's more just than to expect a Queen,
To plead to vassals in a foreign land ;
Hold up her hand, and bend her knee to those
Whose proudest heart, at sight of her approach,
Shou'd prostrate fall, and humbly kiss the dust.

MARY.

8 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

MARY.

And yet what other clearance can I have ?
Shall I sit down under this heavy load ?
Shall conscious innocence reject the means
Of wiping off this stain ? No ! I'll resign
All, but the first of titles, a fair name

LORD HERRIES.

'Tis not yourself, but Scotland you betray ;
Rights of a Sovereign realm, transmitted thro'
A hundred Kings ; rights which yourself were born,
And which you've sworn to uphold.

MARY.

Truth will prevail ;
Herries ! you may return to England's Queen :
Tell her I here recall my late appeal,
As all beneath my name and dignity.
Tell her I came invited to this land
By her fair words, and sought a refuge here ;
That refuge is a prison—then repeat
My wish in person to submit my cause ;
(Wherein I shew her honour and respect
Exceeding all example) If, at last,
This woman, so forgetful of herself,
Deaf to the claims of blood and royalty,
Against a sister shall make fast the door,
Admitting her accuser : let her know,
The Queen of Scotland claims her liberty ;
Demands her birthright ; nor will e'er resign
That freedom Heav'n and nature gave to all.
If this just suit's denied ; defy her then ;
Challenge her worst : dare her to keep me here ;
Bid her unhinge, and set at naught the laws
Of nature and of nations ; let her pride
Exult in barbarous disregard of right,
And emulate th' unlettered Turk and Moor,

Till

Till in one common cause, and with one voice,
All Christendom shall rise to rescue me.

[*Exit Herries.*]

Enter Norfolk.

NORFOLK.

Pardon this bold intrusion of your slave,
Whose steps are guided by resistless charms,
And every sentiment that purest love
Breathes in the hearts of her true votaries.

MARY.

Are you then come, brave, generous man! My
joy,
Norfolk! at sight of thee, dispels my fears:
Yet were it known you sought my presence here—

NORFOLK.

Is it then treason to approach these walls?
Must I presume your guilt, who, thro' this veil,
See your bright innocence?

MARY.

Heav'n knows 'tis such;
But circumvented thus by perjuries,
By bold bad men, what can a woman hope,
A helpless, unbefriended exile?

NORFOLK.

Oh!

Can'st thou pronounce those words and look on me?

MARY.

No! thou didst guard me from th' impending
wrath
Of Murray, that inhuman enemy.
Oh, thou hast lavished unrequited aid

C

Most

Most Angel like—Now first I feel my loss :
 The fall of power ne'er wounds the breast so deep,
 As when, from hearts that swell with gratitude,
 It severs all the means of recompense.

N O R F O L K.

What do I hear ? No means of recompense ?
 Why what reward can Heav'n ? a beauteous
 Queen,

The paragon and envy of her sex,
 The wonder and delight of all mankind ;
 Sent from the skies to dazzle all below
 With rays too bright for mortal sight to bear.

M A R Y.

Terms such as these apply not to a wretch,
 A poor, unfortunate, degraded wretch,
 Doom'd to captivity.

N O R F O L K.

Captivity !

It cannot, must not, shall not be ; such acts
 Are not within the reach of envy's grasp.
 Cold-blooded tyrants may conceive such thoughts ;
 But, trust me, mankind is not yet so lost
 To honour, decency, and gen'rous love ;
 The manners of the age, the face of things,
 Wou'd not endure to see the pride of the age,
 And all the living beauty of the world,
 Led like a sacrifice to night and hell,
 And buried quick—nay, in the bloom of youth ;
 And such a bloom as blasts the blushing rose
 Of England's maids so fam'd—a form that mars
 All other claim to grace or dignity.

M A R Y.

You mock me, sure !—Alas, what wou'd these
 flights ?

A TRAGEDY.

11

NORFOLK.

Yourself, and this fair hand; here on this earth
I ask, in one rash prayer, all Heav'n can grant.
[*Kneeling.*]

MARY.

Let not despair, or confidence, take place;
Where fickle fortune reigns———

NORFOLK.

Oh, joyful words!
I am not to despair; hence, hence I date
All joys of life, and flat'ring hopes to come;
And dedicate all honour, service, love,
Henceforth, unto the mistress of my soul.

MARY.

Another mistress claims thy services,
A proud, inquisitive, revengeful Queen;
One full of envy; doom'd thro' life to feed
On gall, and spleen; nor taste love's generous
draught;
Watchful she is, and jealous in the extreme:
Beware how she's inform'd!

NORFOLK.

Why shou'd we fear?
Her ministers approve; proud Leicester's self,
Her favourite, will procure her full consent.

MARY.

Great minds are unsuspicious to their ruin;
Trust not to Leicester's words—Nor dream that she
Will loose these chains, and fasten hymen's bands,
For one she hates, fears, views with envious eyes.
Will she, so wise, join me to all your power?
It cannot be; prepare then for the worst;
And, if we fail, and I remain a slave,
Perhaps in faster chains, they shall but add

Fresh rivets to our love—This token keep !

[*Delivering a token.*]

If cloſer walls await me, this may ſerve
To inſtruct ſome faithful ſervant of your name,
And of my wiſh for your acceſs—Adieu !

NORFOLK.

Farewell, thou pattern of all excellence !

[*Exit Norfolk.*]

MARY *ſola.*

Now, Heav'ns ! as you regard our mortal cares,
If innocence claims mercy in your ſight,
Expand your guardian wings, and cover me
From this black ſtorm ! avert the dire approach
Of this too-subtil ſerpent's crooked pace
That glides to my deſtruction ! How have I
Deſerved her venom ? Is it that I am young ?
Born to one Crown, and married to another ?
Or that, in me, ſhe ſees with jaundic'd eyes
Her lineal ſucceſſor ? Aye ! there's the crime
Meaneſs cannot forgive—Poor narrow ſoul !
'That wanting courage to ſubmit to fate,
Seeks, like her father, to perpetuate
A mortal throne, and reign when ſhe's no more :
There's no diſtemper ſo incurable
As thirſt of power—Here then for life I'm fix'd,
Unleſs I work my way thro' walls of ſtone ;
Alas, theſe hands are weak ! But I'll find ſome
Shall tear up by the roots theſe thick-ribb'd towers ;
I'll from my dungeon ſcream, till to my cries
All Europe echoes—Norfolk ! thou ſhalt'ſt rouse
That inſuppreſſive ſpirit of this iſle,
Which hates injuſtice, ſuccours innocence,
Appals the tyrant, and protects the oppreſſ'd.

A C T II.

SCENE I. WHITEHALL.

Elizabeth seated on her Throne, attended by her Court and Guards.

Enter Cecil.

ELIZABETH.

CECIL, your haste tells me you bring advice
Of the result of this day's conference
On Mary's cause.—

CECIL.

My liege, the conference
By Norfolk, your own delegate, this hour
Is suddenly dissolved.—The partial Duke,
When Herries claim'd an audience for his Queen,
Dismiss'd the Court, and justified the claim.

ELIZABETH.

Mary will never be in want of friends
While Norfolk lives.—

CECIL.

And how long that may be,
I know not; but can never wish long life
To England's foes.—

ELIZABETH.

Of Norfolk say you that?

CECIL.

CECIL.

Not as a charge direct, of any crime
 Within the grasp of law : but when a Duke
 So highly honour'd by his Queen, shall plot
 In state affairs—

ELIZABETH.

What mean these hints ? Explain.

[Descending from her Throne.]

CECIL.

The Duke arrives from Bolton, the Lord Scropes,

ELIZABETH.

Indeed ! I own the visit was ill tim'd.

CECIL.

Or flow'd it purely from fraternal love ?

ELIZABETH.

Why, Cecil, you delight in dark surmise !
 Norfolk's an open undesigning man ;
 His friendships and dislikes are all avow'd.

CECIL.

Soft clay takes deep impression—Flexible
 To any shape, is moulded easily ;
 And facil, honest minds, when caught by love,
 Exchange their native qualities for those
 Which suit their new designs.—

ELIZABETH.

Speak you of love ?

CECIL.

Aye, mutual, in all its forms declar'd ;
 Close correspondence.—

ELIZABETH.

Oh, accursed news !
 Oh, all-seducing harlot !—Wanton wretch !

Can

Can none escape the fascinating looks
 Of this attracting basilisk? must she——
 Cecil! this instant issue my commands
 For closer custody; seek Shrewsbury;
 Tell him to take her from the Lady Scrope,
 Her Norfolk's sister, and from Bolton, straight
 Proceed to Tutbury's strong fortress: there
 Let her be guarded safe—begone—no stop—
 Cecil, be sure you do not trifle here.
 I would not have your wary character
 Blemish'd, by joining in the babbling cry
 Of every politic officious knave,
 Seeking reward for premature reports:—
 What proof have you of this?

C E C I L.

Ere long compleat;
 Till then, my faithful word; but let not haste
 Mar the discovery—Plots there are besides
 Of blacker die, not flowing from the Duke,
 But from the restless spirit of the church,
 Whose midnight conclave brooding in the dark,
 Devises stratagems and massacres
 For those who break her fetters.—

E L I Z A B E T H.

Now dispatch,
 Use all your zeal—forget not Shrewsbury.
 [Exit Cecil.
 [Sola.] The events begin to multiply, which tend
 All to my point—This close imprisonment
 Will now be sanctified in peoples eyes.
 I'll spread the fame of this conspiracy;
 But for the Duke's intrigue there needs no haste;
 As yet 'tis in the bud, and may lie hid
 Till farther light shall ripen and expand
 Its native colours.—Here he comes at length.

Enter

Enter Norfolk.

NORFOLK.

I fear I'm come full late; tho' not the last
In love and duty to my gracious Queen.

ELIZABETH.

My Lord, we know your fame for loyalty;
For honour, justice, generosity;
We think ourselves have not been wanting yet,
In owning and rewarding your deserts;
Nor can we doubt your faith and gratitude.

NORFOLK.

Forbid it Heaven that there should be just cause!

ELIZABETH.

Norfolk, you are our first commissioner.—

NORFOLK.

As such, I trust I've not disgrac'd my charge,
Or England's justice.—

ELIZABETH.

You are not accus'd;
Think not we wish for blind subserviency
In th' exercise of such a trust; but say
Frankly, what colour wears this wondrous cause?

NORFOLK.

On Mary's side fair as her beauteous front.—

ELIZABETH.

How! to my face? [*aside.*

My Lord, you never speak
But from the heart; such frankness pleases me,
And much becomes your family and name;
Which, in good truth, I wish were well secur'd
In the right line; your noble wife, my Lord,
Hath

Hath lately left us to lament her loss;
 You should repair it: who wou'd not be proud
 To boast of Norfolk's heart? Why not aspire
 To ask a royal hand?—The Queen of Scots
 Is not, I guess, displeasing in your sight.

NORFOLK.

Aspire to gain the Queen of Scots? shall I,
 So highly countenanced by your good grace,
 Court one in bondage, fallen, and accus'd?

ELIZABETH.

Is, then, a diadem so small a prize?

NORFOLK.

Pardon me, Madam, if I have no wish
 To wed a prisoner.—Gods, when I reflect
 On all the comforts I enjoy at home,
 How can I wish to seek a land of strife;
 And purchase, at the price of wealth and ease,
 A barren sceptre and a fruitless crown?

ELIZABETH.

Then England boasts a peer who scorns the match?

NORFOLK.

Such are the gifts of bounteous Providence,
 Such my condition in my native land,
 That when surrounded by the numerous throng
 Of my retainers, at my plenteous board,
 Or in the crouded field at country sports,
 I, your liege subject, sometimes rate myself
 As high as many princes.—

Enter Davison.

DAVISON.

Madam, I come
 From the Earl of Leicester, who, by illness seiz'd,
 D Despairs

18 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Despairs of life, yet frequently repeats
Your royal name, and seems as if he wish'd
T' impart some weighty matter.—

ELIZABETH.

Say I'll come. [*Exit Dav.*
[*Aside.*] So Leicester has some secret to divulge
Upon his death bed, tho' I trust to Heav'n
He doth not yet upon his death bed lie!—
[*Addressed to Norfolk.*] And on what pillow Nor-
folk lays his head,
Let him beware!— [*Exit Eliz.*

NORFOLK, *solus.*

What may this caution mean?
Beware what pillow! Ha! why more is meant:
I mark'd her cold, dry looks, her pregnant sneers;
All is not well—surely she has not heard—
She has, and I'm undone—all confidence,
All faith is rotten—Leicester is my friend;
But who knows what in sickness he'll confess?
Somehow I am betray'd: 'Tis Cecil sure;
The prying, penetrating Cecil; aye!
He at a glance views all this busy world,
And reads our very hearts. I'll to him straight.
[*Exit Norfolk.*

SCENE II. *Enter Cecil, meeting Lord
Herries in haste,*

CECIL.

Whither so fast, my Lord?

HERRIES.

No matter, Sir,
If far from regions whence all faith is flown,
All reverence to royal rights—

CECIL.

C E C I L.

How's this ?

H E R R I E S.

England's no more a civiliz'd estate :
 The savage Afric tyrant may expose
 His subject's liberty to public sale,
 Seize, bind, and sell the human race like beasts,
 Mow down their heads like thistles in the path ;
 He is untutor'd ; yet not more than you,
 Barbarian, reckless of all faith and law.

C E C I L.

What breach of law ? what wrongful judgement's
 this ?

H E R R I E S.

None : for you cannot, dare not judge our Queen.
 Why is she then detain'd ? Curse on this land
 ' And all its savage race, your cursed shores,
 ' Plac'd like a trap to intercept the course
 ' And passage of the sea, had well nigh caught
 ' My Mistress on her way : ' Henceforth what sail
 Will not, thro' rocks and sands, avoid your coast ?
 Soon as the mariner shall from afar
 Descry your hated cliffs, tho' spent with toil,
 Consum'd with sickness, and distress'd for food,
 He'll turn his leaky vessel, and escape
 The feat of treacherous Circe's cruel reign.
 Yet, ere I go, mark this, the hour's at hand
 When foreign vengeance shall dismay your isle,
 Scare all its coasts, and make its center shake
 At sight of such a buoyant armament,
 As never press'd the bosom of the main.
 Beware !

[Exit Herries.]

C E C I L, *solus.*

Aye ; and in spite of thee, proud Scot !

D 2

Let

Let Scotland, France, and Spain blow up the
storm,

I'll weather it, if no sinister wind,
No inland gulf, o'erfet me suddenly:
Mary's secure; and Norfolk's shallow brains
Are wrapt in dreams of vanity and love;
His plots I find have yet no farther scope.

[*Exit Cecil.*]

SCENE III. Elizabeth *entering her Chamber with the Lieutenant of the Tower.*

ELIZABETH.

Lieutenant, now you've had your orders, haste!

LIEUTENANT.

The Duke is still below—I'll guard him well.

[*Exit Lieut.*]

ELIZABETH, *sola.*

So! this design is riper than I thought:
Leicester informs me that the contract's sign'd.
The tower is now the fittest residence
For this intriguing Lord, who thinks to mix
The stateman's and the lover's part unseen.

Enter Cecil, throwing himself at Elizabeth's Feet.

CECIL.

Most gracious Queen! thus at your royal feet
I crave a boon. E'en as I enter'd now,
The Duke was seiz'd; oh, yet suspend your wrath!

ELIZABETH.

Can Cecil plead for Norfolk? Rise! and say,
What means this double aspect? this quick change?
This aguish heat and cold? Your steady mind,
Which

Which us'd to point the safest road, now veers,
Turns, like the shifting vane, at every blast.

C E C I L.

When have these eyes e'er view'd your enemies
But with an even, stedfast look of hate?

E L I Z A B E T H.

Why, Cecil! are not all the Catholics
United in this cause? th'ambassadors
Of France and Spain haunt me from morn to night
With their petitions for this captive Queen.

C E C I L.

Yet Norfolk's neither Catholic nor foe;
Vouchsafe to hear him!——

E L I Z A B E T H.

Since you are so prompt
In his defence;—who waits? [*Enter Attendant.*]
Call in the Duke. [*Exit Attendant.*]

C E C I L.

Had he designs against your government
I ne'er had sued for him; but he, poor dupe!
Intent on his vain-glorious enterprise,
Aim'd at no farther harm: and to be plain,
He is so popular, that 'tis not safe
To keep his person long in custody—
But here he comes.——

Enter Norfolk, throwing himself at Elizabeth's Feet.

N O R F O L K.

My Mistress! Oh, my Queen!
Here let me, prostrate on this ground, assert
My faith and loyalty!

E L I Z A -

ELIZABETH.

You may arise ;
 'Tis done already : honest Cecil prov'd
 Your plots were not design'd against ourselves.

NORFOLK.

Tho' justice is of right, yet he who feels
 Not thankful for't, betrays a narrow mind,
 Forgets the general pravity of man,
 Nor prizes virtues for their rarity.

ELIZABETH.

Norfolk, attend ! this caution now remains ;
 What falls from high should deep impression make ;
 Beware how you take part in Mary's cause !
 Remember this forgiveness, and engage,
 That henceforth you'll give over these attempts.

NORFOLK.

'This act of justice claims my solemn vow.

ELIZABETH.

Cecil, attend us—

[Exit Eliz.

CECIL.

Norfolk, this escape
 Should serve to warn you from this idle chase ;
 Now seek some other fair—take her to wife ;
 Fly not at game so high ; the falcon's safe
 Who for the lesser quarry scuds the plain,
 But if he's struck, tow'ring to chase the hern,
 He falls to rise no more—— [Exit Cecil.

NORFOLK, *solus*.

So ! this wise man
 Thus condescends to waste his thoughts on me !
 Advice is easier given than pursued.—
 It is no trifling task to quit at once
 All that makes life engaging, all I love !—

What

What have I promis'd? Heavens, I dread to think!
Yet it must be! for when did Norfolk e'er
Infringe his word? Nay, to his Queen, his kind
Indulgent Mistress—What! for mercy sue,
And break the fair conditions of the grant?
The very thought's a crime—Nature may change;
All creatures may their elements forsake;
The universe dissolve and burst its bonds;
Time may engender contrarities,
And bring forth miracles—but none like this,
That I should break my word—I'll to my love,
Lament our fate, and take my last farewell.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Before Tutbury Castle.*

Enter the Earl of Shrewsbury and Beton.

B E T O N.

I AM charg'd with royal thanks to Shrewsbury
For his humanity and gentleness.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Alas, good Beton ! 'tis a grievous task
Thus to confine a Queen—Humanity,
Where 'tis so due, claims less acknowledgment.
I am enjoyn'd to keep her close, because
The neighbourhood abounds with Catholics.
I was in search of Bagot, the High Sheriff,
With orders on that point—

B E T O N.

I learn from him
That the Earl of Huntingdon will soon arrive ;
I fear his surly, proud, imperious mind
Will bring no comfort to my Mistress here.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

You know he claims succession to the Crown
Before the Queen of Scots ; this strange conceit
May swell his native pride and violence
With envious malice—but I'll temper it
By all the indulgences and gentle means
Our rigid orders suffer—Now farewell,

SCENE II. Tutbury Castle, Mary's Chamber—Mary and Lady Douglas discovered.

M A R Y.

No, not another tear ! our fate's decreed ;
 Our lot is cast ; here in this sad abode,
 E'en here we may enjoy a dread repose—
 Better by far than the tumultuous throbb
 Of my poor aching heart, while yet it dreamt
 Of liberty and visionary crowns,
 Whene'er I slumber'd, mock'd my troubled fight.
 Here then, at last, in these dark, silent dens,
 We shall be proof against anxiety,
 And feverous expectation's agonies.

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

My royal Mistress, still there is hope, though this
 May seem the mansion of despair ; so cold,
 So comfortless, and fit for scenes of woe ;
 Such deep, low, winding vaults ; such towers aloft
 Impending o'er their base, like broken cliffs
 Whose shapeless, weather-beaten summits hang
 In rude excrescence, threat'ning instant fall :
 Perhaps, in each of them some wretch pent up,
 Lives here, suspended between heaven and earth—

M A R Y.

I like these dismal cells ; this awful gloom's
 Congenial to my soul—each yawning cave
 Looks like the entrance to the shades of death,
 And promises oblivion of this world.
 Rude as this castle is, here held his state
 Old John of Gaunt ; hither flock'd all the pride
 Of chivalry ; around the lists sat all
 The beauties of the Court ; each Knight in arms,
 Intent to catch a glance from some bright eye,
E
Exulting.

Exulting in her champion's victory :
 Our eyes are now to other uses doom'd ;
 To read and weep by turns—Alas, my dear !
 Your pretty eyes are far too young and bright
 To waste their lustre on these fights of woe.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Lose not a thought on me ! while I behold
 My royal Mistress' face, my heart's at rest :
 Not all the gayities and bravery
 Which once you say these walls were witnesses to,
 Have charms for me ; 'tis all I ask, to sit
 Long, wintry, sleepless nights, and cheer awhile
 The heavy hours that hang around your head.—

MARY.

Heavens ! how have I deserv'd such kindness ? No !
 This must not be ; you must depart, my girl ;
 Fly quickly, shun this seat of wretchedness ;
 For else, who knows but you may be involv'd
 In that sad fate which hourly threatens me ?
 Oh ! 'tis a sorry sight to see thee sit
 At meals with me, who never can ensure
 One morsel at our scanty board, from fear
 Of deadly poison : fly ere 'tis too late ;
 The prelude of imprisonment is short ;
 Soon, very soon, we must expect to hear
 Th' assassins wary step, fix'd on his point,
 Yet trembling still with horror and remorse,
 And faltering in the deed——Ah ! who comes
 here ?

Enter Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY.

Madam ! it grieves me that my presence here
 Shou'd give you such alarm ; I hoped, that if

In any point I varied from my trust,
'Twas not in cruelty—

M A R Y.

Oh, no, my Lord!
Far otherwise; 'twas somewhat else, indeed;
Perhaps an idle fear; at least while you
Continue in your charge—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

If I remain—

M A R Y.

Why there's no doubt, I hope?—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

None: but report
Now adds the name of Huntingdon—

M A R Y.

Alas!

Why is that monster sent? Are there no racks
Or torturing engines made to plague mankind?
No! I defy all art to find a tool
So fit for her ingenious cruelty;
The sharpest instruments which tyrants use
Can ne'er impart such pain, as the blunt edge
Of that unpolish'd fool's impertinence.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

I shall not fail to enforce all due respect.

M A R Y.

'Tis vain to preach civility to brutes.
These tidings quite oppress my sinking soul.
Now I've no comfort left; my Douglas! now
You and I shall no longer sit all day,
Consoling one another's miseries,
Telling old stories to beguile the time,

Of things that pass'd, when I was queen, and you
The brightest jewel in my Court.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Indeed

We have a kind of melancholy joy
Indulging in our grief.

SHREWSBURY.

For that, alas!

I bring fresh food——

MARY,

How so?

SHREWSBURY.

This hour I learn

A strange account of some conspiracy
Detected at Whitehall; wherein your name
Was join'd with Norfolk's, who, with other Lords,
Stands now committed to the Tower.

MARY.

Ha, me!

Merciful Heav'n! What say'st thou, Shrewsbury?
Is Norfolk in the Tower on my account?
Recall those words! Oh, they shot thro' my brain
Like light'ning! Say you do not believe them,
man!

Speak, prythee! Oh, you hesitate! I'm lost!
He's gone! I see the cruel lions
Has seiz'd the noble hart; he bleeds beneath
Her horrid fangs. [*Leaning on Lady Douglas.*]

LADY DOUGLAS.

Alas! her memory fails;
Excuse this transient weakness, Sir, in one
So cruelly oppress'd, and made the sport
Of cross and wayward fortune.

SHREWS-

SHREWSBURY.

Why this haste ?

Enter Nawe hastily.

NAWE.

This moment brings a messenger, who tells
 That Norfolk, Pembroke, Lumley, Arundel,
 Each to his several dungeon was confined
 For Norfolk's treason ; that, on farther proof,
 The Duke was clear'd ; who now, restored to grace,
 Lives in full splendour, fame, and liberty.

SHREWSBURY.

Look to the Queen ! She faints.

*[Here Mary having changed from horror to joy,
 faints and falls into Lady Douglas's arms.]*

LADY DOUGLAS.

Help ! help !

SHREWSBURY.

Who waits ?

Enter Mary's attendants.

Convey her softly : Thus, alas ! she's dead

[They carry her to a couch.]

LADY DOUGLAS.

My Mistress ! Oh my Mistress ! Oh my Queen !
 She breathes ! she breathes ! yet there is life, oh,
 Heav'ns !

SHREWSBURY.

Patience awhile !

LADY DOUGLAS.

Be silent all I pray !

Her

Her troubled spirit must not be disturb'd ;
 These shocks have stop'd the current of her blood ;
 And nature seeks a momentary pause :
 Excessive joy succeeding grief so quick
 Now o'erwhelms her mind ; but balmy sleep,
 With tears that make the drowning tide to ebb,
 Will ease the load that weighs upon her heart.

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Give her repose awhile, and watch her well.

*[Exeunt, leaving Mary asleep surrounded by
 Lady Douglas and her maids.]*

SCENE III. *Before Tutbury Castle.*

Enter Beton and Nawe.

N A W E.

I trust the Queen will soon regain her strength.

B E T O N.

No doubt if this were all ; but still I fear
 Farther vicissitudes—The crazy times
 Are big with strange events ; each teeming hour
 Is fruitful of new mischief—Who goes there ?

Enter Norfolk in disguise.

N O R F O L K.

One born to freedom, and not bound to tell—
 Whether he comes or goes———

N A W E.

What wou'd you here ?

B E T O N.

Let's take him to the Governor———

N O R-

NORFOLK.

Villains,

Stand off———

BETON.

No Villains serve the Queen of Scots ;
Learn that, base ruffian——

[*They draw their swords and seize Norfolk.*]

NORFOLK.

Hold, are you the Queen's ?
Serve your Queen Mary ? then a word with you :
Know you this signet ?

NAWE.

Ha ! the token sure !

BETON.

The very token ! 'tis the Duke !

NORFOLK.

My friends !

BETON.

No more ; this is a dangerous place ; retire
Below the drawbridge, to that sally-port,
Half choak'd with ruins ; there wait patiently,
Till we can execute the Queen's commands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Mary discovered on her Couch,
surrounded by Lady Douglas and her Maids.*

MARY.

Am I awake ? Methinks the clouds disperse ;
A watry gleam of light breaks thro' the mist ;
“ The tepid sunbeams play, and 'gin to shed
“ Their all-enlight'ning vivifying rays,”

“ To

To cheer the world, and dissipate its gloom ;
 All nature seems restored—" My gentle maids,
 " Have you been with me whilst I slept? No
 doubt ;

" For I have dreamt I was in Heav'n ; and you
 " Were surely the fair angels that I saw
 " Surrounding me in bliss"—Douglas ! I think
 The last word that I heard was liberty ;
 Norfolk is set at liberty ?

LADY DOUGLAS.

No doubt ;
 That was the purport of our joyful news.

MARY.

Then I'm alive again, my hopes and all ;
 Once more I'll dream of comfort, and indulge
 Each fond delusion ;—I shall see my love ;
 He'll soon be here ;—Norfolk won't tarry long.

Shrewsbury and Huntingdon entering.

SHREWSBURY.

Gently, my Lord ! perhaps the Queen's at rest.

HUNTINGDON.

We must use all dispatch.

SHREWSBURY.

Awhile ! My Lord !——
 Madam ! the Earl of Huntingdon, who is joined
 In trust with me——

[Presenting Lord Huntingdon to the Queen.]

MARY.

[Aside.] Alas ! are these my dreams
 Of joy and comfort ? My Lords, I still rely
 On your humanity and gentleness.

HUN-

HUNTINGDON.

Our first instruction is to hold her safe.

[Turning to Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY.

Aye, but in that beware how we transgress
The bounds of mercy ; mercy is the due
Of all who breathe on England's foil ; it grows
From the same root, and is entwined around
The sceptre of our Queen ; we are to her
Subjects and Servants.

MARY.

I am neither, Lords !
I am, like her, a Queen ; nor will consent
To take as mercy, what I claim as right,
Justice and liberty.

HUNTINGDON.

This is no time
For such high strains ; learn your condition here.

MARY.

Is this a language suited to your birth ?

HUNTINGDON.

High birth is ne'er disgrac'd by truth, I hope ;
And for my tongue, 'twere better fail in that,
Than use my hands to perpetrate such deeds
As Queens have sometimes done.

SHREWSBURY.

Oh ! shame ; such words,
If they were true——

HUNTINGDON.

Talk not of words ! I come
To execute my orders—First, 'tis said,

F

This

This castle, till of late, was us'd to hold
The county prisoners.

LADY DOUGLAS.

How ! wou'd you place a Queen—
A lady form'd in nature's fairest mould,
Rear'd like the tenderest plant, shaped by each
grace,
Each exquisite last touch of polish'd art,
Among a tribe of felons ?

SHREWSBURY.

What ! immur'd
With all the refuse of the human race,
The outcasts of the earth ?

HUNTINGDON.

My Lord ! I know
My duty ; sure you have forgot the charge.
Who are all these that make the prison shew
More like a royal court ?

[*Pointing at Mary's attendants.*]

MARY.

Mean, abject slave !

HUNTINGDON.

I here dismiss one half of this same train :
Begone ! [To the attendants.]

MARY.

No, stop ! inhuman wretch, forbear !
On me direct your vengeance—let not these
Poor helpless maids be driven from their home,
Tho' 'tis a poor disconsolate abode :
For still they wait with pleasure on their Queen,
Proud to participate in all her woes :

But

But these are sentiments thou can'st not feel.
Go, ask your mistress, whether such a train
Is all too proud to attend upon the Crowns
Of France and Scotland? ask what retinue
I shou'd have deem'd becoming her estate
With me, at Paris, or at Holyrood?

H U N T I N G D O N.

Those days are past—without more idle words,
There's one condition, and but one, by which
You may be nobly entertain'd, and have
All freedom and respect—Give up your Crown;
Confirm Earl Murray Regent; and reside
In England with your Son——

M A R Y.

No more! perform
The part that suits thee, jailor!—Thou lack'st wit
To tempt me to resign my native Crown;
To sacrifice at once myself, and son;
And, make the world believe I own her charge.
No! I prefer her dungeons—Death itself.

H U N T I N G D O N.

Then be it so! Attendants follow me;
Leave her to ruminate in solitude.

[Exit Shrewsbury and Huntingdon, with the attendants following reluctantly.]

M A R Y. *Sola.*

Give up my Crown; my son; support my foe,
My mortal, base, unnatural enemy.
'Tis a plain challenge to a Queen—Resign
All sense of honour, claims of birth, all thoughts
Of eminence in early youth imbib'd,
And grown habitual, to those whom chance
Has in derision deck'd with mortal crowns;
Or else prepare, and summon fortitude

' To brave the threats of power, the taunts, the
 ' scorn,
 ' The worst indignities that envy breeds ;
 ' That bitterest produce of the meanest plant
 ' That grows in mortal breasts — Perhaps still
 ' more ;'

Perhaps her iron hand may rend these limbs ;
 This cruel wretch, this Huntingdon, is sent
 To view my torments with unalter'd eyes ;
 To sit, preside, direct the torturer's knife,
 Glutting his greedy soul with scenes of blood,
 While dying shrieks are music to his ears.
 ' 'Tis hard for female spirits to bear up,
 ' And stand the fiery trial—Ah ! who's that ?'
 Spare me !

Enter Norfolk in disguise.

N O R F O L K.

Oh, fear me not, my life ! 'tis I ;
 'Tis Norfolk at your feet.

M A R Y.

Oh, Heavens ! once more
 Save my poor intellects ! Oh, Norfolk, oh !
 My guardian angel ! How shall I relate
 All that befel me since ? Yet rather say,
 How have you 'scap'd the jaws of that fell tygres ?
 How got you hither ?

N O R F O L K.

By the gift you gave ;
 Your token known, they straight conducted me,
 By secret ways, thro' these old walls, and thus
 These eyes at once are dazzled with a sight
 Dangerous to look on———

M A R Y.

M A R Y.

Danger is no more
When my brave Norfolk's come; we'll talk of
love,
Of future bliss, and paint gay scenes of joy,
Counting our happy days before their time.

N O R F O L K.

Alas! that's all, I fear, we e'er can hope.

M A R Y.

Let not your noble spirit, Norfolk, fail!

N O R F O L K.

Spirit will fail when reason cannot hope.

M A R Y.

Norfolk cannot despond in Mary's cause.

N O R F O L K.

Oh, think no more of such a worthless wretch;
A base, mean villain, traitor to my Queen.

M A R Y.

Is love for me such treason in her sight?

N O R F O L K.

My treason is not 'gainst my lawful Queen,
But against her, to whom I'm bound by ties
Dearer than dull cold duty——

M A R Y.

Mean you me?

Doubtless you made confession of your love;
Was that a treason against me? 'twas great,
Worthy yourself; magnanimous to scorn
Her utmost rage, and brave her dire revenge.

N O R -

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

How shall I wound her gen'rous, noble heart ?
 ' Her, whose pure mind, whose unsuspicious
 ' thoughts
 ' Dress up my sins in virtuous robes ; thereby
 ' But making them more hideous in my fight ;
 ' And me more hateful to myself.'—Oh, fool !
 That cou'd be brought to purchase this vile life,
 By quitting all that's dear to me on earth !

M A R Y.

What do I hear ? Oh, say not so, my love !
 You are not capable of such a thought.

NORFOLK.

Alas, I've pledg'd my word ; I've sworn to it.

M A R Y.

Extorted vows are void, mere idle breath.

NORFOLK.

Mine have not been so hitherto—an oath,
 A sacred oath——

M A R Y.

Had I no oath from you ?

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

Ah ! there's the dreadful maze, the double road,
 Where each path leads to ruin and disgrace.

M A R Y.

Oh, Norfolk, do not leave me ! do not forsake
 Your poor, forlorn, and faithful prisoner ;
 Already lost to all the world but thee ;
 My only comfort, refuge under Heav'n.
 Oh, 'twou'd belie the tenor of your life :
 What wou'd I not for thee ? Let all the Kings,
The

The rival Princes that have woo'd in vain,
 Here in my prison recommence their suit,
 Wou'd I not spurn them all for thee? Yet fly;
 I'm lost; but you are born to better fates.

NORFOLK, [*Aside.*]

Be firm, my soul! Oh, torture!

MARY.

Cruel man!

To cast me off because I'm here confin'd:
 What sent me hither but my love for thee?
 When last I saw you, then you were a man,
 Replete with courage, gentleness, and love.
 What have I done to change your nature thus?
 If I'm in fault, strike at this wretched heart;
 Let it not break! Or leave me to my fate,
 To chains and dungeons, insults and hard words;
 Let savage Huntington dismiss my train——

NORFOLK.

The horror of my crimes comes thick upon me.
 Cou'd I then leave thee thus, a prey to grief?
 The sport of ruffian tongues? Why did not Heav'n
 Blast with its lightning, and benumb these limbs,
 So slow in striving to break ope the gates
 Of this accursed cell? Oh, foul disgrace!
 Where shall I 'scape the pointing hand of shame?
 Here let me sue for pardon—All I ask,
 Is to devote my life to rescue thee;
 To stem the torrent, and oppose the flood,
 Defy the deluge of o'erwhelming fate,
 And snatch thee from the waves of misery.

MARY.

Are you then still my Norfolk? Do I dream?

NOR-

NORFOLK.

No, while there's life in this poor frame, and
while——

MARY.

Enough, my Norfolk ! I am the debtor now :
Your noble resolution doth restore
The genial current of my frozen blood ;
The blood of many hundred Kings doth rise
To chace despondency, and swell my soul
With thoughts of nobler deeds, and times to come.
Mary shall once more triumph in her turn.

NORFOLK.

Then farewell, beautiful and injur'd faint !
Good angels hover round this dark abode,
And guard you till the cries of honour's voice
Shake these old battlements, and rend this roof ;
Burst wide these bars, and once more charm the
world
With radiant light of matchless beauty's beams.
Adieu, my love !

MARY.

Remember me—Farewel !

A C T IV.

SCENE I. WHITEHALL.

Enter Elizabeth and Cecil.

ELIZABETH.

CECIL! what more? the Duke, you say, is secur'd.

CECIL.

Aye! beyond 'scape, my liege!—He's on his way;
Perhaps has reach'd the Tower.

ELIZABETH.

Sir, he may thank
Your intercession for that liberty
Which prov'd his bane.

CECIL.

Reproaches from my Queen,
So just, fall like the chastisement of Heav'n
On those it favours.

ELIZABETH.

Heav'n favours none
But those who see their errors, and repent.

CECIL.

If I repent me not the part I took,
May I be sharer in his punishment.

G

ELIZA-

ELIZABETH.

We know your faith ; 'twas error, we're convinc'd ;
 Let affiduity atone for it ;
 Probe this infernal plot.

CECIL.

'Tis done ! Behold
 This train of correspondence, 'twixt the Duke,
 The Pope, the Queen of Scots.

ELIZABETH.

The treason is clear :
 Cecil, my foes are numerous and strong.

CECIL.

Were they in number as the summer leaves,
 Their autumn doth approach ; they soon shall fall,
 Blasted, and driven by the wind.

ELIZABETH.

This day
 One falls at least ; this faithless Lord no more
 Shall dupe me with his promises ; let him
 Await his doom—' yet stay ! his birth and name—

' CECIL.

' Are but fresh motives for example sake.

' ELIZABETH.

' Then be it so

' CECIL.

' And her Ambassador,
 ' Who wou'd have forc'd the Tower, and seized
 yourself ?

' ELIZABETH.

' That must be nicely weigh'd ; for sovereignty,
 ' Aye,

' Aye, but the shadow of it, claims regard :
 ' Tis not for us to extinguish hastily
 ' That emanation from the royal light ;
 ' Altho' the source from whence it springs may
 seem
 ' Somewhat obscur'd and clouded

CECIL.

But if threats

' Produce confession, we may learn to guard
 ' 'Gainst farther harm.'

ELIZABETH.

Proceed. [Exit Cecil.

He needs no spur ;

Nay, he anticipates my inmost thoughts.

Th' ambitious Duke's dispos'd of ; such half-
 pac'd,

Soft, scrupulous fools, make poor conspirators.

Mary yet lives : but for the Ambassadors,

I shou'd have sent her cross the Tweed ere now,

To Murray's care : I wou'd it had been done.

When first she threw herself into my hands ;

It seem'd a consummation of success,

A period to my cares : but now this prize,

This precious prize, so unexpectedly

Entangled in my toils, proves a fierce snake

Which I can neither safely hold, or loose ;

While yet I have her in my grasp, she slips,

Twining her folds around my limbs—Alas !

I live in fear of my own prisoner,

And tremble on my Throne. [Exit Eliz.

SCENE II. *Enter Davison to Cecil.*

DAVISON.

The fatal order's sent ; e'en now the Duke

Prepares for death.

C E C I L.

Oh, Davison ! these times
Demand dispatch ; patience must have its bounds,
Or change its nature, and degenerate
To dangerous weakness.

D A V I S O N.

Yet the piteous fall
Of this beloved, generous Duke, will rend
The hearts of all his countrymen : the streets
Are throng'd with weeping multitudes ; and groans
Betray more deep-felt sorrow than the tongue
Dares, in these days, to utter.

C E C I L.

Such esteem,
And general sympathy, denote his sway
And empire o'er the affections of the land ;
And shou'd have served to other ends than strife,
For the romantic honour and renown
Of liberating helpless captive Queens. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Tower.*

Norfolk and the Lieutenant discovered.

N O R F O L K.

No, good Lieutenant ; I am at a point,
The very point, and summit of my path,
Up life's steep rough ascent ; and now must leap
The dreadful precipice.

L I E U T E N A N T.

Yet still, my Lord,
There's room for mercy ; and if fame speaks true,
Good

Good cause for it. 'Tis said your Grace did save
Her Majesty's own person from assault.

NORFOLK.

As I'm a Christian man, and doom'd to die,
'Tis true ; and never have I aught devis'd
Against her sacred self : but 'tis in vain
To sue for mercy ; nor is it my wish
To ask that mercy which I've once abus'd.
Cou'd I but, during this sad interval,
Cou'd I but send one——

[*Enter a servant delivering a paper to the Lieutenant.*]

Ha ! what's that I see ?

LIEUTENANT, [*Reading.*]

Alas !——

NORFOLK.

Enough ! I read it in your looks :
My hour is come——

LIEUTENANT.

My Lord, the guards attend.

Enter Sheriff and Guards.

NORFOLK.

I am content, thank Heav'n, to meet my fate ;
Not from indifference to life, or claim
To innocence ; far otherwise in both :
But knowing mercy's infinite extent,
I cast the world behind me—One farewell !
And then——

SHERIFF.

My Lord, in truth, we may not wait.

NOR-

NORFOLK.

I go—and, good Lieutenant, tell the Queen
 That he who lately stood in highest rank,
 (Now sunk below the meanest citizen)
 Tho' he's pronounc'd a traitor by his Peers,
 Whom yet he blames not, still appeals to Heav'n
 In his last moments, that there lives not one
 More true to his religion, country, Queen,
 Than dying Thomas Howard—Then implore
 Her kind compassion to my orphan babes.
 Say that my dying words were, "Peace be with her!"
 And as I am the first to fall by the axe,
 So may I be the last, in her blest reign!
 May she do justice, and protect th' oppress'd!
 So may her fame reach all posterity!
 And by her hand, do thou, oh, gracious Heav'n!
 Build up the walls of England!

SHERIFF.

Alas! My Lord!

Delay is at our peril, we beseech—

NORFOLK.

A little moment! I had something yet —
 But let it pass! here! here! it rests; while yet
 Life's current flows, while yet my nerves perform
 Their functions—Mary! I must think on thee!
 Bless thee with my last breath: may Heav'n afford
 That succour which this mortal arm in vain
 Attempted! may'st thou never feel such pangs
 As he who dies for thee! and now, e'en now,
 Flies with impatience from this hell to seek
 A refuge in the cold embrace of death. —
 Lead on! — Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. WHITEHALL.

Enter Elizabeth and Cecil.

ELIZABETH.

Cecil ! our last commands have been perform'd ?

CECIL.

Madam, they have.—

ELIZABETH.

And how behav'd the Duke ?

CECIL.

With manly, decent constancy ; and seem'd
 Most penitent in that he broke his word ;
 But still disclaiming fully all designs
 Against your crown and person ; at the last,
 His parting soul seem'd bent on his own fate
 Less than on Mary's——

ELIZABETH. [*Aside.*]

How ! how's this ! intent
 On her at last ? must her attractions reach
 E'en to the very brink of death ? alas !
 That each progressive circumstance of woe,
 Tends but to prove the power of her charms.

CECIL.

‘ Her minister, the Bishop, hath confess'd
 ‘ His share of guilt, and open'd all the plot
 ‘ ’Twixt him and Alva — Philip and the Pope.

ELIZABETH.

‘ Then bid him instantly depart my realm,
 ‘ If he beholds to-morrow's setting sun
 ‘ On English ground, his privilege is gone,
 ‘ He dies a traitor's death — and from his Queen,
 ‘ No

48 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

‘ No more ambaffadors I’ll entertain ;
‘ Or risk my life to grace my prifoner.

CECIL.

‘ The French King’s minifter, of late, is grown
‘ Importunate for fresh indulgences ;
‘ That ſhe may be allowed to take the air,
‘ With fit attire and decent retinue :
‘ All this is ask’d of grace ; not as a part
‘ Of Anjou’s marriage treaty.

ELIZABETH.

‘ If that ſerve
‘ T’ amuſe and hood-wink France, ſhe’ll think no
‘ more
‘ On Mary.’—Davifon ! what brings thee thus ?

Enter Davifon.

DAVISON.

Diſpatches from your Miniſter in France.

ELIZABETH.

Of weighty matter ?

DAVISON.

Heavier far, and worſe
Than mortal ears can bear ; Heav’n guard us all
From ſuch diſaſters as no tongue can tell !
A viſitation which the world, till now,
Ne’er ſaw or heard of.————

ELIZABETH.

Speak ! no more delay.

DAVISON.

Then hear the fate of all our friends in France,
Swept from the face of th’ earth, exterminate,
In one black night, at one infernal blow

Dealt

Dealt by the hand of Rome ; there scarcely lives
A protestant to tell the massacre.

ELIZABETH *and* CECIL.

The massacre !

DAVISON.

I said the word : the tale
Runs thus :—That signals from the Louvre top
Proclaim'd the time of slaughter ; Paris first,
And 'tis suppos'd, within an hour, that all
The cities of that kingdom stream'd with blood.
Nor age, nor sex was spar'd ; old men, nay babes,
Fast in their helpless mothers' arms, were pierc'd
With the same weapon ; sick men in their beds,
Brave warriors in their sleep, were butcher'd : one,
One only check'd their course—The first who fell,
Brave Coligni, whose very name appals
The bigot's heart—At sight of his grey locks,
So known where'er the thickest battle rag'd,
They stood aghast, till one more harden'd wretch,
With eyes averted, stabb'd him to the heart.

ELIZABETH.

Oh ! let me shed one tear for that great man !

DAVISON.

' Marshals of France, and Bishops led the band,
' Invoking Heav'n, yet calling out for blood ;
' And, oh ! eternal infamy, the King
' Look'd on, encourag'd, nay imbru'd his hands,
' His sacred hands, in his own subjects' blood :
' Pointing his carabine at those who fled
' Apart, like stricken deer—while he, in sport,
' At his balcony revell'd, 'midst a throng
' Of ladies, praising his dexterity,
' Taught, like himself, by his more cruel mother,
' From early youth, to jest at homicide.

H

ELIZA-

ELIZABETH.

‘ No more, the tale’s too dreadful, I’ll retire.’
 May Heav’n preserve my people from this curse !
 War, famine, pestilence, are trifles all
 Compar’d to this corruption of the mind,
 This degradation of humanity.
 I’ll to my closet ; let none dare approach ;
 No cares of state presume to interrupt
 My holy solitude.—— [Exit Elizabeth.

DAVISON.

The Queen’s retir’d
 Most opportunely, for I’ve that to tell,
 Which to no ear but thine——

CECIL.

What, Davison !
 Hast thou, that can the least attention claim,
 After thy dreadful tale ?

DAVISON.

That which demands
 All your dispatch, prudence, activity,
 The Queen’s in danger, and each hour lost
 Appears an age, ruffians there are——

CECIL.

How’s this ?
 Her life in danger ? say by whom ; and how ?

DAVISON.

‘ These ruffians came from Rheims, a seminary-
 ‘ Intoxicated with th’ omnipotence
 ‘ Of papal power, and Rome’s accurs’d decrees,
 ‘ Thinking that if they perish’d in th’ attempt,
 ‘ They gain’d a glorious crown of martyrdom.
 ‘ This motley crew, compos’d of soldiers, priests
 ‘ Of various orders, mad enthusiasts,
 ‘ So confident in their iniquity,
 ‘ Cast lots for weapons ; then in full career

‘ Of

‘ Of riot, ’midst their cups, for frolick sake,
 ‘ Were painted in one portrait, each with th’ arms
 ‘ That fell to him by lot’.—These villains all
 Are seiz’d.

CECIL.

‘ Can you no further trace the plot?
 ‘ Are you so slack a friend? till now I thought
 ‘ That if you gain’d the clue your zeal would soon
 ‘ Tread back the windings of the labyrinth,
 ‘ And from her dark recess drag forth to light
 ‘ This forcerefs.

DAVISON.

‘ Mistrust not yet that zeal;
 ‘ Behold this fruit of it.’—These lines I’ve gain’d
 [*Delivering Letters.*
 From Gifford, a corrupt, abandon’d priest,
 Who sold his fellow traitors—these are said
 To be the writing of Queen Mary’s hand;
 And whether true——

CECIL.

Enough! they strongly bear
 The semblance—now ’tis done—thanks, Davison!
 I’ll to the Queen, nor heed her prohibition.

[*Cecil knocks at the closet door, Elizabeth enters from thence.*]

ELIZABETH.

Who dares with sacrilegious steps approach
 And intervene betwixt his sovereign’s pray’rs,
 And Heav’n’s impending vengeance on our race?

CECIL.

’Twas not without just cause——

ELIZABETH.

No cause, I trust,
 Warrants plain disobedience of my word,
 My strict commands—Sir!——

CECIL.

Madam, these events
 Brook no delay.——

ELIZABETH.

Events ! why what events ?
Canst thou add flames to *Ætna's* raging fire ?
Imagination can no sequel find
Worthy the tale he told.

CECIL.

This hour Davison
Fears for your royal self.

ELIZABETH.

Speak, Davison !

DAVISON.

—— I trust
All will be well, for the conspirators
Are almost all secur'd.

ELIZABETH.

Conspirators !

DAVISON.

Aye, most inveterate, 'implacable !
' Hell never sent such fiends to curse mankind,
' Taught by religious zeal to emulate,
' Nay to contest the prize of parricide.

ELIZABETH.

' You say they are secur'd ?

CECIL.

' Know you their names ?

DAVISON.

' Their chief is Babington ; a youth whose zeal
' For Mary springs from a distemper'd brain,
' Inflam'd by love.'—And more 'tis fully prov'd
That Mary's in the league.

CECIL

CECIL.

—— An associate

In this conspiracy.

ELIZABETH.

Remove her straight
 From gentle Shrewsbury's care to Fotheringay.
 Let her no more be treated as a Queen.

[Exit Davison.]

Cecil, am I not just? why to what length
 Will she abuse my patience?

CECIL.

How many crimes
 Which now disgrace the annals of the world
 Owe their existence to false clemency,
 And weak procrastination? She must die;
 Or, you, a willing sacrifice, must yield
 Your life to save her.

ELIZABETH.

Mean you, that thro' fear,
 I shou'd assume her part, and basely turn
 Assassin?

CECIL.

Heaven forbid! are we then sunk
 Below the level of the pagan world?
 For they have justice; Justice is the right
 Of all beneath the sun; and shall not you,
 The source and fountain of it, be allow'd
 What you dispense to all? Are royal lives
 Worth less than those of subjects? or is she,
 This mighty captive, paramount to laws,
 Divine and human?

ELIZABETH.

Whither tends this theme?

CECIL.

CECIL.

To justice ; to the fair impartial course
Of justice——

ELIZABETH.

Cecil ! you forget yourself,
And her whom you address : Is this your zeal,
Your reverence for royalty ? What law
Can render her amenable to me ?

CECIL.

Nature has laws ; instinct, alike to all,
Promulgates them—‘ Assassination needs
‘ No human statutes to declare its guilt ;
‘ They are but feeble, artificial props,
‘ The patch work of society, which serve
‘ Only to swell the catalogue of crimes,
‘ By inefficient sanguinary means.’
Thank Heav’n no mortal is exempt from law
Who shall attempt the life of England’s Queen.

ELIZABETH.

Aye, in this island ; but the general voice
Of Europe wou’d cry shame !—Presumptuous
man !

No more—Let not your forwardness o’erstep
The bounds of our forbearance, nor abuse
Your sovereign’s ear with base suggestions ; cease !

Enter Davison

What fresh disaster now ? hate, fear, and death,
Revolt, and treason, mark thy ominous steps.

DAVISON.

No prince was ever more belov’d and fear’d ;
Your people in one bond associated
Join to defend your life, and, with one voice,
Call

Call for immediate justice on her head,
Whose life is incompatible with yours—

ELIZABETH.

For that alternative, if that were all,
Freely I'd pardon all her injuries :
But for my people's sake, it cannot be :
Heav'n has entrusted them, and their true faith,
To my defence.

DAVISON.

Our lives, religion, all !
Grant, oh ! grant justice !

ELIZABETH.

Have I not sworn to it,
When I succeeded to th' imperial Crown ?
You have our leave, our Royal warrant, Davison.
[Exit Davison.
[Aside.] Heav'ns, what have I pronounc'd ! I dare
not think !
Then I must act, and leave slow timorous thought ;
This is no time for scruples and remorse.
Cecil, 'tis done ! since nothing but her blood
Can satisfy your thirsty souls——

CECIL.

My liege,
Your grateful people will applaud the deed ;
Bless the defender of their faith.

ELIZABETH.

'Tis false ;
The universal world will curse the deed ;
All future ages execrate the name
Of her who brought anointed royalty
To such disgrace : yet there is time—who waits ?

Enter

Enter Servant.

Fly quickly ; call back Davison—Alas !

[*Exit Servant.*

Alas, poor Queen ! Cruel, perfidious man !
Your baneful counsel prompted me to this.

Enter Davison.

Oh, are you come ? — Davison ! I recal
The horrid sentence——

CECIL.

Such are now the thanks,
And ever were, of those who weakly strive
To save a Prince determin'd on his fall.
Madam ! since, inattentive to my prayers,
You thus devote yourself—let me retire
Unacceffary to your fate.

ELIZABETH.

Cecil !

I must not lose your service.

CECIL.

Why should I
Stay to endure that vengeance, which will fall
On all your Ministers, when Mary's plots
Rob England of her Queen ?

DAVISON.

Till that's atchiev'd,
She'll never rest ; her object is your Crown.
Has she renounced her claim ? No ; to this hour
She sometimes boasts her title to your Throne,
As confidently as she us'd in France,
When she, with her first husband's fleurs de lys,
Quarter'd the arms of England.

ELIZA-

ELIZABETH.

That, indeed——

That was an early pledge ; with her first milk
She drank the seeds of hate ; still, as she grew,
Th' inveterate poison spread ; and now she pours,
Full in my bosom, all the venomous store.

CECIL.

Oh, 'tis not mercy, it is cruelty
To spare her, when the safety of your realm
Hangs on her fate ; what if her voice shou'd pierce
The prison walls, and thro' the nation sound
A signal for a second massacre ?

ELIZABETH.

Ah, there is the word ! that word recalls my mind,
Chills all my blood, and drives its current back.
Heav'n doth exact a sacrifice to those
Who fell for our true faith : 'tis Heav'n's decree—
It is resolv'd—She dies—Fly, Davison !
Outstrip the winds, and with the winged speed
Of lightning, let the thunder-bolt of Heav'n
Strike her devoted head !—Away ! Away !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

Enter Lady Douglas and Beton.

LADY DOUGLAS.

BETON, alas! you prophecy too well;
Each moment brings some melancholy proof
Of your forboding spirit.—

BETON.

Cou'd I doubt
The consequence of such facility?
You know how oft and earnestly I urg'd
The danger of submission; but to plead,
A Queen, in her own person, thus to plead!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Had she not pleaded, this pre-judging Court,
As by confession, had pronounc'd her doom.
And yet, cou'd she suspect that such a list
Of all the great nobility, such names,
The warriors, heroes, patriots of the land,
Cou'd so disgracefully be led to join
In concert to her ruin?—

BETON.

Oh! too oft
Servile compliances are brought about
By joining numbers and great names, where none;
No single, worthy individual

Would

Would show his face, or lend his honest fame.
Know you what urg'd her to appear in court?

LADY DOUGLAS.

'Twas to defend her honour that she came,
In all the majesty of innocence;
Descending from a throne, she offer'd up
Her dignity, a willing sacrifice,
To her fair fame; impell'd by conscious pride,
That inward pride which purity of mind
Inspires, and prompts to dure corruption's art,
To face, upon unequal terms, the wiles
Of perjur'd treachery.—Oh! 'twas a sight
New to the world; so strange, that mortal eyes
Their credit lost; none who beheld, believed;
But, Beton, such a mockery as this
Can ne'er be realiz'd?—

BETON.

Oh, surely not;
'Tis but an artifice to justify
Past cruelties; and, what I fear the most,
Perhaps still closer custody—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Alas!
They dare not sure proceed to take her life?

BETON.

Oh, no! 'twou'd rouse all Europe; shake all
thrones;
Loosen the deepest-rooted monarchies:—
They dare not think of it—you see they're gone
For farther counsel to the Star Chamber.

LADY DOUGLAS.

'Tis time t'attend the Queen, Heav'n guard her
still!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Mary's Chamber, Fotheringay Castle.**Enter Lady Douglas to the Queen.*

MARY.

Douglas! come hither Douglas! sit by me;
 Thou art the constant solace of my woes.
 I am almost worn out with grief and care;
 And, as you sometimes hint, I plainly find
 My health is much impair'd—I had not strength
 Or spirits to do justice to my cause
 Before this Court.—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh, my royal Mistress!
 How cou'd you condescend to plead to them?

MARY.

Alas! too confident in innocence,
 I undervalued human treachery;
 Suffer'd my ears to catch the specious sound
 Of Hatton's soft persuasive eloquence;
 Who, faire and false as Belial, from his tongue
 Shed manna, which beguil'd my silly heart,
 ' Brought me to compromise my dignity,
 ' By condescensions, which the petulance
 ' Of rancorous Burleigh's bitter enmity,
 ' Had ne'er effected.'—Oh, accursed fraud!

LADY DOUGLAS.

Fraud! aye, and open force; did they not seize
 Your papers, burst your cabinet, and rob,
 Aye, basely pilfer all your little hoard,
 The remnant of your treasure, which you sav'd
 To pay your poor domestics, and for acts
 Of charity?—

MARY.

MARY.

But that, you know, of late
Has been prohibited; because 'twas found
One still remaining source of happiness.

LADY DOUGLAS.

Infernal, unexampled infamy!
Yes, my dear Mistress, 'twas a cruelty
More felt by you than by the poor themselves
Who lost your daily charity.—

MARY.

Douglas!

Forfaken as I am, I cou'd not think
That my own Secretary wou'd have turn'd
Against his Mistress; and, in that, where he,
Above all others, knew me innocent:
I never much esteem'd the man; but yet
I did not think the viper wou'd have bit
The hand that fed it.—' He first came to me
' From my poor uncle, the late Cardinal,
' My uncle was the prop of all my counsels;
' Alas! he's gone; and Charles, my brother, now
' No longer reigns in France—he too is lost!
' His end was wretched and unnatural.'—
And for my son, my only child, he reigns
In Scotland, patient of a mother's wrongs;
' I am forbid to hear from him.'—Alas!
Had he the heart or spirit of a man—

Enter Beton.

BETON.

Pardon the messenger of dismal news!

LADY DOUGLAS. [*Aside.*]

Oh, me, what now?—

BETON.

BETON.

And, oh, prepare to hear
The heaviest tidings—

MARY.

I've been long prepar'd.

BETON.

Your own misfortunes you have ever born
With fortitude, but other's sufferings—

MARY.

What others? speak! alas, I guess—

BETON.

Too well
I fear—

MARY.

The Duke?—

BETON.

His troubles are no more;
• He rests in peace, beyond the tyrant's sway,
• Where mortal envy cannot reach: alas!
Poor man! he fell a victim to his love;
His dying breath still bless'd you.—

MARY.

Oh, just Heavens!
• Since it has pleas'd you thus to visit him
• For my offences—let my prayers ascend
• In his behalf—yet stay; he's risen now,
• Whence he looks down with pity and contempt
• On worldly cares; views with serenity
• Her despicable malice.—Oh, mean wretch!
Why dar'd you not let fall your vengeance here?
He dies at last in my defence!—to save
This poor forlorn existence—Fie upon't!

Why

Why lingers yet my breath? — Out, out, for
shame!

Seek the wide air, and catch my Norfolk's soul.

SCENE III. *The Hall.*

Enter Beton, meeting Sir Amias Paulet.

BETON. [*Afide.*]

Paulet arrived! — What is your pleasure here?

SIR A. PAULET.

I am about to seek your Mistress, Sir. —

BETON.

The Queen is ill at ease, and needs repose.

SIR A. PAULET.

Sir, I have business to communicate —

BETON.

Concerning her? —

SIR A. PAULET.

Aye, very nearly too. —

BETON.

From Westminster? —

SIR A. PAULET.

From the Star Chamber, Sir;
No less than that her Secretaries both
Have now confess'd the plot, and sworn to it.

BETON.

Oh, perjur'd, venal slaves! They never dar'd
Confront her with these murderous lies — the sight
Of injur'd innocence had choak'd their speech.

SIR

SIR A. PAULET.

Say rather their repentance has produc'd
Full proof to justify the course of law.

BETON.

Who, but a judge determin'd to convict,
Wou'd credit those whose faith is forfeited
By plain, avow'd desertion of their trust?
'Twere a judicial murder—the worst crime
This sinful world has known: first, as the Judge
Is, for his purity and wisdom, plac'd
In high authority, and charg'd to guard
Fair innocence; then, as the sufferer
By such injustice, feels disgrace and shame
Added to all the bitterness of death.

SIR A. PAULET.

Is she, who claims protection, above law?

BETON.

Call you imprisonment protection? Oh!
Mere subterfuges, worthy of your Queen;
This last exploit of bribing evidence
Was an achievement suiting her great power,
Her riches, her wise Ministers—Oh, shame!

SIR A. PAULET.

Is this the language, Sir, of Mary Stuart,
Late Queen of Scotland? she shall answer for it;
I must proceed to her.—

BETON.

Mean, servile wretch!

Paulet! if you're a man, some future day
You'll not refuse atonement for these words.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Queen's Chamber.*

*Queen Mary, Lady Douglas, Two Maids, and
Sir Amias Paulet.*

M A R Y.

Are these your orders, Sir, before my face
To take my canopy?—

S I R A. P A U L E T.

No doubt they are.

M A R Y.

And you're instructed thus t' insult a Queen?

S I R A. P A U L E T.

I am instructed to consider you
As one attempting to destroy a Queen.

M A R Y.

'Tis false, by all that's sacred! Heav'n well knows
I wou'd not touch the meanest life on earth,
Much less the Queen's, for all that she enjoys,
All her great empire—No; on my royal word.—

S I R A. P A U L E T.

Henceforth, no more let convicts idly dream
Of forfeit titles—Farewell, Mary Stuart!

M A R Y.

Thinks she that such indignities degrade
My native titles? tell her she doth fix
Eternal shame, contempt, and ridicule
On her own name, by these low practices;
And say, tho' she may rob me of my life,
Mary will die the lawful Queen of Scots.

[Exit Sir A. Paulet.

K

L A D Y

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Oh, my dear Mistress! heed not such base men,
They are beneath your care.—

M A R Y.

They harass me;
My spirits are worn out; I'll lay me down;
[*Mary reclines on her Sofa.*
Methinks soft music wou'd compose my nerves:
'I once had music at command,'—but, oh!
The lute's unstrung that smooth'd the brow of
care;
Cold is the tongue that charm'd with living fire.

' L A D Y D O U G L A S.

'Allow your faithful maid to try her voice.
[*Here Queen Mary's Lamentations should be
sung by Lady Douglas or one of the Maids.*

' M A R Y.

'These plaintive strains bring quiet to mind,
'Balm to my troubled soul; they sooth my
'woes,
'Recall old times, and tell me what I was.
'Douglas! while yet I was in infancy,
'The cruel father of this cruel Queen
'Ask'd me in marriage, from my native land,
'For his own son; and failing in his suit,
'Wag'd war with Scotland: afterwards, you
'know,
'It was my fate to mount the throne of France,
'As consort of young Francis; on whose death,
'(Oh, ever lamentable, fatal loss!)
'I stay'd in France till, by the jealousy
'And cruel arts of Catherine, I was driven
'To seek my own hereditary crown.'—

Doest

Doest thou remember how reluctantly
I left the gay and sprightly Court of France?

LADY DOUGLAS.

Aye, as 'twere yesterday—I see you still,
Fix'd like a statue at the vessel's stern,
With eyes intent upon the Gallic shore,
Watching each lessening object, till the coast,
The wide-extended coast, and distant spires
Of Calais, glittering in the evening skies,
Alone remain'd in view; darkness came on,
And tears incessant; till the morning calm
Gave one faint glimpse of the departing scene:
Oh, then you beat your breast and wav'd your
hand,
While intermingled tears and sobs, half choak'd
Your ill-articulated, last adieu.

MARY.

Oh, what a change for a young Queen of France!
From all the pleasures of that splendid Court,
To the morose, sour aspect, the dull cant,
And furious zeal, of Scotland's puritans!

LADY DOUGLAS.

What barbarous, fanatic insolence!

MARY.

Oh, I was destin'd in my native land
To heavier ills; to Darnley's cruelty;
Murray's ambition; Morton's treachery;
My subjects' mean desertion of their Queen;
Their base revolt; and baser calumnies.

LADY DOUGLAS.

The time shall come when the impartial world
Shall nobly vindicate your injur'd fame.

M A R Y.

Long since, dear Douglas, I've resign'd this world,
 With all its vanities, and fix'd my heart
 On Heav'n alone—Ah, me! who's this?—

Enter Davison.

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Who art thou?

D A V I S O N.

One whose approach forbodes a blacker storm
 Than e'er struck terror in the human breast.

M A R Y.

Know you this man?—

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

No; but I fear he brings
 Fresh insults and new rigours.—

M A R Y.

Whence come you

D A V I S O N.

From the Queen's self; who most reluctantly,
 Nor without many bitter sighs and tears—

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Tears of a crocodile.—

D A V I S O N.

I say, with tears
 The Queen dispatch'd me, to announce the fate,
 The fate contain'd within this warrant.—

[Delivering a Warrant.]

M A R Y.

Ha! *[reading the Warrant.]*

Enter Beton. — A Drum is heard beating a slow March.

B E T O N.

Oh, mercy! Heavens! alas, my Queen! I fear
Some dreadful fate; the Earls of Shrewsbury
And Huntingdon, attended by the guards,
Are at the castle gate.—

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Ah, here they come!
Th' array of death! Ah! is it come to this?

*Enter Shrewsbury and Huntingdon, with Guards,
Executioner, &c.*

S H R E W S B U R Y.

The painful office which I now perform—

M A R Y.

I know your business.—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

Ah! know you, alas!
With what dispatch we're order'd to proceed?

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

Oh, murder! murder! cruel murderers, stay!

M A R Y.

Patience, my child! I did not think, I own,
My sister Queen wou'd have proceeded thus;
But if my body cannot sustain one blow,
My soul deserves not those eternal joys
In Heav'n my holy faith has promis'd me.

H U N T I N G D O N.

'Tis your accursed faith that seals your doom;
While

While you're on earth, there is no surety
For our true faith—

M A R Y.

What do I hear? good Heav'n!
Say you that I'm to suffer for my faith?
Oh, happy and glad tidings! glorious news!
' Repeat that word, thou messenger of joy!
' Angels descending from their blest abodes,
' Cou'd not have hail'd me with more welcome
 ' sounds.—
' Then it hath pleas'd the gracious Heav'ns at last
' To hear my prayers, and recompense my woes.'
Now, in one blessed moment, all my pain,
All my long sufferings are exchanged for bliss.
These ears have heard me thus proclaim'd a saint;
And Mary's, aye, poor Mary's weeping eyes
Have liv'd to see her crown of martyrdom.—
I'll make short preparation; and mean while,
Let all my servants be in readiness;
And bid my confessor to follow me.

L A D Y D O U G L A S.

We will obey—

[*Exit Lady Douglas, with the Maids.*]

H U N T I N G D O N.

This may not be allow'd;
We came not here to see our holy faith
Mock'd by the tricks and superstitious forms
Of Papal ceremony—Your confessor
Must not approach—

M A R Y.

Sir, I was born to reign;
I am your Mistress' kinswoman; like her,
Descended from King Henry—Dowager

Of

Of France, and Scotland's lawful Queen; as such,
I pray you, treat me ——

[Exit Mary to her Oratory.]

B E T O N.

Inhuman tyranny,
That wou'd extend its barbarous cruelties
Beyond the grave!—

S H R E W S B U R Y.

We may not violate
Our strict commands—

B E T O N.

Heav'n will remember them :
You are, then, order'd to refuse a Queen,
In the last moments of her life, those rites,
That consolation, which is always given
To the most harden'd, graceless criminals,
That e'er insulted justice, or brought shame
On human nature?—

H U N T I N G D O N.

Nay, urge not that; for, lo!
A pious prelate now attends without
To offer his assistance—I'll propose—

[Huntingdon offers to go towards the Oratory.]

B E T O N.

If you're not lost to all humanity,
Disturb not her last meditations thus.

[Stopping Huntingdon.]

*Enter Lady Douglas with four Maids, a Physician,
and an Almoner—Beton places himself with them.*

H U N T I N G D O N.

Why are you all assembled here?—

L A D Y

LADY DOUGLAS.

You see

The sad remains of her poor family.

HUNTINGDON.

You are, at best, but useless, idle shew;
 Perhaps employ'd for superstitious use;
 Retire!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

You cannot mean to hinder us
 From this last, wretched office?—

HUNTINGDON.

Nay, begone!

BETON.

Infernal savage!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Yet have mercy, Lords!

Oh! you are far more gentle, Shrewsbury!
 Drive not her few, poor, faithful maids from her;
 Let them receive her blessing, and behold
 Their dying Mistress' looks, and close her eyes.
 In pity, nay, in decency, comply;
 Is't fit the person of a royal Queen
 Shou'd lie a mangled and unheeded corse,
 Without her maids to shroud those precious limbs,
 Which kneeling Princesses were proud to adorn?

SHREWSBURY.

'Tis not in nature to resist the claim.

*Enter Mary from her Oratory, dressed gorgeously,
 with a Cross and Beads.*

MARY.

This world to me is as a thing that's past;

A bur-

A burden shaken off—The retrospect
Exhibits nothing but a wearisome
And tedious pilgrimage—What is to come
Opens a scene of glory to my eyes :
Therefore with joy I hasten to begin
This course of triumph —— Oh ! my faithful
friends !

Ye all—all of you, my poor followers,
Have sacrific'd your days to share my woes.
Now let me ask forgiveness for the past;
Pardon my many negligences!—

LADY DOUGLAS.

Oh!

Thus, on our knees, we crave your blessing all.

MARY.

Yes, I will bless you with my latest breath;
'Tis all I have to give; except, perchance,
Some trifles, which I here bequeath among you.
[*Delivering her Will.*]

Beton, accept this ring—take that—And thou!

[Giving a Ring to Beton, and her Physician,
and her Almoner.

These tokens may remind you of my love.—
Come hither, all my maids! [*The Maids rise and approach.*] Farewel, sweet friends.

[Mary kisses each of them.

We soon shall meet.—Come, Douglas! let me
bind

Thine arm with this my bracelet ; that so oft
As you behold it, you may think on me.

[*Clasping her in her Arms.*

‘ Now let me hold thee thus—Nay, do not weep
‘ That I’m translated from this scene of care

L

‘ To

- ‘ To endless joy—Once more farewell!—lead on!
 [Mary makes a Sign for the Procession to go on,
 and is proceeding, when Melvin, an old
 Man with grey Locks, throws himself at her
 Feet, in Tears.

‘ M E L V I N.

- ‘ Oh, mercy! mercy, Heaven! alas, my Queen!
 ‘ That I shou’d live to such an age for this,
 ‘ To see this sight, and carry back this tale ”

M A R Y.

- ‘ Melvin! my faithful servant, Melvin, heré!
 ‘ In my last moments—They have kept thee long
 ‘ Out of thy Mistress’ sight—thou comest in time
 ‘ For her poor blessing—Good old man, return;
 ‘ Commend me to my son—tell him I’ve done
 ‘ No prejudice to Scotland’s crown—tell him
 ‘ My latest words were those of Scotland’s Queen.”

[Melvin tries to speak, and is unable.

Poor soul, thy griefs have choak’d thy speech!

Adieu!

Bear witness all, tell it throughout the world,
 But chiefly to my family in France,
 That I die firmly in their holy faith!
 And you, ye Ministers from England’s Queen!
 Tell her, she hath my pardon; and relate,
 That, with my dying breath, I do beseech
 Her kindness to my servants; and request
 Safe conduct for them into France; that done,
 I’ve naught to ask, but that my poor remains
 May be bestow’d in Lorrain, or in France,
 Where I may hope for pious obsequies;
 For here the tombs of my progenitors
 Are all profan’d—Remember my requests!—
 Now lead me on in triumph, till I gain
 Immortal joys, and an immortal reign.

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by the AUTHOR,

And spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.

WERE you not told, before the play began,
Our Author ventur'd on a daring plan?
A tale of woe, a deep historic Play
Giv'n in an age so debonnair and gay.
Was this a place to set up a defence,
And talk of injur'd Mary's innocence?—
Of late discoveries, drawn from dates and words,
Old rotten parchments, musty, dull records?
No—all is now for tinsel, show!—this age
Turns a deaf ear—but keenly views the stage
The Tragic Muse, nay, all the sisters nine,
Are now eclips'd—Aladin's lamp doth shine!
Exulting o'er their tomb—now *boxers spar*!
And beaux, in raptures, envy every scar!
Learning and wit were once esteem'd, and then
The stage produced Ben Johnson—*now*, Big Ben!
Shakespeare make room for Humphries!—that's the way
To bring the men of fashion to the play!

But to our Bard—How shall we judge his case?
Who scorns the unities of time and place.
Critics, what say ye?—Must he sue for peace
To wits of modern France or ancient Greece?
The great Voltaire has told us, that a play
Should be within one house, and in one day—
But in one evening, how can it be right,
To represent the morning, noon, and night?
To hail Aurora, swear the sun-beam glows,
While these vile lamps still flare beneath my nose.

And

And as to place—deception's all in vain—
We've known all night, that this is Drury Lane.
Thus English Johnson's sterling wit and sense
Treats this French rule, as a poor, weak pretence
To cloak their narrow genius—an expedient
To make their fable, like themselves, obedient.

When action, uniform in every part,
Guides the clear tale directly to the heart,
In vain dramatic pedants may combine
The free-born Muse, by weakning, to refine,
Whene'er she mounts, their damp, cold veil to fling,
Or clip the master feather of her wing.
No; let the Tragic Muse range far and wide,
Bind not in chains the passions' faithful guide;
Let the full heart expand, and seek relief
From the sweet luxury of virtuous grief.
May no stern critic or false shame control
This noble weakness of each generous soul:
For with the tender heart alone you'll find,
The highest spirit and the firmest mind.

(5)
T H E

Fall of Mortimer.

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N Earl of B U T E,
&c. &c. &c.

*Forbad my Tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla Mortimer !
Nay I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in Motion.*

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY in Ludgate-Street. 1763.

THE

Fall of Montrose

A HISTORICAL PLAY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE BATTLE OF BURNSLAW

AND OTHER PLAYS

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY
JOHN WATTS & SONS, 15, N. MARK LANE.
1852.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of BUTE,

Chancellor of the University of
ABERDEEN in SCOTLAND, first
Commissioner of the TREASURY
in ENGLAND, one of the sixteen
Representatives of the Peers of
SCOTLAND, one of HIS MAJESTY'S
most honourable PRIVY COUNCIL,
and KNIGHT of the most noble
ENGLISH Order of the GARTER.

My LORD,

MANY and various motives have
concurred to give a peculiar pro-
prietty to the fond wish I had formed of
making this humble offering to the Shrine
of BUTE. I have felt an honest indigna-
A tion

ii DEDICATION.

tion at all the invidious and odious applications of the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I absolutely disclaim the most distant allusion, and I purposely dedicate *this Play* to your Lordship, because history does not furnish a more striking contrast, than there is between the two Ministers in the Reigns of *Edward the Third*, and of *George the Third*. The former Prince was held in the most absolute slavery by his Mother and her Minister, the first Nobles of England were excluded from the King's Councils, and the Minion disposed of all places of profit and trust. The King's Uncles did not retain the shadow of power and authority, but were treated with insult, and the whole Royal Family was depressed, and forced to depend on the caprice of an insolent *favourite*. The young King had been victorious over the *Scots*, who were in *that* reign our cruel enemies, but are happily in *this* our dearest friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the distractions in the public councils during a minority, or by the absence of the national troops, they had ravaged

ENGLAND

ENGLAND with fire and sword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, but ROGER MORTIMER, from personal motives of his own power and ambition, hastily concluded an ignominious Peace, by which he sacrificed all the glories of a successful War. With the highest rapture I now look back to that disgraceful æra, and I exult when I compare it with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent Prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his Nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court favour, not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the Royal Family. No Court Minion now finds it necessary, for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations to divide either the Royal, or any noble families. The King's Uncle is now treated with that mark'd distinction which his singular merit is entitled to, both from

the nation, and the Throne, established by his valour in extinguishing a foul rebellion, which burst upon us from it's *native North*, and almost overspread the Land. Our Sovereign is conscious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any Prince in Europe owes to any subject; and he sets a noble example of gratitude to Princes, *que les Rois, ces illustres ingrats, Sont assez malheureux pour ne connoître pas.* No favourite now has trampled upon the the most respectable of the *English* Nobility, and driven them from their Sovereign's Councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the Minister who has in so many ways endeared himself no less to the Nobility than to the whole body of the People. *Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.* To compleat the Contrast, we have now an *advantageous*, a *glorious* Peace, fully adequate to all the *successes*, to all the *glories* of the War.

The internal policy of this kingdom is equally to be admired. Our gracious Sovereign maturely examines all matters of national

tional importance, and no unfair or partial representation of any business, or of any of his subjects, is suffered to be made to him, nor can any character be assassinated in the dark, by an unconstitutional *Prime Minister*. He regularly, by your advice, attends every private council of real moment, and nothing is there submitted to the arbitrary decision of *one man*. This happy state of things we owe to your Lordship's unexampled care of His Majesty's youth. The great promise you made us, that we should frequently see our Sovereign, like his great Predecessor William the Third, presiding in person at the British Treasury, has been fulfilled to the advantage and glory of these times, and to the perfecting of that scheme of *æconomy*, so earnestly recommended from the Throne, so *ably* carried into execution by *yourself*, and *your Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and so *minutely* by the Lord Steward of the Household. Your whole council of state too is composed of men of the first abilities; the Duke of *Bedford*, the Earls of *Halifax*, *Egremont*, and *Gower*; the Lords *Henley*, *Mansfield*, and
Ligonier

Ligonier; Mr. *George Grenville*, and Mr. *Fox*. The business of this great empire is not however entirely trusted to them: the most arduous and complicate parts are not only digested and prepared, but finally revised and settled, by *Gilbert Elliot*, *Alexander Wedderburn*, Esqrs; Sir *Henry Erskine*, Bart. and the *Home*.

Another reason why I chuse your Lordship for the subject of this Dedication, is that you are said, *by former Dedicators*, to cultivate with success the polite arts. They ought to have gone further, and to have shewn how liberally you have rewarded all men of genius. *Malloch* and the *Home* have been nobly provided for. Let *Churchill* or *Armstrong* write like them, your Lordship's *classical* taste will relish their works, and patronize the authors. You my Lord, are said to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and *Malloch* adds, that he wishes "for the honor of our country, that this praise were not, *almost exclusively*, your own." I wish too, for the honor of *my* country,

country, and to preserve your Lordship from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give *permission* to a scribler to sacrifice almost the whole body of our Nobility and Gentry to his itch of panegyrick on you, and of pay from you ; and I submit, whether a future inconvenience may not result from so remarkable an instance how certain and speedy the way to obtain the *last* is, by means of the *first*.

The progress my Lord, which almost all the Sciences have made in *England*, has become the jealousy of *Europe*. Under your auspices *Botany* and *Tragedy* have reached the utmost height of perfection. Not only the *System of Power*, but the *Vegetable System* has been compleated by the joint labours of your Lordship, and the great Doctor *Hill*. *Tragedy* under *Malloch* and the *Home* has here rivalled the *Greek* model, and united the different merits of the great Moderns. The fire of *Shakespeare*, and the correctness of *Racine*, have met in your two countrymen. One
other

other exotic too I must not forget : *Arthur Murphy*, Gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no less than of *writing*, so as to touch in the most exquisite manner all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have scarcely ever felt myself more forcibly affected, than by this poor neglected player, except a few years ago at the Duchess of *Queensberry's*, where your Lordship so frequently *exhibited*. In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable*, you were so great, that the general exclamation was, *here you did not act*. In another *part* you were no less perfect. I mean in the famous scene of *Hamlet*, where you *pour fatal poison into the ear* of a good, unsuspecting King. If the great names of MURPHY and BUTE, as *Players*, *pensantur eâdem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to say that you, my Lord, were not only superior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all who have ever appeared on the great *stage* of the world. As a *writer*, I take Mr. *Murphy* rather to excel you, except in points
of

of *Orthography*: as an *actor*, he can form no pretension to an equality. *Nature* indeed in her utmost *simplicity* we admire in Mr. *Murphy*; but *Art, Art*, characterises your Lordship.

This too gives your Lordship a claim to the Dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing respecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. *Pitt*, Lord *Temple*, and others, your contemporaries, were preparing themselves for the national business of Parliament, and already taking a distinguished part there, you were treading a private stage in the high buskins of pompous, sonorous Tragedy. With what superior success I record with pleasure. Mr. *Pitt* and his *noble Brother* are now both in a private station. You have, *almost exclusively*, the smiles of your Sovereign; they only the empty applause of their country. This too they share with others; a *Duke of Newcastle* and *Devonshire*; a *Marquis of*
B
Rockingham,

x D E D I C A T I O N.

Rockingham, an *Earl of Hardwick*, and the two spirited, young Nobles, who stand so high in fame and virtue, whom *England* glories that she can call her own, the Dukes of *Grafton* and *Portland*. These distinguished characters must ever be respected by your Lordship, for their ardent love of our *Sovereign* and of *Liberty*, and honoured by *this* nation as the declared, determined, and combined enemies of despotic, insolent, and contemptible *favouritism*.

As *Tragedy* and *Botany* have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your Lordship one important point respecting the *Sciences*, and the *Belles Lettres*, which still remains unsettled: I mean *Orthography*. The *French Academy* has fixed it for their nation; yet a bold modern, *Voltaire*, has dared to deviate from their rules, and has endeavoured to establish a new *Orthography*, still nearer approaching to the modern pronunciation. I have seen, and admired, some curious specimens of your Lordship's labours

labours of this kind, most happily adapted even to the *female* mode of pronunciation, which with me as well as with a polite nobleman, must ever bear the palm, if not of correctness, yet of grace and elegance. Indeed, my Lord, the *letters* I allude to are so curious, that I wish for a *fac simile* of them, as we have of one of the *genuine letters* of your country-man *Archibald Bower*. They would I am persuaded excel all the curious manuscripts of this kind in your own University of *Aberdeen*, or among the immense collection of learned books of your late valuable purchase, the *Argyle Library*. May I not therefore hope that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now signed, your Lordship's labours will be directed to this important point, and that we may expect to see a compleat *Orthographical Dictionary*, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that *great* writer, the *great* BRITON himself, notwithstanding the excellence of his *Scottish* education? Ease and elegance will, I am persuaded, still attend your Lordship as inseparably

as they have ever done, nor will you in this case be in danger of being forsaken by them, when, as *Benedick* (or if you please, in your own botanical phrase, *Carduus Benedictus*) says, *now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.*

I should have added, my Lord, that the *Play* I make an offering of is a *Tragedy*, the most *grave* and *moral* of all Poems, and therefore with a happy propriety comes inscribed to your Lordship, the most *grave*, the most *moral* of all men. A *witty comedy*, I would never have offered to your Lordship, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads us astray. It is the *primrose path*, which conducts to folly. Your Lordship has never deviated into it. You have marched on with solemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* step, and have on the greatest occasions (*so known, so honoured---in the House of Lords*) exhibited to the world what you learnt on the stage, the most pompous
diction

dition with the boldest theatrical swell, infinitely superior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The easy *sock* of laughing comedy you never condescended to wear.

I have only one thing more to urge to your Lordship. The *Play* is quite imperfect. Your Lordship loves the stage: so does Mr. *Murphy*. Let me intreat your Lordship to assist your *friend* in perfecting the weak scenes of this *Tragedy*, and from these crudelabours of *Ben Johnson* and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. It is the warmest wish of my heart that the Earl of BUTE may speedily compleat the story of ROGER MORTIMER. I hope that your Lordship will *graciously* condescend to undertake this arduous task, to which *parts* like yours, are so peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will supersede the least necessity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be easy. The *fifth Act* of *this Play* will find *talents* great as your's, still in full vigour, even after you have run so wonderful a career.

If

If more *important* concerns, either of business, or *amusement*, engage you too much, I beg, my Lord, that you will please *royally* to command Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Macpherson says you commanded him to publish the *prose-poems* of *Fingal* and *Temora*. Such a work will immortalize your name in the *literary*, as the Peace of *Versailles* will in the *political* world, and wherever the name of ROGER MORTIMER shall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the latest times,

Give me leave, my Lord, to offer my thanks as an Englishman, for your public conduct. At your *accession* to power, you found us a distracted, disunited nation. The late abandoned *minister of the people* had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the senate (I speak of the *late venal* Parliament) not excepted. You, my Lord, have made us a happy and united nation. Corruption *started like a guilty thing*, upon your summons of Mr.

For

Fox, nor have I heard of a single instance of any undue, unconstitutional influence exerted in the senate. (I speak of the *present, virtuous* Parliament). Your Lordship too from every foreign Court has received the most flattering testimonies of an unbounded confidence in your *veracity* and *good faith*, equal to their just sense of your *transcendent abilities*.

I beg pardon, my Lord, for having so long detained the *patriot* Minister of the *patriot* King, from the great scenes of *foreign* business, or the rooting out corruption *at home*, or the *innocent* employments of his leisure hours. I hope Doctor *Hill* and the *Home* will forgive me, and that the great Triumvirate having completed a *glorious*, and *permanent* peace, may in *learned ease*, under the shade of their own *olive*, soon enjoy the full sweets of their own philosophy; for as *Candide* observes, *Cela est bien dit, MAIS IL FAUT CULTIVER NOTRE JARDIN*. In your softer, *more envied* hours of retirement, I wish *you*, my Lord, the
most

most exquisite pleasures under the shade of the *Cyprian Mirtle*. Your *patriot* moments will be passed under the shade of your *Scottish Fir*.

I will no longer intrude on your Lordship. The *Cocoa Tree* and your countrymen may be impatient to settle with you the *Army* and the *Finances* of *this* kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar *fame* you have acquired, so adequate to the wonderful acts of your administration. You are now in full possession of that *fame* at the head of *Tories* and *Scotsmen*; but alas! my Lord, how fantastick as well as transitory is *fame*! *The meanest have their day*; and though Mr. *Pitt* is now adored, as the head of *Whigs* and *Englishmen*, the greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

I am, with a zeal and respect equal to your virtues,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Very humble Servant.

March, 15, 1763.

T H E

Fall of Mortimer.

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

REVIVED FROM

Mountfort, with Alterations.

As it is now. Acted at the

New Theatre in the Hay-Market.

England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with Shame,
With inky Blots, and rotten Parchment Bonds,
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of herself.

SHAKESPEAR'S K. Richard II.

The Fourth Edition, corrected ; with
ADDITIONS by the REVIVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two former Editions of this Play having been published without the Reviver's having had an Opportunity to revise it from the Press, it is not to be wondered at if they are full of many gross Errors and Omissions, especially as it was printed from the Play-house Copy, in which many Speeches were *cut* to gratify the prevailing Custom of the Actors. The Reviver therefore thinks himself obliged to take such particular Care of this Fourth Edition, as to publish it compleat, as well for his own Satisfaction as the Public's;

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. FURNIVAL.

LIKE some rich Treasure, long conceal'd from Sight,
And by a Chance unthought of brought to Light,
This noble Piece neglected long had lain;
But once more rises to adorn the Scene,
And as it once has pleas'd, hopes the same Fate again. }
So small the Damage it from Time receiv'd,
The slightest Touch the Injury retrieved:
We change the ancient for the modern Dress,
But not the Matter with more Force express:
The nervous Sentiment no Aid requires,
That boldly speaks what Liberty inspires.

The British Constitution, so much priz'd,
You'll see, by one bad Man, was almost sacrific'd.
Grinding Oppression large Advances made,
And foul Corruption was become a Trade.
Our darling Liberty, our Rights, our Laws,
Subverted to support the Minion's Cause.
Commerce Abroad, Science at Home, declin'd,
And ev'ry honest, English, Heart repin'd.

Mountacute, aided by a Patriot Band,
Those Guardian Angels of a sinking Land,
Deploring their lov'd Country's wretched State,
Bravely resolv'd to snatch her from her Fate:
At one bold Push her Liberties to save,
Or in her Ruins find a glorious Grave.

The King is told.----The Royal Youth gives Ear,
And, like a prudent Monarch, grants their Pray'r.---
The Laws revive;----the Monster is cast down:
This saves the People's Freedom, and his own.

Our faithful Annals thus transmit to Fame,
A Villain-Statesman, not the King to blame.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King <i>Edward III.</i>	Mr. <i>Peterson</i>
<i>Mortimer</i> , Earl of March	Mr. <i>Mullart</i>
Lord <i>Mountacute</i>	Mr. <i>Lacy</i>
Sir <i>Thomas Delamore</i>	Mr. <i>Jones</i>
Sir <i>Robert Holland</i>	Mr. <i>Furnival</i>
Serjeant <i>Either side</i>	Mr. <i>Reynolds</i>
Earl of <i>Leicester</i>	Mr. <i>Wathen</i>
Earl of <i>Exeter</i>	Mr. <i>Dove</i>
Earl of <i>Berkley</i>	Mr. <i>Hallam</i>
<i>Turrington</i>	
<i>Nevil</i>	Mr. <i>Crofs</i>
<i>Sly</i>	Mr. <i>Davenport</i>
<i>Secret</i>	Mr. <i>Hicks</i>

W O M E N.

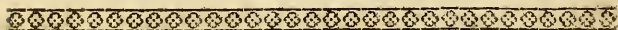
<i>Isabella</i> . Queen Mother	Mrs. <i>Mullart</i>
<i>Maria</i> , in Love with <i>Mountacute</i> , } and Niece to <i>Serjeant Either side</i> , }	Miss <i>Price</i> .

Citizens, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE NOTTINGHAM.



THE
FALL of MORTIMER.




ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of King *Edward*.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore,
and Sir Robert Holland.*

L. Mountacute.


 T much disturbs me, *Delamore*, that
 thou,
 Of all Mankind, should'st think my
 Temper frail :
 What hast thou ever seen in *Mountacute*,
 Or read i'th' Annals of his Ancestors,
 To fear him, or suspect his Resolution ?
 Proclaim me Bastard, if my Blood prove base :
 I tell thee good old Friend,
 I'll banish sleep and Pleasure till I've found
 A Means to set my bleeding Country free ;

And

6 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

And in the Fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge thro' a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.

Sir Tho. Dela. I question not your Spirit, but—

L. Mount. What?

Sir Tho. Dela. Pray give me Leave:

Nay, I must chide you; for you give the Reins
To such a Passion may undo us all.

Are there not sharp Observers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere possible, would search our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite fore-stall our Purpose.

L. Mount. Well, I am hush'd:

But pray propose some Means may please my
Thoughts,

Since you'll confine my Tongue.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, I'm for urging of our
Wrongs; but calmly.

There is a Time,

When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes;
And if the Orphans Cries, and Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which stain the Land,
Can hasten Vengeance, sure it's drawing nigh.

L. Mount. 'Tis full three Years since *Mortimer*
Began to lord it o'er us by the Queen's vile Favour.
He stalks as on a Mountain by himself,
Whilst we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curse, what we're afraid to reach at.

Sir Rob. Holl. In this short Space, he and his
Brothet-Devil

Have made, undone, new fram'd, shuffled, and tost
The antient customs of our native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom staggers
Under the heavy Burthen of her Charge.

L. Mount. What are our Princes? What the
Nobles now?

Are they not Vassals to this Upstart's State?

No more the Fame of our Nobility

Be call'd in Mind; who, when usurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws,

With

With their keen Swords like *Guardian Angels* stood,
And kept the *Harpies* from the sacred Fruit.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatal to resist his Will?
Nay, none must smile if *Mortimer* be fullen.
Curse on his Pride--Why should we brook it longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the king our Thoughts,
And make him Great in spite of evil Counsel?

Sir *T. Del.* There will be *Mortimer* in every State,
Some Favourite Villain to oppress the Subject,
And sell to Knaves what honest Men should have,
Who lose their Right only for being poor.
The largest Bribe is still his dearest Friend :
He values not the Credit' of his Prince ;
Therefore 'tis just,
The King should know how much he is eclipsed ;
Who 'tis that grasps the Scepter in his stead ;
And how the Queen most lavishly doth waste
His vast Revenue on this *Mortimer*.

L. *Mount.* Nay, he not only drains the Royal
Treasure,
But robs him of his brighter Part, his Glory :
This Statesman deals his Childish Politicks,
As tho' the Nation were a Pack of Boys ;
And thinks this gaudy, Out-side of a Peace,
Dress'd up in Tawdry, Fopish Garb, must please :
It may, indeed, the vitiated Many ;
But ne'er the solid Few.

Sir *R. Hol.* How are we manag'd by an upstart
Knave !
He rides the Privilege of Peers and Commons ;
For who in Parliament speaks not his Thoughts,
Must ne'er expect a smiling Look from Court.

Lord *Mount.* Shame on those mercenary Souls
that brook it,
And sordidly give up their Country's Honour.
In vain, our *Edgar, William, Henry*, urg'd
Pretensions justly, on the *Scotish* Crown :
In vain did *Kenneth, Malcom, William* pay
Religious

Religious Homage to our ancient Right,
 Since that long Scroll, that Ragman-Roll of Peers,
 Of Prelates, and of all Estates of Men,
 That written Testimonial of Dependence,
 Is render'd up——and render'd at a Time,
 When but a Grain of Courage wou'd have bought
 A Pound of Sterling Fame—Had we but call'd
 King *Robert* to Account for last Year's Work
 With Sword in Hand, and reap'd the great Advantage
 O'er his Weakness, spite of the crafty King,
 We had exacted Golden Terms for *England*——
 But now, forsooth, by Articles we're vanquish'd.

Sir Rob. Hol. My Lord, this mean, submissive,
 Coward-courting,

This vile entreating those that us'd to intreat,
 But suits the Avarice of his narrow Soul.
 He gluts his private Views, while publick ones,
 Alas! are never thought of, but to feed
 His vast immeasurable Lust of Gain.

Lord Mount. A Cause so foul, must foul Effects
 produce.

The Virtues glowing in a Patriot's Breast,
 Semble too much of Heaven to lodge in his ;
 But what amazes most, my Friends, is this ;
 That not the sacred Gown, nor learned Robe,
 Are unpolluted with his servile Arts.

Sir Tho. Dela. If as sometimes he meets a knotty
 Point.

*Which will not stretch to what his Need requires,
 He summons the most subtle at the Bar,
 Begging their kind Interpretation of it ;
 Telling how necessary, nay, how loyal 'tis,
 When the Prerogative o'th' Crown is pinch'd
 Within the Clutches of the griping Law,
 To ease the Royal Power, and give it Freedom.
 If they comply not, then his Greatness culls
 From out the Scum o'th' Inns of Chanc'ry,
 A Set of poor necessitated Rogues,*

Who've

Who've run thro' all the Judgments of each Court;
 And these he makes his learn'd Expositors :
 These, as they steadily perform their Task,
 He puts into their places who refused him.
 Some have the Fortune to ascend the Bench ;
 But when they're such Proficients in their Art,
 They'd baffle Truth, tho' never so well back'd,
 And dare the Devil in his own Possession.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Justice and Honesty have left the
 Robe ;

The Reverend Clergy too forget their Function ;
 For when this haughty, clamorous *Mortimer*,
 At any Time wou'd make the Public Good
 The Tool to work his Ends withal, oh, then !
 He calls some smooth-tongu'd Prelate to his Aid,
 Who, with elaborate Text political,
 Spic'd up and down with grave Divinity,
 Preach's his Medley Doctrine to the Crowd.

Lord *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a pros-
 perous World,

Since Priests have interfer'd with temporal Matters.
 The Custom of their Ancestors they slight,
 And change their shirts of Hair for Robes of
 Gold :

Thus Luxury and Interest rule the Church,
 Whilst Piety and Conscience dwell in Caves.—
 Let's stem the Current of this furious Tide :
 Our Country is the Parent of us all ;
 And shall we talk away the precious Hours,
 While these vile Hangmen stretch her on the rack ?
 Let's force young *Edward's* safety with our Swords,
 And cut off all the Holds, which bar his Glory.

Sir *Tho. Dela.* Blessings upon thee for this gene-
 rous Heat.

From hence my Fears and Jealousies—be gone !
 Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
 Which for some Years, as once the *Romans* did,
 Withdrew thyself into a willing Exile.

10 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Action! there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee.
The Matter's ready, and the Engine fixt,
Many prepar'd, and eager for the Work;
But Place and Time forbid the telling more—
The Darling comes.

*Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington and Nevill,
follow'd by Mortimer.*

Waiters. Make way there.

Guards. Room for his Lordship.

L. Mount. See, how the Toad swells with his
own Applause!

Sir Tho. Dela. My Lord, you forget.

L. Mount. I'm silent.

Mort. Turrington.

Turr. Your Pleasure.

[Petitioners kneeling with Papers.]

Mort. What are those Men, who bend their
Knee to us?

They seem as Supplicants.

Turr. So they are indeed, from several Towns,
Cities and Boroughs they are come,
Humbly imploring you wou'd intercede
For their lost Charters to the incens'd Queen.

Mort. That's the Chancellor's Business.

Turr. They know your Interest greater, and
entreat it,

The Judges have annull'd them; and unless
Your Goodness can prevail, many a Town,
By their own Faults incurr'd, will fall to Ruin,
And be a Wilderness—Thousands of Families,
Now in the way of Life, must starve and perish.

Mort. Their ancient Charters by the Law are
forfeited;

But I will study how to get 'em new Ones.
Our Time is spent in setting Things aright,
This Kingdom wants it, and I am it's Friend.

Lord

THE FALL OF MORTIMER. 11

Lord Mount. Was ever Pride or Arrogance like this? *[Aside.*

Mort. Nevill, What would those People have?

Nevill. May it please your Honour,
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations:
They all of them have Voices at Elections,
And promise for the Parliaments to come——
They will chuse none but what the Court shall like.

Mort. 'Tis well, and we take Notice of their Wisdom.

See that you give 'em Welcome as becomes us:
Such Subjects must not want Encouragement,
And Mortimer be living.

Lord Mount. Unheard-of Impudence!

Sir Tho. Dela. My Lord, we are observ'd—See how he eyes us!

Nor are we safe while we stand trifling here.

Lord Mount. Why let him eye us till his Eyes grow stiff.

His Looks may fright those who have Dependance on him;

For me, I flight the worst and best of him.

Mort. Ha! What said he?

Turr. Sir.

Mort. Lead on.

As he moves is met by Mountacute, who fronts him——They stare at each other, and jostle.

Ha! jostled.

Lord Mount. I find the Man is greater than the Room,

Sure else he might have strutted clear of me.

Mort. Thou art a froward Peer!

L. Mount. 'Thou art a vain one!—Nay, frown not, Mortimer!

Thy Terror's lost on me:

Look big upon those *Bastard English* Men,
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And swear to *pick* a Parliament—who sell

12 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Our Freedoms, Persons, and Estates, nay Rights
Of Kings, to gain a short-liv'd Smile——
They probably may dread thee.

Mort. Rash Youth, no more, lest you provoke
my Anger,
Till I forget the Palace that protects thee.
But th' Eagle seldom condescends, I think,
To combat with the Passion of a Wren!

L. Mount. I tell thee, Boaster, that my Veins do
hold
A nobler, richer, purer Blood than thine.

Mort. Thy Words are Air, which no Impression
make——
So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and so lost.

L. Mount. So Men shun Provocations under
Proverbs.

Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch! I pity thee!

Mount. I scorn thy Pity, and condemn thy Hate.

Sir Tho. Dela. Nay, *Mountacute*——

Mount. Rot his proud Spirit---oh that I had
thee forth

On some wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Distant from all Protection but thy Sword's!

There thou shou'd'st find——

Mort. A Pratler.

Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue---
Thou cam'st from School too early——
Fye, Boy, fye!

L. Mount. Statesman! Statesman! thou Engi-
neer of Hell!

Mort. Rail on, and spend thy Gall, malicious
Thing, whose Nurse's Milk still hangs upon thy
Lips:---you shou'd be scourg'd to Manners.

L. Mount. The King shall know thee.

Mort. Then he'll know himself.

L. Mount. Arrogance, I shall meet thee.

Mort. Beware the Thunder, Child, 'tis danger-
ous.

L. Mount.

THE FALL OF MORTIMER. 13

L. Mount. If thou art so, like Lightning, I'll
fore-run thee ;

And if thyself thou dar'st a Thund'rer prove,
Follow me, *Mortimer*, and I'll think thee *Jove*.

[*Exeunt Mount. Dela. and Holland.*]

Tur. Had you not Patience, as you have the
Power,
Of an offended Deity, this Language sure had been
his last.

I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes,
And, ready for the Signal of Dispatch,
Had laid his reeking Heart beneath his Feet:

Nev. You are too merciful, too full of Goodness:
Such Indignities call for Resentments
No less than Death.---Pardon my Plainness, Sir ;
For here I prophecy, unless you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monster's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Destruction on yourself and Friends.

Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Service:
The Babler I despise,----he shall be punish'd----
The Envy that his canker'd Breast is big with,
By preying on itself shall work his Ruin.
So Dogs behold the Lustre of the Moon,
And so run yelping backward into Madness.

Exeunt.

*The Scene changes to a Tavern,
Discovering Oldstie, Felt and Frame, at a Table,
with Bottle and Glasses before them.*

Felt. Who, say you, Neighbour *Oldstie*, has paid
for this Peace ?

Oldstie. Why, the Scots----i'Faith, *Mortimer* has
humbled their Pride----they were forc'd to come
down thirty thousand good Marks, to make up the
Losses they did us last Year in the *North*.

Felt. Right and good Reason they should---Why
should we always pay the Piper and never dance ?

Fell.

Frame. Let me tell you, this is a lucky Dance for him : I don't know but he has danc'd his Neck out of the Halter by the Bargain----But how long, say they, is it to last ?

Felt. Ay, how long is it to last ? there's the *Query* ! I hate your Stop-gaps : They were never good for *England*. This putting off the evil Day for a while, is but like drinking of strong Liquors to keep up the Spirits, which at Long-run are the Destruction both of Body and Substance:

Oldfile. True, Neighbour *Felt* ;--putting off the evil Day, does but make it fall the heavier at last : 'Tis a sort of being Brow-beaten : but, however, I hope that's not the present Case. This Treaty does not seem calculated to serve a Turn indeed ; for you see our Princess *Joan* of the Tower is given in Marriage to the Son of King *Robert* of *Scotland*, as a Pledge of their lasting Friendship, besides the Money they have launch'd out !

Frame. Then, at that Rate, this Peace has brought a Fortune for her, and we have been both courted for Peace and for Marriage.

Felt. Why, that's just as it should be, *Master Frame.* *England*, in political Love, should be like a handsome young Woman, that has abundance of Admirers about her, and is courted for her Merit only.

Oldfile. She's a gallant Lady, and deserves a Brimmer. Come Neighbours ---

[*Fills a Glass, and sings to the Tune of, over the Hills, &c.*]

*If Mortimer this Peace has made
For Sake of England, and of Trade,
May his Enemies be few ;
May his Friends be great and true. [Drinks.
Fel. [Sings.]*

*But if mending up the State
He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,
May a Gibbet be his Fate,
Nor we no longer be his Fools.* [Drinks.

Frame. [Drinks.] I can tell you, Neighbours, if these Lines should come true, I know a good Number of us Stocking-Weavers would spare a Day to lend a helping Hand towards putting one up for him.----But I swear, I'm mightily pleas'd with the latter Part of the Song. Come, let's have it over again in Chorus. [They all fill their Glasses and sing,

*But if mending up the State,
He has wrought with Tinker's Tools,
May a Gibbet be his Fate;
Nor we no longer be his Fools.* [All drink.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Rest ye merry, Gentlemen---I'm glad to see you so jolly--I vow, I have not seen a Citizen smile this many a Day.

Oldstie. Bleis you Man, who would not smile at an honourable Peace? Why, it would make Gravity itself smile.

Bumper. Honourable say you, Sir? Ah Neighbours! did you but know the Bottom!

Felt. Bottom! Why, I was told it had no Bottom at all.

Oldcastle. Come, come, Mr. *Bumper*, this is carrying your Spleen to *Mortimer* a little too far----We all of us have had Reason to blame his Management of our young King; but what of that? Because he has been black, do you think he must always be so? You see he mends apace:---let me tell you, he has taken the right Sow by the Ear this Bout: This Peace is a Master-piece! No, no,

an were hang'd, or never so great a Rogue before, I can't help speaking well of him now.

Felt. Why, ay; right, as you say; he so seldom does well, that one ought to praise him when it does come into his Noddle. But how comes Master *Bumper* to be so out of Humour at this Peace?----
Mortimer does not come to your House, eh Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, he's too great to use my House now; but I've known the Time when he was glad to come to it. But 'twill come Home to him I warrant---there are Things to my Knowledge going forward will make him squeak;---'tis not the Peace will save him.

Oldstile. Say you so? Methinks, I want to know what Flaw they can find in a Peace that was both pray'd for, and paid for.

Felt. Ay, pr'ythee, *Bumper*, let's know the Bottom, as thou wert saying, if there be any.

Bumper. To such as us indeed it seems clear enough at Top; but those who see deeper into Matters, say it has a confounded muddy Bottom.-----Why, my good Lord *Mountacute* told me this Morning, when I went to carry his Lordship a Taste of some Wines, that it was only a little shifting Expedient of *Mortimer's*; for, says he, King *Robert* never held it good to be at Peace with *England*, but for his own Ends.

Frame. But pray, what is that same Expedient?

Felt. Ay, what's that same Expedient?

Bumper. Why, you know that he's generally hated; and so says my Lord, he has purchas'd this Toy only to please the People.

Felt. Nay, how can that be?--the *Scots* were the Purchasers, you know.

Bumper. But I know we are the prime Purchasers;---My Lord says they had a previous Promise from the Queen and *Mortimer* of----Pho! of ten times as much in the Lieu.

Felt.

Felt. So between them both, I find the King and the Nation are finely bubbled.

Bumper. Why; you must know, Mortimer's so very complaisant, he scorns to strike an Enemy that's down, tho' they only laugh at him for't.

Frame. Nay; for that Matter, the Scots had scarce left Nottingham, when it was said among my Journeymen, that they derided our Princess with the Title of *Joan Make-Peace*.

Felt. And is all this owing to Mortimer? My Blood begins to boil.

Bumper. Nay, that's not all neither---you see he has given them up the Ragman-Roll too, as tho' I should give you up what belong'd to me and mine; Time out of Mind, meerly thro' Fear---the *French*, I warrant, will have a pull at us next:

Oldstie. This is making but a very scurvy Figure among our Neighbours, that's the Truth on't---*England's* a fine Bird, and every one's for having a Feather of her I find, as you tell the Story.

Bumper. 'Tis plain they want to pluck her bare, and if some good Body does not stand her Friend, she will be pluck'd bare ere it be long.

Oldstie. I wonder if the King knows of all these Doings:

Bumper. No, God blefs him, he thinks all Things go right, poor Prince!

Felt. But should not he be told then?

Bumper. How in the Name of Wonder should he, when Mortimer takes care no Body shall have the King's Ear but himself?

Frame. But would not a good, long, large speaking Trumpet do the Business think you, Neighbour?

Bumper. No, no, a Fiddle of your Trumpet; he must be told Face to Face; and you may as

well go to the Bottom of the Sea, where you'd be sure to be devour'd by Sea-Monsters by the Way; ---*tho' the brave Lord Mountacute, and some other Well-Wishers to their Country have sworn to make a Push, tho' they die by't.* Heav'n send they succeed.

Felt. They will succeed---they are honest Men---they have the true English Spirit about them---Mortimer's Crew are of the Mongril Breed, and can't face a downright English Litter. 'Sdeath! as little as I am, I'll tell the King myself, if they should not accomplish Matters---Wounds! if he were not young he'd be unpardonable. [Rising.

Oldstie. Sad doings truly---Every Thing's at a stand---there's scarce any Trading going forward, and at this rate we shall have none quickly.

Frame. For my Part, if it last long so, I may as well shut up my Doors---I have sold but one single Pair of Stockings this Fortnight, and that was to a Gentleman without Legs.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

[Laughing.

Felt. For all we laugh, I wish I'd such another Chap of *Mortimer*,---I'd give all the Hats in my Shop to fit him with one after his Head was off.

Bumper. Good Faith, and I'd give him as much Wine as would burst him on that Proviso too.

Oldstie. Let but the Halter be well fix'd, and then I'll put him in a Way to save his Bacon afterwards.

Felt. Pr'ythee, Neighbour *Oldstie*, none of your Querks to save his Bacon neither---Why, you'd cut him down now, wou'd you?

Oldstie. Not till he was choak'd at least, and then he should pray me to do't, or he should hang till Doomsday.

Frame. You talk so much of hang'd Bacon, that we forget the Glais---Come, Master *Bumper*, you have not drank yet.

Bumper.

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Bumper. [*fills a Glass.*] Here, Masters, here's
God bless the King, and send him better Counsellors.---
No Mortimer for me. [*Drinks.*

All. No Mortimer for us all. [*All Drink.*

Bumper. But hark ye, Neighbours, you will stand
up for the Cause if Occasion require?

All. All! All!

Bumper. 'Tis a Shame the Nation should any
longer be impos'd upon.

All. A burning Shame!

Bumper. In the mean time, it will be best for us
to retire; and as *L. Mountacute* and his Friends be-
have, we must be guided accordingly---Oh, there
will be rare Doings when that's once brought
about!

Felt. Come then, Neighbours let us be gone---
We should inform our Fellow-Citizens of these
Matters, that something may be done in them.

[*They sing in Chorus.*]

*For why should we stoop to King Bob,
Or be led by Mortimer's Crew?
A Halter would finish the Jobb,
And make all our Enemies true.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

C 2

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Opens and discovers King Edward on a Couch, who, after some struggling, rises.

King.

WHERE have I been? or what is't I have seen?
 'Tis said the Soul, while the tir'd Body sleeps,
 Her Mansion often leaves, and roves abroad:
 Sometimes to Groves and solitary Cells;
 Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps,
 Mingling with Crowds, then strangely left alone:
 But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices;
 Walk'd to the Charnel-houses of the Dead:
 My Father's Ghost stalk'd thus before my Eyes,
 Cry'd out--Revenge,--then shriek'd, and disappear'd
 With so much haste, as if it seem'd to dread
 The Hand of Murder did pursue it still;
 Yet, as it fled, it forc'd the yielding Air
 To eccho back; *Beware of Mortimer!*

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mes. Lord Mountacute, Sir Robert Holland, with
 Sir Thomas Delamore,

Wait for Admittance to your Majesty.

King. They're welcome----bring 'em in----

[*Exit Mel.*]

Then headless *Kent*, my beloved Uncle,
 Led on a Train of miserable Shades,
 Who seem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths:
 With uplift Hands they begg'd as for Relief,
 And in sad Postures told their several Fates.

Then

Then *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
 Who snatch'd the Crown from me and gave it him;
 At which the numerous Crowds of Ghosts looked
 paler;

Their mangled Limbs broke out afresh with Blood,
 And the surprizing Horror shook off Sleep.-----

What is it, Oh ye Powers, that ye decree?
 Am I design'd to fall a Sacrifice
 To the ambitious Lust of this fell Monster?
 If Dreams presage, or Visions can forbode
 The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* must succeed,
 If so you've fix'd it; yet I'll face this Storm,
 Stand like a King 'gainst my rebellious Doom,
 And perish worthy of my Dignity.

*Enter Lord Mountacute, Sir Thomas Delamore,
 and Sir Robert Holland.*

All. Health to your Majesty.

King. The like to all of you---ye are good Men.
 My worthy Uncle *Edmund*, when alive,
 Bad me select and value you as Jewels:
 When dying, as a Legacy bequeath'd
 Your Faiths and Services.

I am too young to know the Arts of Men;
 But, by my Hopes, I think ye mighty honest.

L. Mount. Our Happiness lies only in that
 Thought.

King. Tell me, my Friends, and with that honest Plainness,

As suits the Character I have of you,
 Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
 And heavy Eyes, which speak distemper'd Minds,
 Ye measure out your Steps;

Seeming like Statues more than Counsellors;
 As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
 Of some lov'd Friend to his eternal Home?

Sir Tho. Delam. Most Royal Prince, my honour'd
 Liege and Master----

King.

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King. Honour'd ! my Liege ! my Prince, and
Royal Master !

How like this sounds to *Mortimer* !

I find he's grown the President o'th' Court ;

The Star by which each Courtier guides his Hopes.

Sir R. Holl. Rather a Meteor, or some *Exhalation*,

Rais'd by the sulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which, borrowing its Blaze from real Lights,
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on't.

King. No more on your Allegiance-----To the
Point.

The Explanation of this Discontent ?

L. Mount. You've touch'd us home, Sir, now,
and we obey :

The Secrets of our Hearts shall be unlock'd,
Where you may read your's and the Nation's
Doom.

It is the Man you've nam'd who rides our Spirits.

Oh, my lov'd Lord !

Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Bosom,
Which gnaws insensibly upon your Honour ?
Why pamper'd with the Worship of Men's Knees ?
You are our King----Rouse sleeping Majesty----
Awake, and view the Souls that wait your rising,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

Sir Tho. Delam. Where now is Right ? to whom
shall we appeal ?

The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer*,
Whilst the Law's Edge is ground but on one Side;
Nor that employ'd, unless to lop your Friends.
The Man, who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumstance of *Edward*,
Is strait beset, and sworn into some plot ;
His Life or Fortune's seiz'd ; it may be both ;
Juries and Witneffes are kept in Pay,
Who have agreed his Ruin ere he's heard.

Sir R. Holl. Thus your good Subjects daily are
oppress'd, Who

Who perish by consent of Perjury.

Sir Tho. Delam. Nay, whilst these vile Possessors
wreck the Land,
Your Worth decays, and Glory runs to Ruin.
It can't last long, they think, so make the most
on't.

Assume your Right, or we must all submit:
Our Country, like Estates held in Dispute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks, the Pride of Wealth;
If he that's in Possession thinks it short,
He cuts down all the Pomp of's Ancestors,
Which many Years their Diligence improved:
So worthy Men, the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Usurper, *Mortimer*, are lopped;
Their Fortunes torn by th' Roots from long Suc-
cession,

And scatter'd to maintain Voluptuousness.

King. Is't possible! I always thought him ill:
But you decypher him a very Devil,
And fill my Thoughts with Horror of his Crimes.

Sir Tho. Delam. Each Magistrate that should
administer

Justice impartial, made by *Mortimer*,
Must ruin others to preserve himself:
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures:
Places of Trust and Profit are all sold:
'Tis practis'd from the miter'd holy Head
To the needy starving Verger of the Church:
You cannot serve Heaven on Cushions but you pay
for't,

Or blister your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the scarlet and the purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. Mount. Well may the Nation groan while
such as these

Sit at the Helm; and what expect but Shipwreck?

King. Now by my Honour I'll no longer bear
The ignominious Hand of base Controul.

I find

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I find myself enlarg'd : Each Artery
Beats double Time, as if my Spirits strove
To be in Action : My Father's Soul
Shoots in my Blood, and prompts to Resolution.

Sir *Tho. Delam.* Ay, now, my Lord, you speak
yourself a King.

Do but appear with that Authority,
The Praise of *Edward* ev'ry Tongue will chant,
Whilst ravish'd Heaven does eccho back the Sound.
You can't want Hands for such a noble Work :
A Cause like yours would summon the just Gods
With all their Thunder to the royal Aid.
Oh, let me kiss your sacred Feet, dear Prince !
These Words have added Years to my sick Life.

[*kneels.*]

King. He weeps ; indeed the honest Man does
weep.

Rise, *Delamore*, for I will be myself,
And this vile *Mortimer* shall down to Hell.
All spare the Tree, whose Branches serve as Shade,
Till the spread Mischiefs kill the Under-plants ;
Then ev'ry Man assists to fell it down :
So this *Colossus* of the *English* Isle,
Under whose Legs the tallest Ships must pass,
Ere they gain Harbour, shall to Seas be hurled,
And in their Bottom find a Monument.
My Dream comes on apace, and I foretel
This Meeting ominous to *Mortimer*.

My worthy Friends, be still about our Person ;
Send instantly to *Berkley*, *Exeter*, [*Exit Holland.*
Leicester and *Mordaunt*---You withdraw with me ;
Business I have requires your best Advice ;
For like the Mariner I see from far,
A Storm is gathering in the distant Sky ;
But with these Vessels I can fear no Sea :
The utmost Rigour of the Clouds I'll stand,
Safe as the Souls that pity us from Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

Scene changes, discovering Mortimer in a Chair of State, with Turrington and Nevill attending.

Mort. Say, trusty *Turrington*, how brooks the Queen

The late Behaviour of rash *Mountacute*?

Turr. As you or I, or any one could wish,
That has his Country's Good sincere at Heart.
After the Oracle of your Mind declar'd,
That *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
Those Bellows which keep in young *Edward*'s fire,
And raise, and calm it as their Need requires,
Should be removed; their Interest was great;
Their Prudence strict; *Mountacute*'s Courage firm;
Their Fortunes able to maintain their Measures,
Which struck for her Son's Greatness and our Ruin,
"Insolence! and Treason to the State, cry'd she!"
"Howe'er, the Boy shall bend to all my wishes:
"'Tis a half Soul, bred in the Lag of Love,
"And spiritless as the Desire that got him----
"Bid *Mortimer* not fear what's crush'd so soon.

Mort. 'Tis well——while she protects I cannot fall——But now proceed we to what concerns us next——*Nevill!*

Nevill. My Lord!

Mort. I think thou hast got the List of those of our Friends, whose Services entitle them to our Bounty?

Nevill. Please your Honour, 'tis here; and speaks the great Regard you pay to Merit. Did but the World know what Liberality it contains, they would vote you the Standard of Virtue, *nemine contradicente*.

Mort. They are not unacquainted with our Virtues, *Nevill*----but I would hear it read, that we may proportion the Reward with Justice.

Nevill. [*Reads the List.*] *Imprimis*, the Lord Viscount *Landlefs* 400 Marks per Annum.

Mort. Reduce it to two hundred---He is poor indeed ; but two hundred's enough in Conscience for a single Vote- -He's good for nothing else.---Read on.

Nevill. Lord *Richacre*, One Thousand, and insists upon an Augmentation of 200.

Mort. Let them be added, tho' he is of as little Service as my Lord *Landless*-----but he is purse-proud, and may desert us.

Nevill. Sir *Oily Fluent*, 1500.

Mort. Two thousand is the least he can have---he speaks like an Angel---put him down 2000.

Nevill. *Sophister Topick*, Esq; 1000.

Mort. Make it up 1500 ; for tho' the Man does not speak, he writes admirably;---he dresses up Falshood within a Hair's-breadth of Truth : And if that does not do, he bullies them into Conviction.

Nevill. Sir *Scribble Fainwou'd*, 400.

Mort. Let him stand there awhile----as he mends we shall take Notice of him.

Nevill. Sir *Beetle Drone*, 400.

Mort. Hang him, he must be continued too, or ten to one we lose him, though he does little else but sleep in the House.

Nevill. Lord *Sheep-Hook*, 1500.

Mort. Let me consider----no ; that and his late Preferment will do very well.

Nevill. Lord *Lofty*, 2000.

Mort. Scratch him out again---he values himself too much on his Family, and the Weight he bears in the House ; for when I made him an Offer of the Favour, that he might live, I told him, suitable to his Grandeur, he had the Stupidity to call it Bribing, and say that he had a soul above it.---As for the rest, you'll enhance or diminish, as you see Occasion, and let them be registred accordingly.

Turr. But, my Lord, I believe I could add one who is not in the List, for enabling him to keep one or two Mistresses the more.

Mort. Though I have more than my Number, yet, since he's so easily gained, put him down 400 Marks.

Nevill. His Name?

Turr. Lord *Flasb*.

Nevill. Your Lordship has no further Commands at present?

Mort. No: [*exit Nevill*] but *Turrington*!

Turr. Would your Lordship have me look over these Petitions?

Mort. No, no, let them lie---we have something else to do than examine needy Petitions!----What Money did you receive Yesterday on my Account?

Turr. 'Twas but a very indifferent Day truly ---I received only 10,000 Marks for two Patents; 5000 for a General's Commission; 6000 for the Direction of the Customs; 2000 for a Place in the Navy, and 1000 for the Grant of another. Besides abundance of petty Fees, as Remembrancers only.

Mort. When the grand Sum comes down then we shall remember; till then we shall be deaf. But, *Turrington*, be sure see, that the Entertainment be splendid, magnificent---spare no Cost---I must gain my Point, and Eating and Drinking will do't, if any thing can: for those I have to do with are great Belly-Mongers.

Turr. My Lord, I obey your Orders. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir *Maiden Battery* desires to kiss your Honour's Hand.

Mort. Shew him in [*exit Sly*] What does this Bullet-headed Knight want now; I saved his Life but t'other Day, for which I had 20,000 Marks ----I hope 'tis in Danger again.

Enter Sir Maiden Battery and Sly.

Mort. Sir Maiden Battery, I am glad to see you out of your Confinement.

Sir M. Bat. Give me Leave, my Lord, further to testify my Gratitude for your Interest. [*Gives Money.*

Mort. Sir Maiden, you may depend upon me on the like, or any other Occasion----I am a little busy now.

Sir M. Bat. My good Lord and Preserver, I am your most obliged and most obedient. [*Exit.*

Mort. A sensible Man! of my Word he has a right Notion of Favours---but *Sly!*

Sly. My Lord.

Mort. You keep diligent Watch on *Mountacute*, *Delamore*, *Leicester*, and *Exeter*.

Sly. They cannot move a Finger, please your Honour, but I, and my Emiffaries know it.

Mort. See you have a strict Eye, and from time to time let *Turrington* and *Nevill* know what passes---Send in *Secret*.--- [*Exit Sly.*

The Weight of publick and private Affairs hangs so very heavy upon my Shoulders, that were it not for the Queen, I don't know what I should do; nay, all I can do, *Mountacute* and his devilish Faction undo.

Enter Secret.

Secret. I attend your Lordship's Pleasure.

Mort. Here, carry these Heads to my Lord *Sheep-Hook*, with my Service, and bid him draw them up as severe as possible; and this Bill to *Swearwell*, for his secret Service of impeaching twenty of our Enemies.

Secret. They are below, an't please your Lordship, with Serjeant *Either-side*.

Mort. Well, then, dispatch those two, and let the other come up. [*Exit Secret.*

What

What with Solicitations, Envy, and keeping Things easy and quiet among my Creatures, I'm even plagu'd out of my Senses.---Were it not for Fear of being call'd to Account, I'd lay all my Employments down, and think myself happy.

Enter Serjeant Eitherfide and Secret.

Serjeant *Eitherfide*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cause* is well. I am glad to see you ---you are my old Friend and Acquaintance---let me see, above twenty Years standing—ha! is it not so?

Serj. Your Lordship hits the Mark of Time exactly, and I protest the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgments beyond the Talents I am endowed withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordship's Praises, and acquaint the World, that the Favours you have placed on me your Creature, exalt me to the Pinnacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty, oblige me to consecrate myself and Posterity to your Lordship's Pleasure——Give me Admittance therefore most humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Mort. The Man speaks well, [*weighs the Purse*] there is Weight in his Words—a great Sign of an able Pleader—How does your Niece?

Serjeant. My Lord!

Mort. How does your Niece, I say? What, art thou deaf?

Serj. She's very well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Lordship takes Notice of her.

Mort. I never saw her, but am told she is a very pretty Girl, and notable too.

Serj. She is reckoned so, my Lord, but there is nothing like seeing to be convinced.----If your Lordship pleases, I will go and fetch her.

Mort.

Mort. Do so---thou'lt oblige me--[*Exit Either-side*] This *Either-side* is a Fellow of rare Parts; and eminent Practice: I have known him cheat twenty People, and they never the wiser; but he is a better Pimp still; he makes nothing of ruining his own Flesh and Blood.

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withal, and I hope he may stand fair in your Lordship's Interest in the next Remove. He'd perform his Part rarely: He is no charitable, conscientious, timorous Fellow, but a thorough-pac'd Lawyer, and mighty hearty in the Cause.

Mort. Sayest thou so Man! and by my Honour it was well thought on. If these peaking, velvet-hearted, wary Knaves, that pretend to Scruples, seem averse to comply with the Queen's Desires any longer, they shall make room for more deserving Persons.---I do admire they have so little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no Return for it.

Secret. I will pawn my Soul for him.---His Temper may be moulded to what Use Occasion shall require; besides, his Wants will prompt him to comply; his Gains are not sufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it; for she loves to go as fine as most of them do; and for a new Gown would make him give away the justest Cause in the World: His Estate too is mortgaged past Recovery to maintain her Pride.

Mort. But his Niece, *Secret*, his Niece?

Secret. Oh, she is the prettiest Creature my Eyes ever looked on! such a Composition of Flesh and Blood! so witty! so modest! so alluring!---

Mort. And such a Companion I want; for I am grown so melancholy of late, that I am not what I was. If she is of a coming Nature, she is made for ever: I grow aged; this turmoiling in the Government wearies me out strangely.---I
want

want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my Seraglio, to refresh me after the Business of the Day.----- And is she tractable, say you?

Secret. Easy as Innocence itself.

Mort. He shall be a Judge.----I am much refreshed with the Thoughts that I can serve the Nation and myself so luckily----but is she such a pretty, sweet, dapper Piece of *Beauty*? I will make thee a great Man before it be long.

Secret. My Lord, she is whatsoever you can fancy; nor can you stretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but she exceeds it in Substance---but see the Angel, with her Uncle.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside, and his Niece Maria.

Mort. Secret, retire---- *[Exit Secret.*

A glorious Woman! how her Eyes sparkle! and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hoped some good were coming towards her! ---Come, sweet one---[*Kisses*] her Lips are made of Velvet, smooth, soft, and pliable. *Serjeant,* as I told you before, I have a great Kindness for you, and hearing that you had a Niece of worthy Education, whose Merits spoke her Praise, (O you are a little Tempter!) I can do no less, having your Preferment in my Eye, than while I was doing good for you in some measure, to advance your Niece's Fortune---My House wants such a sober, discreet young Woman to manage it; and by the way, I must call you my *Lord*.

Serj. Oh, Sir!

Mort. Indeed I must---the queen upon my Request doth confer the Office of a Judge on you, as you deserve; and for ought I know, you may be in a little time Chief-Justice---This I have done, my Friend, to serve you: But to the Matter; what say you Mr. *Serjeant*, (my Lord, I beg your Pardon)

Pardon) are you willing to put your Niece under my Care and Protection? Ha!

Serj. My Lord, you so highly oblige me, I am struck silent with the manner of it---A *Judge, Chief-Justice!* I am confounded with the Honour--my Lord, the Maid is whatever you please to make her.

Mort. Then I'll make a Woman of her speedily. ---What say you, pretty Lady? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations, who are all well provided for, thank Heav'n, and my own good Management!--so that, if I do well, I'll make your Fortune; if I die, you shall have no Cause to repent.

Maria. Would thou wert dead! must I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? Be steady, Virtue, and assist me, Heaven; tho' poor, I will not be base---Oh *Mountacute!*

Mort. What say you, Fair One?

Maria. In any honest way I should be proud to serve your Lordship, and obey my Uncle.

Mort. Pretty Innocence!

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir; at least her Fortune is made, and I am freed of a Burden [*Aside*] My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, and will take any Impression your Lordship shall stamp on 'em---A *Judge!* Wife be of Comfort; thy Chariot shall be turned into a Coach; thy Pew at Church be stripped of Bayes, and lined with Velvet; and thou shalt take Place of my Lady *Mayorefs*, Niece---You were born under a happy Planet, Huzzy---Fortune throws herself into your Lap---make Use on't while 'tis offered---A Lord! Oh, lack a day! I cannot contain my Extasy.

Mort. Have you consider'd, little One, of the Offer? you shall command in chief, and no Harm shall come to you.

Maria. I hope not.

Mort.

Mort. Fear it not.

Maria. I trust in your Honour.

Serj. Niece, you must not talk so impertinently—incline your Mind and Body as his Lordship shall think fit.

Maria. I must beg to be excused there, good Uncle.

Mort. I am overjoyed I can serve my old Friend.—Well, Child, I will take Care of you—My Lord, within two Days your Patent shall be ready: I would discourse a little with your Niece in private.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordship.

Mort. Pray call me Brother Lord—we are both Lords now.

Serj. Then Brother Lord——Oh pretty! I'll leave her with your Brother Lordship.

Mort. Do, do.

Maria. How will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle?

Serj. Peace, Baggage---Uncle! I am a Judge, I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent against me smother---A Judge! I will feague the Rogues---Brother-Lord, I am your Brother-Lordship's most humble, and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Mort. Oh, my Lord Judge, your Friend---

[Goes to the Door and locks it.]

Maria. Ha! what now!

But, *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to Thee---

I have kept it pure, unfullied, hitherto.
And will, spite of this mighty Man,
And mightier Villain Uncle.

Mort. My dear Child, I shall respect thy Uncle infinitely for thy sake. Nay, be not bashful, I am thy Friend, thy Governor, and thou art be-

E

come

come my particular Care--Here, here is Gold for thee---thou shalt have more than thou canst carry.

Maria. I can never deserve this Bounty ; nor can I guess why it is you bribe your Servant thus--indeed you make me blush.

Mort. Fye, fye, you must not blush at a Bribe ---It is my Way, Child---but I have given thee my Heart, and am going to put my Body into thy Possession.

Maria. For Heaven's sake ! as you have Honour.

Mort. Yes, yes, you shall find I have Honour, and Courage both--come, come, this way, Child -

[*Forcing her into the Chamber.*]

Maria. Nay, pray, my Lord, do no Violence---As I live here's a Gentleman to your Lordship !

Mort. Pox of his Impertinence ! Could he find no other Time but now---but go, go---into that Room---I'll be with you presently---nay, go ; all shall be well, and I will be civil.

[*Puts her off, and locks her in.*]

Enter Turrington.

Well, *Turrington.*

Turr. My Lord, the Guests you expected are come, seated, and seem impatient---

Mort. For the Repast, to be sure.

Turr. Nay, they seem indeed sharp set---

Mort. The sharper the better for my Business.

Turr. I heard my Lord *Cramdown* say, he had not broke his Fast this Half Hour.

Mort. Poor Gentleman ! I am afraid he will be starved if he fasts half another---Is every thing ready ?

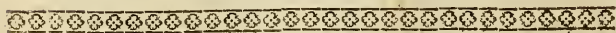
Turr. Every thing, my Lord---the Sauces are all prepar'd.

Mort. Well then, I'll be with them-----They are above bribing, they say ; let us see if we cannot

cannot eat and drink them into better Understanding.

*And when I have dispatch'd 'em, I'll repair
To finish Matters with th' imprison'd Fair.*

End of the Second A C T.



A C T III.

S C E N E Continued.

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

Turrington.

A FFAIRS seem veering, and the Fane of
Edward,
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wishes,
Now turns against us. Out of what Corner
Comes this Blast of Change? It is sudden.
All are as hush as Murderers when escaping;
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in use,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For closer Studies.

Nevill. 'Tis odd; and we must arm against it
----just now

I would have pass'd the Anti-chamber,
And a starched Fellow grimly stop'd my Passage.
I asked the Knave by whose Authority
He barr'd my Entrance! he reply'd morosely,
'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey them:
Then, I demanded if the Rascal knew me?

Turr. What said he then?

Nevill. He answered, better than I knew my self;
Bid me return; there was no Room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog had surely stood corrected,

36 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Had not old *Leicester, Berkeley, Exeter,*
With busy Faces, come into the Room.

To these he turn'd the Key---said they were staid for.

Turr. These froward Peers envy our Master's
Fortune.

Some of 'em have been faulty against the Queen,
For which they were forbid the Royal Presence,
And with a Sullenness withdrew from Court.

What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry :

Unsent for I am sure they did not come ;

For *Mortimer* and they, like jarring Elements,
Have constant Enmity, and must keep Distance.

Nevill. I wish it bodes not Ill to th' common
Cause----

But what this Feasting ?---what has that produc'd ?
Has it increas'd the Number of our Friends ?

Turr. Not all the high-spiced Viands there pre-
par'd,

Nor yet the oft-fill'd Goblet aught avail'd.

They stood it out to th' last ; and said, as far
As Justice went, they'd vote his Will---No farther.

Nevill. Then, this is not a time to tell our Tale ?

Turr. He must betold---Our Safety is concern'd.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

*Enter Mortimer and Serjeant Eicherfide, with a
Paper.*

*He mumbles it over---Eyes Mortimer, and at
last speaks the supposed End.*

Serj. ---Formal Procefs.

Let *Mountacute* be dispatch'd, say you ? ha !
murder'd !

Mort. Why do you hesitate ? I say dispatch'd :
Are you so squeamish you can't digest the Term ?

Serj. No, my Lord, not I ; but wou'd not lodg-
ing him in Gaol for his Life serve as well ?

Mort. Away, Trifler---do you make Scruples ?
let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts
what

what I've decreed, and thou art lost for ever---I will divest thee of thy Lordship; expose thee as a Sacrifice to the Rabble; and how they'll use thee, thy Conscience best can tell.

Serj. The Devil's in him; I must submit---I have run myself, like Thieves, so far into ill Company, that now I would reform, my Associates won't let me [*Aside*] My Lord, I beseech you be not angry: I did this only to sound the Depth of your Lordship's Intentions; and since you are resolv'd, he shall be dispatch'd---murder'd---any thing.

Mort. 'Tis well-----about it then.

Serj. I was born to serve your Honour. I will retrieve your Favour, though it be by turning Executioner myself: and will truss up your Enemies with as little Regret, as a Farmer does the Moles that molest his Ground ---It shall be done, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

Mort. This Fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* changes not faster---How now! Your Business.

Enter Turrington and Nevill.

Turr. 'Tis of Importance: Stand upon your Guard;
For *Berkley*, *Exeter*, and many others,
Who not long since were banish'd from the Court,
Are now with *Edward*, close lock'd up with him.

Mort. Ha!

Nevill. By Heavens, 'tis true-----we saw 'em enter.
We wou'd have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd;
Nay, order'd to retire-----and the Out-Courts
Are fill'd with rough-hew'd Slaves, who guard the
Lords.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment---I'll come presently [*Exeunt Turr. and Nev.*]
How's this? so cunning, Boy? Damnation!

Are

38 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Are ye upon the Catch, my Politicians ?
That *Exeter's* the Devil for a Statesman,
And must be the Guide o' th' Council, too, or
Nothing.

The subtle Fiend has left and sought more Parties
Than all the Cabinet-Pack shuffled together.
He was for us, but falter'd when he found
My Interest greater in the Queen than his.
He had rather be the Foreman of a Jury,
Than second in the Council of Four Hundred.
Why he and *Berkley* ever have been Foes;
Constantly jealous of each other's Greatness;
And tho' they both have lik'd each other's Measures,
Still Contradiction was their practis'd Spight :
But in this Cause 'tis probable they'll join;
And to secure it, give their Spleen Cessation.
What's to be thought on ?

Enter Queen.

Queen. What, always musing, ever melancholly ?
Beware of the Infection ; none so wretched
As those possessed of Jealousy and Doubts.

Mort. But, Madam, mine's a Subject calls for
Thought :

No vain Chimæra, but a just Occasion :
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought Advice,
And I am sorry I must tell it you ;
Those saucy Peers, who villify'd your Crown,
Not sparing Censure of your private Actions,
Are giving vile Instructions to your Son ;
Learning the pliant Youth how he may shake
The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,
While eagerly he listens to the Charm,
And smiles to hear himself saluted King.

Queen. Is it possible ?

Mort. You be the Judge ; for you it most concerns.

Since

Since *Mountacute* has whistled to this Sterling,
 All his Apartments have been closely kept;
 New Waiters plac'd, those you assign'd, discharg'd,
 Lest they might do their Duty, and inform.
 Tell me, my Royal Mistress, can you bear
 The Hand of Limitation and Controul?
 Can you with Ease resign the glorious Throne
 Into the Hands of *Exeter* and *Berkley*?

Queen. Distraction's in the Thought!

Mort. Can she obey, who always did command?
 Can she retire, who ever liv'd in Splendor;
 Nay, thought the World too scanty for her Great-
 ness,

Accept a private Pension, small Attendance,
 And live by him whose Soul from her's took being?
 Whilst I must to their long-grown Malice bow,
 Or die, or live on infamous Conditions,
 Nay, blush not, Madam, this must all be done,
 And more, when these be *Edward's* Governors.

Queen. That ne'er shall be, and *Isabella* living:
 Be thou as once, when *Spencer*, *Gaveston*,
 The Minions of my Husband, did attempt
 To curb my Will, and I defy'd them all:
 No, *Mortimer*, if I could give him Death,
 Think'st thou this feeble *Spawn*, this slender Off-
 spring,

Bred when I wish'd a Barrenness upon me,
 That he shall baulk the Measures of my Soul?

Mort. She fires. [Aside.

Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, because
 my Son,
 I'd still him with a Play-thing call'd a Crown,
 And live myself on Curtesy of State,
 The Fragments of the Grandeur I had left?
 Perish ten Sons e'er such a Fit possess me!

Mort. There spoke a *Queen*; this is true Majesty.
 Appear, and like the Planet of the Day,
 Disperse the sullen Fogs that cloud your Lustre.

Since

Since *Mountacute* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the rest,
Have soar'd, like *Icarus*, beyond their Bounds,
The waxen Wings shall melt in your bright *Beams*,
And find in Floods Rewards for their Ambition.

Queen. They fall, my *Mortimer*, they sink for ever.

I will visit strait these close Conspirators,
Who think themselves so hush'd in their Designs:
As for this Rebel Son, he is a Disease,
And I will purge the Venom from my Blood,
As if a Leprosy had compassed me:
I will have no Competitors in Power.
If in the Father's Time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard shall he tug if he will have the Sway;
And if at last 'tis forc'd and rack'd away,
As I shall scorn the Conquest to outlive,
This shall a Period to his Triumph give.

[*Shews a Dagger*] *Exit*!

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Serjeant Eitherside, and Maria; he pulling her in.

Serj. Come in, you Baggage, you run-away Thief——It is well I met you: I would not have had you gone home for five thousand Pounds——Gad's my Life, I had been unjudg'd before my Taylor had finished my Robes—I should not have had the Satisfaction of seeing how Scarlet becomes me, and your Aunt wou'd have turn'd you out of Doors.

Maria. Why wou'd you leave me then alone with him? he wou'd have forc'd me——

Serj. To have pleas'd yourself; come, come, no more Words [*pulling out a Handkerchief, drops a Paper,*

Paper, which she takes up] away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and join Issue immediately, or you're nonsuited—Must I be forc'd to use my Authority? don't provoke me, lest you sink under the Weight of a Judge's Displeasure—We are dreadful Fellows in Power! therefore have a Care.

Maria. This new Honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle! o' my Conscience, rather than be degraded, he would stand by this Devil of *Mortimer* himself, till he perform'd the Deed of Darknes--- Pray, Sir, let me go Home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you shall thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be Hang'd till you're half Dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt, for high, Swinging high Treason, in rebelling against the Sovereign Authority of my unspotted Ermin.

Maria. This Crime will make it foul; Black as Hell's Practice, or the Trade of Perjury. What to do I know not: If I refuse, I lose his Favour, and that's my Bread: If I comply, then farewell Reputation and Peace of Mind.

Serj. What, again at a stand? Why, you perplex the Cause worse than an Evidence that's deaf and dumb, and is only to be understood by Signs—Go to, and know your Duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father. You're my adopted Child, and bound to submit to my Commands, if the ancient Measures of divine and human Laws are of any Force; and if they are not, I'll make new Ones on this Occasion.

Maria. Command my Life, and I'll freely give it; but this is such a Task, I cannot think upon't, but Horror seizes me.

Serj. Whence comes these Fits, in the Devil's Name? they're not of the Mother, I'm sure: She

wou'd have swallow'd such an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Maria. Dispose of me any ways but this: tho' it be to my Death, I'll thank you for't; but to give myself up to the lewd Embraces of a Person I mortally hate, is far more terrible; and I had rather starve than gain a Fortune on such base Conditions.

Serj. Conditions! Why thou perverse Chit of a wanton Generation, how can'st thou thus bastardiz'd? hufwife, hufwife, if you won't lie with him, you will with somebody you like better, and I'll make you accept of my Choice, or turn you out of doors with your Load of Virtue, instead of a Portion, and see how the starving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Flesh.

Maria. What shall I do? what Course shall I steer?

Serj. That which tends to the making you rich and happy.

Maria. I shall be ruin'd.

Serj. You shall be made.

Maria. A Whore.

Serj. Why you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwise? He's a wise Man, and will be careful of your Honour in regard of his own; and, to my Knowledge, 'tis safer trusting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Banker's — True, he's a little waggish, or so; alas! Child, that's nothing --- learned Men are of Opinion, that warming the Blood, by being now and then facetious, is very conducing to Health--Gad's my Life, he's here, Niece--if you have any Respect for yourself and me, play the part of an understanding Woman, and make Use of the Time--have a care --- I shall watch you----

[*Going.*

Enter

Enter Mortimer.

Mort. Ho! brother Lord——a Word before you go.

Serj. What Commands has my most illustrious Prop of Preferment! Any thing new, my Lord?

Mort. Happy News for you —— I always thought you would be a great Man; why the Queen, by me, puts an Opportunity into your Hands of being greater still.

Serj. How! does her Majesty think upon the lowest of her Subjects? I shall never be able to repay such Goodness---can I serve her, my Lord?

Mort. Why, no body else; she has try'd the Judges already, and they are restiff, like so many tired Horses.

Serj. What is it, my Lord? what is it?---how does your Lordship like my Niece? is she courteous?

Mort. Charmingly, charmingly-----but to our Business; there are a Parcel of froward Persons, that stand upon their Privileges because they are Peers, and, you must know, are very unmannerly both to the Queen and myself. Now they were ordered to be prosecuted with *Mountacute*, and the Knaves in Scarlet refused, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance! who are they? let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not case 'em up, uncase me---But what will become of me if a Parliament should be summoned?

Mort. Oh! fear it not: the Queen will never call a Parliament, lest they might question her, as well as you; therefore be stanch.

Serj. Twist a Whip, I'll go thro' stitch, my Lord; I'll wade through thick and thin, till I'm made Chief Justice, or Chancellor.

[*Exit.*

F 2

Mort.

Mort. 'Tis well, my little wandering Jew, you came back as you did, else you had lost a Lover: Say then, can'st thou love me? Speak, and make me happy, and thy self illustrious.

Maria. I must feign a Compliance, till I'm out of his Power. [*Aside*] Good Sir, spare the Trouble, and let my Blushes speak my Heart.

Mort. What! must I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge, e'er she will give her Opinion----here, there's Gold for thee---nay, nay, take it----she has nick'd me 'faith; my own Way exactly; the Method I follow to a Tittle-----but my Sentence----

Maria. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my Ailing. Since I have seen you, Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat, as if 'twou'd have Liberty.

Mort. Caught, by my Honour! she's in, and at this rate there will be no Occasion for Violence. [*Aside.*]

Maria. And when you speak of Love, your Words pierce me---I find a pleasing Shivering seize on me, and I grow giddy with the unusual Joy.

Mort. In Love, the Experience of thirty could not have demonstrated better----Come, Child, I'll repay it with double Interest----I have a thousand fine Curiosities within my Closet, which thou shalt be Lady of immediately.

Maria. Oh, Heavens! What have I done? I've fool'd myself into a Snare---But blessed Deliverance! my Uncle.

Re-enter Serjeant Eitherside, confus'd, and looking round the Room for the Paper he dropp'd.

Mort. Pox on this Rascally Serjeant! the Fellow has forgot all Manners since I made him a Judge-----how now, my Lord! what brings you so soon back?

Serj.

Serj. My Lord!---- [*Looking round.*]

Mort. Have you lost any thing?

Serj. Lost any thing! odds so, I must not say I've lost the Paper he gave me for the World----- 'Tis as much as my Judgship is worth. [*Aside.*]

No, my Lord---yes I have lost, I may say, all Patience with this untowardly Girl, here.

Mort. Come, come, Brother, don't chide her; let me tell you she mends apace----she is not half so squeamish as she was.

Serj. Verily I rejoice to find the Wench has Grace at last---Many a Lesson have I read her, and many an aching Heart have I had for fear she should rebel against my paternal Tenderness, and become graceless.

Mort. But now, Child, tell your Uncle there's no fear on't.

Maria. I hope, my Lord, there is not.

Serj. I tell you, my Lord, your shy Cocks, for the most part, fight the best Battle.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, here's a saucy, impertinent, insolent sort of a Man below, says, he must and will speak to your Lordship---He's not to be said nay.

Mort. Must speak with us? what wants he? what is he? dost know?

Gent. His Business, he said, was with the Master, and not with the Man; and looks one of the meaner Citizens.

Mort. No Citizen of Rank durst use any of my Dependents in that rough Manner; however, send him up, let's see this abrupt Rascal; if his Intelligence be not pleasing, he shall pay dear for this Interruption. [*Exit Gent.*]

Serj. I find, my Lord, you are uneasy at your being so open to Business; nor can you be private here,

here, indeed, as Love requires ----- What thinks your Lordship of my House? there you may be secure.

Mort. You advise well, and as becomes your Robe---Nothing better---As soon as I've dispatch'd this Wretch, I'll attend you.

Enter Felt.

Felt. A hard Case, truly---because I, have not fine Cloaths on, forsooth, I must be abused by a Pack of Scoundrels here.

Mort. What's the Matter, Friend? Why so angry?

Felt. Why, to be plain with your Honour, that Porter of yours is a Hangman-looking Dog; a griping, skinny Rascal, and push'd the Door in my Face, because I would not daub his ugly Fist, forsooth.

Serj. Hark ye, Master, take Care what you say ---you're before a Judge, do you see me--- you know the Penalty of insulting the Servant of a Person in his Lordship's high Station; Let me tell you, Friend, 'tis *Scandalum magnatum*.

Felt. Be what it will, Persons in high Station should teach them better Manners then.

Mort. Upon what Provocation was all this?

Felt. Provocation, an please you! No more than I give your Honour now-----I only said I had paid Scot and Lot, and gone thro' all the Offices of the Parish, as you in the Government; and wish'd my Country perhaps as well as your Lordship. I hope a Body may say so much without Offence.

Serj. Item, *Scandalum magnatum, in extremo*. --- Offence with all my Heart! Why, can there be a greater than to speak irreverently of Public Ministers?

Mort:

Mort. Pr'ythee no more of this Impertinence, but to the Business.

Felt. I come, my Lord, in the Name of all my Fellow-Citizens, to demand Justice, in Behalf of a poor Man that was inveigled to give his Vote for twenty Marks: but the Purchaser not getting his Election, has since thrown him in Jail for't, which we think a very hard Case.

Mort. The Plaintiff's Name?

Felt. Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an please you.

Mort. Ha! speak again.

Felt. Why, Sir *Nettle Bribevote*, an please you.

Mort. Know'st thou what thou say'st? He's a Friend of ours, and incapable of a base Action.

Felt. Let him be whose Friend he will, the Action's lodg'd, and 'tis a Shame the poor Man should be kept in Hold any longer.

Mort. How now! do'st thou presume to direct us?

Felt. Marry, some People want Direction.

Mort. Insolence! be gone, or——

Felt. I thought as much—— [*Exit grumbling.*]

Serj. Come, my Lord, this beggarly Elf is beneath your Notice.

Mort. He is so——therefore, my Lord, we'll lose no Time——I accept of your Invitation.

Serj. Your Lordship does me inexpressible Honour——Huzzy! You'll be sure to follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Maria. They are gone, and, thank Heaven, I am once more delivered from the Brink of Destruction——so, now let me gratify my Curiosity [*Takes a Paper out of her Bosom, and reads it.*] Good Heaven! what do I see! the very Scroll of Death-----Directions in what Manner to proceed against *Mountacute*!----Be but propitious Stars, and I will make this Instrument of Villainy the Guide
by

48 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

by which I'll steer this almost sinking Bark through
all the Rocks which threaten his Destruction-----
it will bring me to his Right---Blessed Accident!

*And tho' my Fortune can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him he must approve.*



A C T IV.

SCENE MOUNTACUTE'S HOUSE.

Enter Mountacute and Holland.

Mountacute.

ALL Things move forward with a prosperous
Breeze,
And we shall reach the Harbour of Success
Sooner than we believ'd. 'Tis now in View:
Heav'n seems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promising Safety to the Royal Cause,
Inspires the King, who steers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him steady in his Resolution.

Sir Rob. Hol. 'Tis wonderful indeed; it shews
the Hand

Of Providence is with us: *Never Prince
Was grac'd with so much Knowledge as young Edward.*
Considering his Years, 'tis wonderful.
He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Statesman what's propos'd,
*Still as he speaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time, and points to his Revenge.*

Mount.

Mount. *His Ears are open to the Nation's Groans;*
He credits now the Baseness of the Queen,
In the Support of baser *Mortimer*,
Who magnifies his Mischiefs by Success,
And thrives i'th' Eye of Heav'n.

Sir *Robt. Holl.* Tax not the Pow'rs above, lest
we are forsaken :
They often suffer what they don't approve.
Their Vengeance makes us know why we are pu-
nish'd :

Such Visitations whet our Penitence ;
Create Reflections on the inward Cause ;
For Conscience is the Mirror of our Souls,
Which represents the Errors of our Lives
In their full Shape.

Mount. But tell me Friend what Message is re-
turn'd
From *Exeter* and *Berkley* ? Will they come ?
Or chose they rather tamely to be noozed ?

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Be not too rash, for they are Men
of Worth.
Do not believe, because they left the Court,
Retreating to their quiet rural Seats,
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their
Minds,
They're cold or stupid when their Honour calls.
No, *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
That, *in the Roll of Fame, there yet remains*
One Chance, one glorious Lot, that's worthy hazard,
Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd.
Rouz'd with the Summons, they have wing'd their
Haste,

Vying who shall become the second *Curtius*.

Mount. Why, so it was with *Leicester*, when first
I told the glorious Action now in Hand :
He, like some Lion, almost stiff with Ease,
Lolling at length within his antic Cave,

50 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

Takes the Alarm of the Huntsman's Sound,
At which he stretches out his well-grown Limbs,
Brustles his horrid Main, and furls his Tail;
Stalks to the Field, and swells to meet the Foe.

Sir Robt. Holl. They meet this Night at Council,
where they'll find

Matter prepar'd sufficient to inspire 'em.

Mount. All join; the Nobles, Gentry, and the
Commons:

The Chain is rivetted; the wresty People,
Whose Rights and Privileges are usurp'd,
No longer free, but all in Vassalage,
Are ripe for Mischiefe, ready for Rebellion.
They wait from us the Signal when to dole
The Act of Justice---wou'd the Cry were up,
That I might see these Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beasts.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to speak
with you.

Mount. Conduct her in: [*Exeunt Servant.*

Sir Robt. Holl. I'll take my Leave----at Six we
meet again: [*Exit.*

Mount. I shall not fail.

Re-enter Servant with Maria.

Your Business, Fair One?

Maria. When I shall tell the Subject of my Er-
rand,

Perhaps it may deserve Attention;
But I must request your Privacy.

[*Nods at the Servant, who exits.*

Mount. You are obey'd---By Heaven a charm-
ing Creature!

Now speak your Pleasure, Madam.

Maria. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a
Maid,

Who

Who for some years has ey'd your noble Worth ;
 And, tho' her Birth, nor Fortune, can pretend
 To merit that Return she long has sigh'd for,
 Yet so her partial Destiny has order'd,
 She still admires your Person and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitress, whither does this
 tend ?

Maria. With Silence hitherto she has concealed
 The saucy Flame ; oft strove to stifle it ;
 Yet, rather than her Folly should be known,
 She let it prey upon her vital Parts,
 Hoping at last 'twould end her hapless Days,
 And her ambitious Love die unrevealed.

Mount. That was unkindly done, she could not
 doubt Success,
 When she had one so fair to plead her Cause.

Maria. The Disproportion is so great between ye,
 That she must still despair, and still love on.
 Fortune has plac'd her where you most abhor:
 Diseases, Infamy, or Death itself,
 You would not shun with more precipit Haste,
 If I should name the Person ; yet, even there,
 Amidst the Toil and Anguish of her Life,
 A happy Moment did present itself,
 To make her be the lucky Messenger
 Of Health to you, tho' she must ever linger.

Mount. I'll spare the Trouble of your Blushes,
 Lady ;
 For I've a Soul so tender of the Sex,
 Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love,
 As shall prevent the Torture of Confession,
 And do you Justice.

[Takes her by the Hand, which she pulls from him.]

Maria. You wrong your Judgment, and you
 censure ill :
 I came not hither, Sir, on that Account :
 No loose Desires, the Product of ill Blood,
 Can blast the Reputation of my Life :

My Honour guards me from that Infamy ;
 But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
 And bring a Secret of great Importance,
 The Service possibly may merit Pity ;
 Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer.---
 Come, wave this Woman's Method to allure us,
 You're safe and secret here---none can disturb us :
 And I'll give you such Returns of Love ;
 Such hearty Proof, thou shalt soon be convinc'd,
 Tho' it be Infant-born, it rivals thine.

Maria. Away!--How have I err'd! Are all
 Men thus?

Thus full of Guilt?---My Senses do recover,
 And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms---
 Read that---[*Gives a Paper.*] for I must leave you---

Oh, my Heart!

If thou would'st be my Friend, beat faster on,
 And force thy Passage thro' these feeble Walls.

Mount. Yet stay---what have I here?
 By all that's sacred, peremptory Orders
 For my Destruction! *Mortimer's* Hand to't!
 How came she by this?---Now, I recollect;
 She told me that her Fate had fix'd her where
 I should detest the naming, if I knew it.
 It must be so---Well, my Deliverer,
 I thank you---by my Honour I'm sincere!
 This Scroll which thou hast given speaks thy Kind-
 ness,

And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place
 Of thy Abode be with the worst of Men:
 Nor will I lag in making a Return,

[*Offers Money, which she refuses.*
 Tho' at the Present I am lost in Thought.

Maria. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End.
 If you apply this Caution
 To the right Use, you may escape the Snare ;
 But, if you slight it, then I know the worst

For,

For, tho' I am no suitable Companion
In Life, yet, in the Grave, we undistinguished
May mingle Ashes, tho' our Souls are distant.

Mount. You must not leave me ; I have much
to say :

The Injury I have done you by Suspicion,
When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
I must atone.

Maria. This Language does not suit my humble Character ;
Nor is it noble to despise my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my Hopes of Credit I am real !
There's something from thy Eyes hath shot my
Soul,
And I could gaze for ever on such Goodness.

Maria. Alas ! my Lord, my Wishes stoop to
Fear ;
Your Dignity and Honour intervene.

Mount. What will not Gratitude, with Love
conjoin'd,
Remove ? Tell me no more of Honour, Dignity ;
When Charms like thine appear, all must give
place.

Maria. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble
one,
Whose Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead.
Men spoke him brave, if Loyalty can plead
In his Behalf---'Twas Colonel *Stapleton*.

Mount. Thou charm'st me more--Why Loyalty's
a Jem
Fit for a Prince's Crown.
I knew thy Father ; gallant, worthy Man !
His Sufferings were remarkable and noble ;
And thou art, Fair One, richer, sprung from that,
Than had a Traytor, blest'd with Millions, got
thee---

I'll to the King ; acquaint him with thy Goodness :
His Safety is procur'd by this Precaution :

And

And sure he'll recompence thy Loyalty.
 With his Consent we will for ever join ;
 Thy Virtues will in future Ages shine ;
 While untir'd Fame her matchless Worth shall sing,
 Who sav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.

Scene changes to Serjeant Either side's.

Enter Mortimer and Either side.

Mort. Thy Patent's ready--the Queen and I have
 thought thee deserving of it.

Serj. Oh, Lord ! how shall I speak my Gratitude
 for such heav'nly Goodness !--A Lord-chief-justice!
 Lud ! I can't contain myself.

Mort. But the other Affair must be done to
 Nigh.

Serj. To Night must it be done ?

Mort. This Night ; the Queen's gone to her
 Son,

Who is in Council with these Men we've men-
 tion'd.

At dead of Night the guards shall seize 'em all ;
 And, when they once are Pris'ners, see you take
 Care

That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.

Serj. But pray what Evidence has your Lordship
 against 'em ?

Mort. Dull Wretch ! Have I against them ?
 Law and Religion sure are useless grown,
 When Priests want Vouchers, or a Judge Inform-
 ers.

Think of the Management in *Edmund's* Tryal,
 And give these Lords his Fate.

Serj. Well, well, my Lord, their Business shall
 be done.

Mort. Or they'll do our's----I know their Sub-
 tletie :

They're silent Setters all, and close ;

Not

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Not apt to quest, and give their Quarry Notice---
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Destruction.

Serj. Fear not my Diligence in dispatching an Enemy ; but 'twould do well to get the Queen to pass an Order under the Broad-Seal for the speedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here 'till they're dispatch'd.

Mort. It shall be done---Is there ought else ?

Serj. That's all---and I'll send up my Creatures before-hand to purchase a Jury for them. As for Evidence, there are poor Rogues in abundance ; and the larger the Bribe, the stronger the Oath---so adieu, my Lord ! You'll find *Maria* in her own Room I reckon by this---I hope she'll divert your Lordship in the mean time---Oh, Lud ! a Chief-justice ! [Exit.

Mort. What a Bundle of Self-Interest art thou !
-----Tho' I love it in myself, I wonder at it in others---Well, now sure I have nothing to fear either from her Resistance, the Surprize of a saucy Interruption, or my own Impotency ; but may revel safely till the destin'd Hour, that almost raises me to Sov'reignty. [Exit.

Scene changes to the Palace, discovers the King, Leicester, Mountacute, Berkley, Sir Tho. Delamore, Holland and Exeter, at Council.

King. What will ye farther ? This Scroll of
Mountacute's
Fully expresses the dire Fiend's Design.

Leicest. Time must suit the rest---
Nor may we trifle dangerous Distempers ;
If they not meet a sudden Opposition,
They baffle all Prescription when too late,
And render Physic useless.

Exeter. 'Tis thoroughly advised---pursue it, Sir :
Sir Tho.

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Sir Tho. Dela. Your murder'd Father, whom we
oft admonish'd,

Nay, told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,
Laugh'd at our Caution: Sir, you must be careful,
Or all is lost beyond Recovery.

Exeter. If you persist in what you seem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it;
But if the Queen should change you, farewell Power!
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill:
We are content to fall, if you are so.

King. I will observe Directions, weigh each
Word;

Not vary from a Tittle---My Safety
Is with your's, as your's with mine, united.
Sure never Prince was fav'd from greater Hazards,
Under the specious shew of Zeal to serve me.
What must I call you? Friends! that Name's too
poor;

But yet a Friend will venture wond'rous Things,
When what we love is compass'd round with Dan-
ger.

Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am blest'd with.
(*Within.*) I must acquaint the Prince, ere I ad-
mit your Majesty.

Queen. Traytor!

Enter a Waiter, driven in by the Queen.

King. What means this Noise?

*They all rise: she walks round'em, comes to the
Front, and speaks.*

Queen. The Rumour then is true! I find it now;
But I much wonder, ye audacious Men,
That ye assemble here without my Leave;
You who had fell, and justly, for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Ives.
Has Mercy harden'd your presumptuous Hearts?
Or are you past Reproof?

Sir

Sir Tho. Dela. Madam, what we have done---

Queen. There is a better Man to answer me
Than *Delamore*, thou Usher to these Schoolmen,
Who in their Absence sets my Son such Lessons.

Mount. Then, since your Majesty---

Queen. Boys I could never listen to---
Go, prattle with my Page.

Leicest. If I may speak---

Queen. Age is a Changling,
And languishes for Hospitals---You, Sirs, I speak
To, *Exeter* and *Berkley*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks: who sent for you?
Be brief, and answer justly, as you love your
Lives.

Berk. That we esteem our Lives is very plain:
Our Care o'th' King confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Proposals, solve his Questions,
And, to the utmost of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preserve the King, in Grandeur, Peace, and
Safety.

Queen. The King!

Exeter. The King: to whom your Majesty's no
Stranger
Being so near related.

Queen. Unheard of Insolence! Why, who am I

Exeter. His Mother.

Queen. Traytor! there is another Title due to
me.

Exeter. None that we know of.

Queen. Thou ly'st:

And I will stamp the Falshood down thy Throat---
Unthankful Boy! how can'st thou suffer this,
And hear thy Mother talk'd so to by Slaves?

King. Madam, your Passion makes their Duty
stagger:

You use 'em not like Noblemen, but Peasants.

H

Tho'

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Tho' Subjects, they have no Dependence on us ;
And Majesty's adorn'd, and serv'd by them,
Much more than is at all Times fit to own.

'Tis true they are not safe but under Kings,
Nor can Kings flourish but by such Assistance.

Queen. Indeed, Sir ! You are grown a Disputant,

And jabber Politicks most learnedly ! ---
Thou Tool, thou Instrument of Self-destruction !
Do'st think these State-Worms mean thee further
Good,

Than what may serve to introduce their own ?
I tell thee, Counsellors are all alike,
And Princes know no more than they think fitting;
So, whilst his Glory does not injure theirs,
They are content they may grow great together.

Berk. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd elsewhere,

Where Power's unjustly us'd by sad Permission.
We have no Ends or Aim, but the King's Safety.
'Tis true so far, our own depends upon't :
The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People ;

And, as the Lamb flies from the Wolf to him
That guards the Flock, so we seek Refuge here.
Life's all we hope for ; indeed Life's all in all ;
And 'tis so sweet, that all are fond to save it.

King. Madam, in short, I am of Age to govern,
And here assume the Right my Father left me.
These I have chose to be my worthy Guides ;
This I resolve, and strait will make it good.

Queen. Have I no Place ? Am I a Cypher grown ?
Will none afford a Place for Dignity ?

King. Accept of mine.

Queen. No ; this may serve your Mother :

[Sits down at the End of the Table by Leicester.
I will sit here, with this good Man's Allowance.

Come

Come, I'll be govern'd too---Pray, be my Friends,
As well as his, for once.

Exeter. Nay, Madam, this we must not suffer
neither.

[*They all retire from the Table.*]

Queen. What, am I left alone?

Am I infectious? Dare none sit near the Plague?
Ungracious Boy! Is this thy filial Love?
This the Return for all the Pangs and Throws
I suffer'd at thy Birth? This the Reward
For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,
Which through thy sickly Infancy possess'd me,
When, many a weary Night, bereft of Rest,
I've slumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd
My own hard Fate? Now, it proves so indeed:
I've nurs'd a Viper, given an Adder warmth;
Which, being grown to Strength, forgets its Pa-
rent,

And covets preying on her Entrails-----Oh! mon-
strous Crime!

King. Nay, Mother, Mother----

Exeter. Be not caught, Sir; these Tears, like
those of *Syrens*,

Entice you but to leap to sure Destruction.

Queen. Must he alone have Credit? Am I no-
thing?

Return e'er 'tis too late, I do conjure thee!
By all the Comforts thou hast e'er receiv'd;
By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,
Attend my Pray'rs, and throw th' envenom'd
Robe

Off from thy Person e'er the Poison fix,
Or else thou art lost for ever.

Sir Tho. Dela. Oh, Sir, be steady, or you ruin
all!

King. I must retire, or I shall melt to Folly---
Madam, I'm indispos'd, and must withdraw.

Queen. Come hither, Child, and rest upon my Bosom :

I'll hush thy Cares, and quiet thy Disturbers,
As when I lull'd thee first.

Exeter. Away, Sir.

Queen. My Son.

Berk. Be deaf, Sir.

Queen. Edward, my only Edward, hear thy Mother.

King. Force me away, if you regard my Glory.

Mount. That shan't be wanting.

[*They force him away.*

[*Exeunt all but Queen,*

Queen. My Child ! my Comfort ! Darling ! Prop of Life ! -----

I shall grow mad-----I find the Furies seize me-----

My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire.-----

Come then, Revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,
And let me gorge my rav'nous Appetite.

Inspire me, *Nemesis*, thou subtlest Fury ;

Drive from my Soul the Weakness of my Sex,

And make me Masculine in my Attempts.

Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage !

Why should not I, for I have Cause prodigious ?

Nature for ever here I banish thee :

Remorse, and Conscience, Pity, all farewell ;

Instruct me Malice, and assist me Hell.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE THE CASTLE.

Enter Mortimer and Maria, dress'd fine.

Mort. **A**Y, my Charmer ;-----
Now thou look'st like what thou art,
But what thou shalt be the Event must tell.
Thou shalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt ;
have a greater Court than the Queen, and be
greater than her in Effect, as I am, in Effect, than
the King ; for I, who command this Nation, am
commanded by thee.

Maria. But, my Lord-----

Mort. Not a Word more----I expect the Queen
every Moment ; and, when this Night is over,
all the rest of my Nights and Days shall be at thy
Devotion-----Give thy Uncle this, (*giving a Pa-*
per) 'tis a Commission to take the Lives of six
rank, stubborn, loyal Rogues, &c, who, when
dispatch'd---

Maria. Are they your Lordship's Enemies ?

Mort. I know not what Prejudice they have to
my Person, but they're Enemies to my Interest ;
and that's a Statesman's Cause at all Times-----
There's *Mountacute, Delamore, Holland.* (*Whispers*)
-----What a Feast will there be for the Hangman !
But go, Love, go.--I feel Temptation creeping
upon me, and it is not proper at this Time to fall
under it.

Maria. No, Villain, no !
Their Fates shall be revers'd---If this can plead,
It falls, curst *Mortimer*, on thy own Head. (*Aside.*)
[*Exeunt.*]

Mort:

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Mort. In what a comfortable Manner shall I
spend the latter Part of my Life!

Now, Fears be gone—the noble Treason's sign'd
And seal'd——now, *Edward*, I will mount thy
Throne.

By Heav'n, she was so eager in her Vengeance,
She never read the Mischief she has granted:
Oh, how she rav'd! cursing her Son and Peers,
Resolving not to rest without Revenge.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Have you dispatch'd the Paper which I
sign'd?

Mort. I have;
And these couch'd Lyons, who shrink up their
Claws,

Thinking to grasp our Lives with firm Security,
Fall in our Toil this Night.

I have Intelligence your Son has summon'd
His trusty, loyal Lords, to sup with him;
So when they're careless in their Luxury,
We'll bolt upon 'em with such sure Destruction,
Nor *Edward*, nor the World, shall rescue 'em.

Queen. He rescue them! why he, with them,
must fall;
For what avails the Carnage without him?

Mort. 'Tis true, indeed; by halves 'twere doing
Business——

The Rebel-Lords have written, and dispers'd
A Proclamation in young *Edward's* Name,
In which he does convene a Parliament
To meet the following Month at *Salisbury*;
There to debate on proper Means and Ways,
How to secure the Nation's future Peace;
But if this noble Resolution's held,
It puts us past the Fear of all their Malice.

Queen. By me it shall—A Parliament! Pre-
sumption!

He

He shall repent his Disobedience ; foolish Boy !
His learned Council too shall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbets, Racks, severest Tortures
Can be produc'd sufficient for their Number.

Mort. Think they, dull Souls, they shall eclipse
your Glory ?

Think they we'll fall a publick Spectacle
To every mean-soul'd Viliain ?

No, like the Sun, in it's full Noon of Light,
Still shall you shine—too strong for vulgar gaze.

Queen. We thank thy Zeal ; but hasten Execution——

We must not dally precious Hours away.

Mort. Madam, I cringe me to your great Command——

With the Chief-Justice, strait, I'll hold Discourse---
The Result shall be told your Majesty. [*Exeunt:*

Scene changes to the Market-Place:

Enter Citizens and Mob.

1st Mob. No Wonder we are as we are, if all
this be true.

2d Mob. Why, ay, truly ; what's the Nation
the better for him ?

Bumper. That's a great deal the *Worse* for him,
Neighbour ; but he's a great deal the *Better* for
That.

Oldstie. So he well may, when he has stripp'd
the Tree of all it's Fruit.

Felt. Which I'm afraid will never blossom again.

Bump. Not while he has the Care of it, at least.

1st Mob. But hark ye me—the *Scots* did not use
to be so ready for Peace.

2d Mob. No indeed---no more they did.

Bumper. Why, here it is----put the Case now,
any one had abused you, and call'd you *Son of a*
Whore, and to *salve up the Sore*, he had given
you

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you a good round Sum, you'd stand his Friend upon a Pinch, wou'd you not, tho' you were never so sturdy before?

1st Mob. Ay, marry wou'd I, as long as I found the good Marks coming in.

Bumper. But if at any time he should stop Payment---what then?

1st Mob. What then! oh, faith! I'd soon bully him into better Haviours.

Bumper. Then, I find, to have your Friendship one must pay you well for't.

1st Mob. To be sure----especially when I know my Chap won't fight?

Bumper. But if by Chance he were brave, and wou'd fight?

1st Mob. Then, perhaps, I'd have a Knock with him, and perhaps not; and there wou'd be an end on't.

Bumper. So then 'tis only your Cowards come off by the Lee?

All. Only your Cowards.

1st Mob. But they say the *French* won't like this Peace.

Bumper. Oh, hang 'em! they're cunning Foxes---If Truth were known, I warrant they're at the Bottom of all this---their Chops water at some beautiful Spot of Ground or other---Odso! here's my good Lord *Mountacute*---Stand on one Side---Perhaps we shall hear how Things go.

Enter Mountacute.

Mount. What can I less for this my fair Preserver,
Than make her Mistress of the Life she saves?
Nor has she, virtuous Maid, sav'd only mine:
The worthiest Nobles, nay, the King himself,
Are in her Debt---Oh, how I love thee for't!
By Heaven!

It gains thee more Possession in my Heart.

Than

Than had an Age of formal Vows been paid.
But who are these?---Oh, some Citizens assembled
---it's opportune---I'll disclose the foul, the mon-
strous Design of *Mortimer*---'Twill compleat their
Hatred---Friends and Countrymen, how do ye?

All. As well as can be expected these hard
Times.

Mount. What is there no Trade stirring then?
have you nothing to do?

All. Nothing----- Nothing-----

Mount. I'm sorry for't---it did not use to be so;
Oldfile. A sad Change truly my Lord.

Maunt. The more's the Pity.

Felt. But sure it will be otherwise anon?

Mount. It shan't be wanting on my Part to make
it so.

All. God bless you; my Lord, and send a few
like your Lordship.

Bumper. Why, my Lord, I was telling my Fel-
low-Citizens of a Way just now, that wou'd soon
mend the Times, bad as they are.

Mount. As how, prithee, *Bumper*?

Bumper. Oh, very easy, my Lord---Why, as I
take it, the Nation's at present much upon a Foot
with Wine that's upon the sour, which, when it
comes to that, shou'd be clapt into a fresh Hogs-
head, with other Ingredients, to bring it to itself
again.

1st Mob. Ay, the Hogshead should be chang'd,
as you say, else 'twill go near to sour the Nation.

Bumper. Yet some People will tell you it is not
so much as foul, and too clean for such as us.

1st Mob. Do they so? But 'tis not for me then.
And I reckon myself to have as good a Taste as
Mr. Any-Body-----

Frame. Well, but I don't hear you say, who's
to make this same new Hogshead?

Bumper. Why, the King's Cooper should; but he's for having it serve some Time longer.

1st Mob. Then, if he won't, we must—don't tell me, we are no Slaves yet.

Mount. Bravely said, my Friend—You ought not to be so; *nor shall you be reduced to it, tho' Mortimer, by his vile Artifices, is contriving your Bonds as fast as he can. He sticks at nothing to accomplish his wicked Purposes:* even now I saw a Commission under the Great Seal to dispatch six of us.

All. Abominable!

Mount. Nay, the King too is not spar'd: He's to be among the Number.

All. Vengeance!

Mount. I'm now going to impart this Discovery to the King, when a Remedy will be proposed to give new Life to our declining State. If you love your Country, therefore, this is the Time you must struggle to set it free, or never. I expect this from your Zeal and Loyalty, that you'll all be ready to back this Design, by surrounding the Castle.

All. All, All.

Mount. And that immediately—we must lose no Time.

All. We'll lose our lives for King and Country.

Mount. I thank you, Countrymen, in the Name of Both, and am glad to find the old *English* Spirit is not lost among you—Come, let me conduct ye—

All. We follow——No *Mortimer* [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to Serjeant Eitherside's.

Mort. You have receiv'd the Commission I sent by your Neice, you say?

Serj. I have, and these wise Counsellors shall rue their Politicks——I'll smother them——

Mort.

Mort. But hark ye, my Lord!

Suppose when we have lopp'd these Branches off,
The Trunk remains from whence will grow fresh
Mischiefs?

I find the Boy is fond of sovereign Sway;
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majesty:
His Soul is tun'd to absolute Prerogative,
And all his Concert strike that pleasing Air.

Serj. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him
out of this Evil, and perhaps he'll take Care how
he falls into the same Temptation again.

Mort. Thou know'st him not:
He has a wayward Soul and stubborn Temper;
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother swell him,
With all his Father's positive Revenge.
He affects a Mildness for the want of Power;
But when he once has conquer'd his Restraint,
We must expect to pay for these Men's Lives.

Serj. Nay, 'tis good to be sure, my Lord, that's
certain; and if I thought his Reign would put an
End to ours, Charity begins at Home, and I beg
the young Prince's Pardon, I would not tamely
resign, I tell him that.

Mort. This Parliament that's summon'd will be
dangerous:

The Commons hate the Nobles, envy us,
And if we find not Means to curb these Measures,
We shall too late repent our Follies, *Either side*—
Our Heads, our Heads, must answer for our Actions.

Serj. Our Heads! I'll send him to his Father first.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right--what say'st thou to
another *Edvardum occidere Nolite timere, bonum est*.

Serj. Say to't! why he must have it. These
Knives dispatch'd, we shall not boggle at a greater
Matter.

Mort. A decay'd Statesman is a wretched Thing!
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions, which prefer us,
And we have Flatterers too that thrive by us,

Power makes us Knaves---We're honest out of
Service;

But when our Prince's Favours fall away,
Nothing so despicable, or unregarded;
Therefore 'tis Policy, when once we're in
To finish by those Rules we did begin-----
Then, let the Factious 'gainst my Title roar,
I'll quickly quell Disputes, when once I've Sov^r-
reign Power. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to the Palace.

*Enter King Edward, Mountacute, Delamore,
Holland, Exeter, and Leicester.*

King. Was ever 'Treason so unnatural!
A Mother's Hand to sign her Son's Destruction!
Now I'm convinc'd who set my Father going.
Good Heav'n! how much I owe you for this Safety,
And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it!
Oh *Mountacute*! I stand so much indebted,
I fear I want Rewards to recompence;
Yet I'll consider till I've tir'd Thought
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.

Mount. You owe it to the Virgin that preserv'd
you, Sir;
Make her Amends, my Duty is my Payment---
But, Sir, resolve apace; each Moment is impor-
tant----

Your loyal Citizens impatient wait:

They cry with one Accord, away with Mortimer.

King. They shall be satisfy'd---We'll force the
Castle----

Dela. Hold, Sir.

When I was Governor, I found a Place,
Which now may be of admirable Use.
There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,
Whose dismal, rough, unshapen Way
Was surely torn with Hands by a dark Gueſs;

For

For 'tis so strange, no Light cou'd guide the
Making:

'Twas wrought by Pris'ners, sure, for Liberty;
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,
And has a Passage out just by the River;
There we must enter, and when we have reach'd
the Gaol

The Part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer's*.

King. What follows, *Delamore*?

Dela. I'th' Cieling is a Place with rusty Bolts,
Which formerly, no Doubt, was a Trap-door;
But for what Use they best must know who made it.
This we may force, and so surprize the Villain.

Mount. 'Tis a good Stratagem.

King. Let's instantly about it, then.

Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majesty,
With these good Lords and me, secure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore*, with a good Guard
Pass this same Vault; and my Lord of *Leicester*
With a Party force the Guard on the Queen's Side.

All but King----Prudently advis'd!

King. Each to his Task, then--*Mortimer* we come;
The Night begins my Reign, that seals thy Doom.

[*Exeunt*.

Scene changes to the Castle:

Enter Mob, arm'd.

1st Mob. Hark ye, Neighbours, this is a woundy
strong Castle.

2d Mob. Ay, marry, we shall find a tough Piece
of Work on't.

3d Mob. Tough! Why, an it were as tough as
Neck Beef, our Weapons wou'd soon make it tender-----Tender as an *Englishman's* Head now
a-Days, as a Body may say.

4th Mob. Right! an the Castle were an enchanted
Castle, we'd make it smoak.

5th Mob. This Spit, let me tell you, shall do no small Execution to Night : It shall run a Score or two of *Mortimer's* People through the Guts, and roast a good Rump of Beef afterwards.

6th Mob. You talk of your Spit ! Why this Pitchfork, do you mind me, shall do a hundred times as much ; I'll make a Hay-rick of dead Bodies with it as high as the Castle itself---I will.

7th Mob. But do you see this Sword!----this Sword shall do a thousand times more than either your Spit or your Pitchfork---'Tis true, I believe it has not been drawn ever since the last Battle of the Barons ; but when 'tis once drawn, the Enemy must stand clear-----it kills all before it.

1st Mob. Good lack ! does it so ? then I'm sure I'll take Care to keep behind it.

2d Mob. Methinks 'tis Pity to demolish so fine a Piece of Workmanship, that has cost such a Mort of Money, and where there's such a many fine Things.

1st Mob. You say right, Neighbour ; we shou'd look before we leap. An I were to advise, we'd better stay, and see if this same *Mortimer* wou'd ease our Conditions a little.

5th Mob. Hang his Conditions ! this Spit, I tell you, shall get us roasted Conditions.

6th Mob. S'Death on all Flinchers ! I'll make Hay while the Sun shines, as the Saying is
[Shaking his Pitchfork.]

7th Mob. What ! Draw, and put up again without doing any thing ! No thank you for that : No sham Fight : my Sword won't be bamboozled so neither-----Those that don't like being for us, may be against us.----No wheedling, d'ye see.

All but 1st and 2d Mob. No wheedling ! no wheedling ;

1st Mob. Nay, nay, an that be the Case, I've done advising

2d *Mob.* And I too---but pray, who's to command us :

3d *Mob.* Command us ! Who the Duce should command a Mob ?

4th *Mob.* No, no, we won't be commanded---Master *Bumper* is to give us some *Instructions* from our Betters by and by, and we'll one and all be directed by him.

All. Ay, ay, one and all.

Enter Bumper.

Bumper. Now, Neighbours, for the Honour of England---Now's the time to shew your Mettle, if you have any---Every thing's ready for the Push, and, if you prove good Blood, you'll soon see this Castle and it's proud Master both in our Power.

5th *Mob.* Oh, rare ! there will be Plunder for ye, my Boys !

6th *Mob.* Ay, then we shall *plunder* the *Plunderer* ; and I'm sure there's no harm in that.

Bumper. As to that, I can't tell---that must be left to the King's good Pleasure---*A great many noble Families you know have been ruin'd by this same Mortimer's Knavery, and 'tis just they should be served first--As for us, I think, to have our Liberties again is our best Reward.*

All. Ay, ay, Liberty, Liberty.

Bumper. Come then, Neighbours, follow me. We are ordered to join Master *Felt*, and some other Well-wishers, met together at the other Side of the Castle.

Let's to the last stand up for Freedom's Cause ;
For Freedom gone, farewell to all our Laws.

[*Exeunt, saying, Stand up, Fight, Die, Freedom, Liberty, Liberty.*]

Scene

Scene changes to Mortimer's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Mortimer.

Queen. Are the Guards posted? All your Creatures stanch?

Is the Chief-Justice in a murdering Vein?

Mort. If by the Tools we judge a Master's Skill,
No Statesman sure can boast a Set like mine :
They are the true-born Sons of Villainy ;
They stick at nought to serve their Master's Int'rest ;
Or Preason, Murder, Regicide, or Incest.

Queen. Ay, such as these besit our Purpose well ;
They'll soon remove our busy Politicians.

Mort. This Night ends all our Fears ; and, ere
the Morn

Has gone her Race, they'll have our Enemies
In full Possession. Oh, then ! my Queen,
Young snarling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred Boy,
And his old Counsellor, close *Delamore*,
Shall smart----- [*A clashing of Swords*]

Ha ! what means this Noise, my Guards ? What !
Ho !----

Death ! it grows louder---Are they all engag'd ?
Treason ! Treason !

Enter Turrington bloody.

Why that dismal Object ?

Turr. Shift for yourself, Sir ; all's betray'd and
lost :

The King and *Leicester* have cut off your Guards ;
The City's at the Gates, and shout him King ;
They cry out Vengeance for their ancient Rights,
By *Mortimer* infring'd---I can no more---
But that I have been faithful, let this witness.

[*Dies.*

Queen. Oh, Heavens ! What, what shall I do?

Here, *Mortimer*,

There is a Vault that will convey thee-----

Mount-

Mountacute, Delamore, and their Party, come from
under the Stage.

Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a Place
As safe as he design'd us!

Mort. Horror, and Hell!

Queen. Oh, spare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son!

Mount. Madam, you're deceiv'd, he's not yet
come.

Dela. Well, haughty *Mortimer*, what think'st thou
now?

Mort. That I shall die----

Delam. By all *unpity'd*, and by all *contemn'd*.

Queen. Oh, ye malicious Pow'rs:

Mount. *Blame not the Pow'rs, Madam, they are just.*
By a sad Series of triumphant Guilt,
Long had Oppression gall'd a Free-born People;
At last they're heard, and the Oppressor falls,
In justice to a plunder'd, sinking, Nation.

Mort. I am no Stranger to such Words as these:
Th' insulting Words of *Plunder* and *Oppression*,
Corruption, and the like, become familiar;
But these are Arms too impotent to wound,
When conscious Innocence opposes them.
My Actions, justly scann'd, defy ye all!
I have Avouchers-----

Dela. Wou'd vouch *unsight, unseen!*
A while ago, indeed thou might'st have found
A thousand *Vouchers*; but, I dare engage,
Thou wilt not find, even *one*, of all thy Creatures,
Will dare, i'th' *Evil Day*, to shew his Head.
Now the warm *Zenith* of thy Power's declin'd,
The sun-bred Insects dwindle into *nothing*—
But the King—

*Enter King, Leicester, Holland, Exeter, and Ser-
jeant Either side Prisoner, and Guards.*

King. Seize the vile Traytor—hurry him down
the Dungeon----

There let him groan till Day, and then he dies.

Mount. Now, Royal Sir, you are a King indeed!

King. Such be the Fate of all, who dare abuse
The Ministerial Function, and sacrifice
Their Master's Int'rest to their own *vile Ends*!
What can'st thou say,

Thou most unworthy of that Character?

How have I been misguided by thy Counsels!

Seeing Affairs but as thou list to paint them.

Forgive me, Uncle *Edmund*!

This Monster's wicked Arts, made thee appear
Guilty---nay, by the Dress he put thee on,

A *Traytor*, as himself now stands confest.

Good Gods! How many others might have fall'n

As *Innocent*, by this same subtle Dealing,

Had not th' *Almighty* aided this Discovery. (me

Mort. 'Tis my Advice, Sir, still, that you not urge
To make *Another*, that will not contribute
Much to the Honour of your Majesty.

We all are frail;

And what I've done, I still can justify.

King. Insolence unequal'd!

Mountacute, see my Orders executed:

[*Mob appear at the Entrance, insulting
Mortimer as he's guarded off.*

Queen. Oh, spare him! banish him! but spare
Thy Mother pleads--- (his Life!

King. Thou Scandal of my Blood---
Remove the Queen.

Queen. The Queen! then, not thy Mother?
Oh, hear me!

King. I'm deaf---away--- (shalt plead,

Queen. May Heav'n forget thy Prayers when thou
And may a Mother's Curse hang on thy Head.

[*Exit guarded.*

King. Now, *Either side*, for thee---
Thou Shame of Justice, what hast thou to say?

Serj. Nothing but beg for Mercy---If your Ma-
jesty

jestly considers I have been but a Tool, and am not the first that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions---

King. No----

The Nation must be satisfy'd. and thou must die.

Serj. Ay! I was damnably afraid *Mortimer* would not die alone----I thought his Lordship would have a Chief-Justice to make up his Equipage, that he might swing in *Figure*.

Mountacute brings in Maria.

Mount. Now, Sir, I claim your Promise:
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to:
Her Birth you've been acquainted with,
And by what Means she was compell'd to live
With *Mortimer*: and sure 'twas Providence
That plac'd her there for all our Benefits.
I beg her for my Wife.

King. She's yours; and, to make her welcome,
I invest her with all *Mortimer's* Estate; and you,
Viscount *Mountacute*, be Earl of *Salisbury*.

Mount. }
and } Thus, let us thank your Majesty.
Maria. } [Both kneel.

King. Rise both.

Maria. No, Royal Sir, I have a Boon to beg:
That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one;
Nor has he acted aught whate'er was purpos'd;
And, since my being his, made me the Instrument
Of what's discover'd, I humbly would intreat---

King. Thou shalt not plead in vain----he's safe,
and, if he can be honest, we may in Time take
Care of him.

Serj. I humbly thank your Majesty, and will
study to deserve this Mercy-----I am not the first
Knave that has turn'd honest, when he found his
Roguary would do him no good.

76 THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

King. My Lords of *Leicester, Exeter, Dilamore,*
 And *Holland,* and all, shall share our Favours.
 May you continue as you have begun.
 The Parliament's at hand: If they encourage me,
 As I expect, they shall be satisfy'd
 How much I love them.

All. Doubt not their Duty, Sir.

King. To *Scotland* first will I an army lead,
 And check the growing Mischiefs that are spread:
 That done, to *France* in Person will I go:
 The *Flow'r-de-Luce* shall to the *Lion* bow:
 If my good Commoners are kind and free,
 I'll lose my own, or fix their Liberty.
Long have they borne Infringements on their Laws;
A wicked, worthless, Minister the Cause;
His Views no farther than himself extend,
And, center'd in himself, with his base Being end.
 A King on nobler Principles should move;
 His People's Good he should with Care improve,
 And leave his latest Heirs rich in his Subjects Love. }

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. MULLART.

GALLANTS! you've seen, how, in King Edward's Days,
What wond'rous Courage Liberty could raise!
Tho' weak, oppress'd; yet, when provok'd too long,
She gives convincing Proofs her Arm is strong.
If e'er she fears, 'tis when she's like to sink
By formidable Dash of Pen and Ink.
The Bully-Politician all defy'd;
But a few honest Men took down his Pride.
Was MORTIMER so vain! Did he suppose
By little Shifts on Freedom to impose?
Could nothing serve his rav'nous Appetite,
But that delicious Bit—a Nation's Right?
Thought he by Arbitrary Sway to rule,
And make an English Parliament his Tool?
Thought he his glitt'ring Ornaments would plead,
And save the Danger of his Neck and Head?
A Hempen Collar's always to be had:
That makes no Diff'rence 'twixt good Cloaths and bad.

But, Thanks to Heav'n, those wicked Times are gone
No MORTIMER wants now to rule alone.
Our blessed Ministers the Charm despise,
Because they are profoundly Good and Wise.
The blund'ring He, a mad-brain'd Mob to please,
Struck up a shameful, and more mad-brain'd Peace.
How long it lasted, I leave you to guess——
I think a Twelvemonth, neither more nor less;
Tho' to secure it, he gave up that Scroll,
We find in Story, call'd the Ragman-Roll.
We, by superior Skill hold Peace so fast!
So very firm! it must for ever last.

No Restitutions in the present Case;
Our Steps so cautious, yet so-swift our Pace,
We're never hindmost in the Treaty-Race.
Then, as for Trade—the Losses we've sustain'd,
By glorious Stipulation are regain'd.
Nor did we first receive to pay the more,
But 'twas concerted on a noble Score:
Without one Florin, or one Guinea paid
On either Side, the Mutual League 'twas made.

From WHALLEY's Edition of BEN JOHNSON's
Works, Vol. V. P. 153.

MORTIMER's FALL,

A

TRAGEDY.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

HOR. in Art. Poetic,

The PERSON's Names.

MORTIMER,	Earl of March.
ISABEL,	Queen Mother.
ADAM D'ORLTON,	Bishop of Worcester.
CHORUS,	Of Ladies, Knts. and Esqrs.
EDWARD III.	King of England.
JOHN, the King's Brother,	Earl of Cornwall.
HENRY, the King's Cousin,	Earl of Lancaster.
W. MOUNTACUTE,	King's Servant.
RO. D'ELAND,	Constable of Nottingham.
NUNCIUS,	Or a Herald. [Castle,

ARGU-

A R G U M E N T S.

“ **T**HE First Act comprehends Mortimer’s
 “ pride and security, raised to the degree of
 “ an earl, by the queen’s favour and love ; with
 “ the counsels of Adam d’Orlton, the politic bi-
 “ shop of Worcheſter, againſt Lancaſter.”

The Chorus of ladies, celebrating the worthineſs
 of the queen, in rewarding Mortimer’s ſervices
 and the biſhop’s.

“ *The Second Act ſhews the king’s love and reſpect to*
 “ *his mother, that will hear of nothing againſt Mor-*
 “ *timer’s greatneſs, or believe any report of her extra-*
 “ *ordinary favours to him ; but imputes all to his cou-*
 “ *ſin Lancaſter’s envy, and commands thereafter an*
 “ *utter ſilence of thoſe matters.*”

*The Chorus of courtiers celebrating the king’s worthi-
 neſs of nature, and affection to his mother, who will
 hear nothing that may trench upon her honour,
 though delivered by his kinsman, of ſuch nearneſs ;
 and thereby take occaſion to extol the king’s piety,
 and their own happineſs under ſuch a king.*

“ The Third Act relates (by the occaſion of a
 “ viſion the blind earl of Lancaſter had) to the
 “ king’s brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of
 “ their father’s death, and the cunning making
 “ away of their uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mor-
 “ timer’s hired practice.”

The

The Chorus of country justices, and their wives telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe-castle ; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceive 'em, all which came from the court.

“ The Fourth Act expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and
 “ intention to explore the truth of those reports,
 “ and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to
 “ get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into
 “ the king's power, and draw the constable, Sir
 “ Robert d'Eland, to their party.”

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprising him in his mother's bed-chamber : a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

“ The Fifth Act, the earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The
 “ celebration of the king's justice.”

MORTI-

MORTIMER'S FALL.

A C T I.

Mortimer.

THIS rise is made yet! and we now stand
[rank'd,
 To view about us, all that were above us!
 Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
 We walk upon a level. *Mortimer*
Is a great lord of late, and a new thing! —
 A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king*.

* ————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!] At this line we have a marginal annotation, which being verse, and rhiming to the other, as well as explanatory of the sentiment, was probably designed by the poet as a part of his work. If we admit it in the text, the whole will run thus ;

————— *Mortimer*

Is a great lord of late, and a new thing !

A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.

This last verse has stood, in all preceding editions, as a note only.

L

At

*At what a divers price, do divers men
 At the same thing ! another might have had
 Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the axe
 For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax.
 There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring spirits
 Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
 Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may* [make

Their hollow pulpits, and the empty iles
 Of churches, ring with that round word : but we
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air,
 In that sublimed region of a court,
 Know all is good, we make so, and go on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
 To day is Mortimer made earl of March.
 For what ? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a citizen start ! some politic trades-
 [man

Curl with the caution of a constable !
 But I, who am no common-council-man,
 Knew injuries of that dark nature done
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To fear of a revenge. They are light offences
 Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
 To his high temper, and brave soul, than that
 Of fancying goodness, and a seal to live by
 So differing from man's life. As if with lions,
 Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts of
 [prey,

He would affect to be a sheep ! Can man
 Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own ruin,
 Than work to assure his safety ? I should think,
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 (I mean so absolutely good and perfect,
 As our religious confessors would have us)

It is enough we do decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things : and yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wise man will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
 As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Isabel, Mortimer.

Ifab. My lord ! sweet Mortimer !

Mor. My queen ! my mistress !
 My sovereign ! nay, my goddess ! and my Juno !
 What name or title, as a mark of power
 Upon me, should I give you ?

Ifa. Isabel.

Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer ;
 Which are the marks of parity, not power,
 And these are titles best become our love.

Mor. Can you fall under those ?

Ifa. Yes, and be happy,
 Walk forth, my lov'd and gentle Mortimer,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee, my fair-shaped, god-like man :
 Thou art a banquet unto all my senses :
 Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice mine ear,
 Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my taste,
 And softness of thy skin my very touch,
 *As if I felt it ductile through my blood,
 I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
 This garb of England, till I saw thee in them.
 Thou mak'st, they seem not boisterous nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty lords *de Engleterre*,
 With whom I have so many years been troubled.

* *As if I felt it DACTILE through my blood.*] *Dactile* is a word of no meaning ; and, though all the editions concur in the reading, the present text will probably be thought the least erroneous.

Mort. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
Queen of yourself and them*.

He died, and left it unfinish'd.

* Had the poet lived to have completed this poem with the same spirit in which he begun it, we should have been able to boast of one perfect tragedy at least, formed upon the Grecian model, and giving us the happiest imitation of the ancient drama.

